THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° Dnj. Franklin

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WINTON SIX

It s a Mistaken Notion that All Cars Cost as Much to Maintain as Yours Does

Many a man swallows his chagrin, sends a check to the repairman, and, out of mistaken pride, tells his friends what a corking good car he owns.

That's why there is so much misinformation floating around about the cost of upkeep and the reputation of some cars.

Just because So-and-so says a certain car is good or otherwise, doesn't make it so.

So-and-so may be influenced by false pride, desiring not to advertise his mistake in buying; or, as a matter of fact, he may honestly ***think*** that his upkeep expense is no greater than the average.

But upkeep expense isn't a matter of what anyone ***thinks;*** it is a matter of recorded dollars and cents, itemized, footed up and (in the case of Winton Sixes) ***sworn to.***

Ten Winton Sixes (stock cars), owned by ten business men in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago, ran, in six months, 65,687.4 miles on a total upkeep expense of $15.12½.

These records were compiled from month to month and were ***sworn to*** by these ten owners and their ten chauffeurs.

Nobody's say-so, guess-so, or pride had anything to do with it.

These cars ran a distance greater than twice around the world, averaged 1078.6 miles per month, and cost for repairs (upkeep) $1 for each 4343 miles.

Marvelous? Of course. And how much more marvelous than your own car, Mr. Owner?

There isn't any joy in repair bills. Nor in a car that you can't use because the repairman is working on it.

But there is a supreme satisfaction in owning a car that runs and keeps running, day and night, winter and summer—a car that is ready for use whenever you want it.

That's the kind of a car the Winton Six is.

And stability isn't its only virtue, either.

Do you want beautiful appearance? The Winton Six has it.

Do you want smooth operation, absence of vibration, and a motor that you can hardly hear? The Winton Six satisfies you.

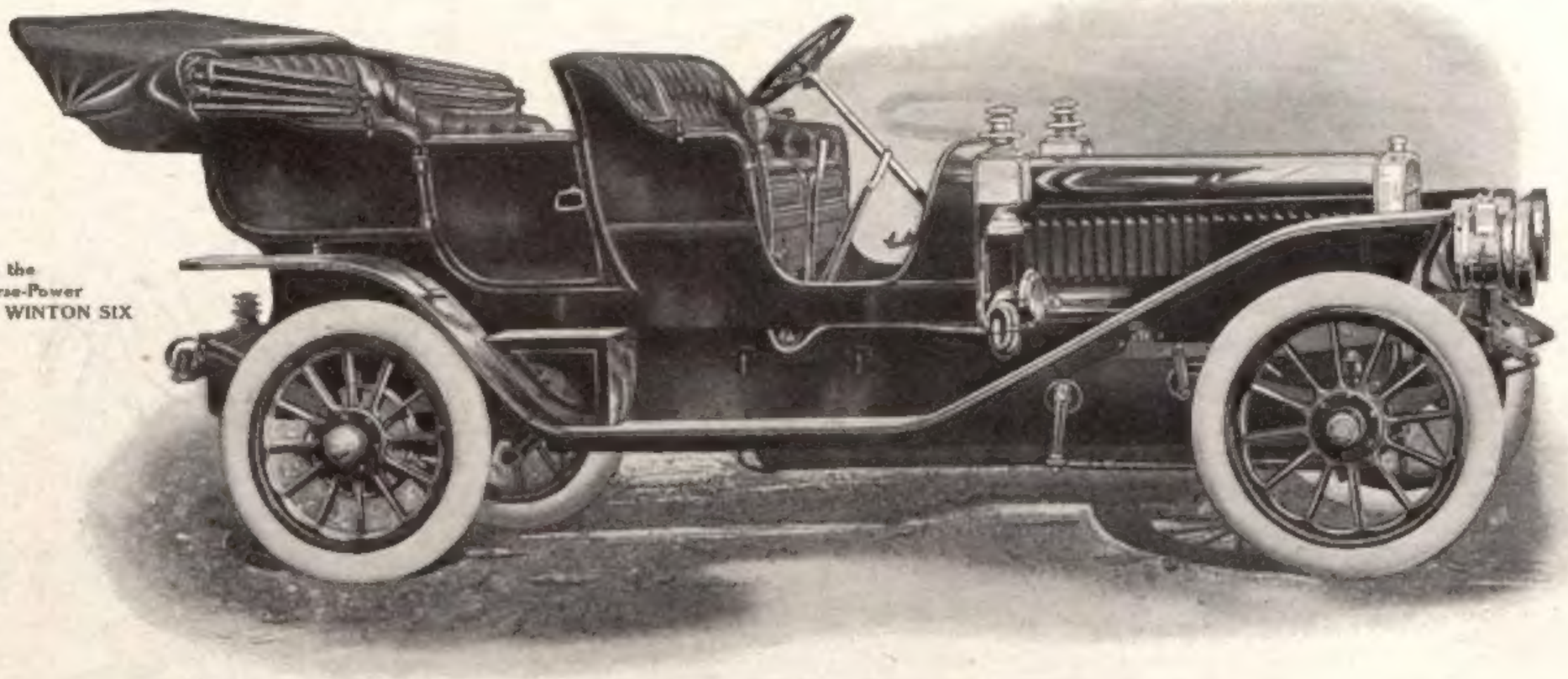
Do you want a car so flexible that you can conquer hills, creep through traffic and fly along country roads ***all on high,*** without shifting gears? The Winton Six does it.

A charming car. The most gratifying production that the automobile industry has evolved. And the more wonderful because its purchase and maintenance entail no lavish outlay on your part.

The 48 horse-power, five-passenger, Winton Six sells at $3000. The 60 horse-power, seven-passenger, Winton Six sells at $4500. That gives you a big credit to start with, and you know that no other car the world over is so inexpensive to keep running.

Suppose you let us send you our complete and unusual catalog. Gives automobile facts straight from the shoulder. We'll send you also our booklets, "4343 miles on $1 upkeep," and "$2500 prize plan to benefit owners." These booklets are worth your while, no matter how valuable your time may be.

Write us today (not because our output is sold, for it isn't) but because it is high time you set yourself right on the subject of automobiles.



This is the
48 Horse-Power
$3000 WINTON SIX

Clip out this reminder and mail it today.

THE WINTON M. C. CO., Cleveland, O.

You may send me

☐ Winton Six Catalog
☐ $2500 Prize Booklet
☐ One Dollar Upkeep for 4343 Miles Booklet

Name.....

Address.....

.....

The Winton Six has a mechanically-infallible self-starter (ends your labor at the starting crank), and

Goes The Route Like Coasting Down Hill

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

Member A. L. A. M.

Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Winton Branch Houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco. Winton dealers in all important places.

New York Style Show

The Fall & Winter Fashions of *Correct Clothes for Men*

Made in New York by

Alfred Benjamin & Co.

will be shown at the Stores of Leading Retail Clothiers throughout the United States

During October

TO MEN AND YOUNG MEN:

THE best dressed men of New York have been wearing Alfred Benjamin & Co. clothes for over a third of a century. This firm is recognized everywhere as the leading tailoring organization of the fashion centre of the world for men's clothing.

A VISIT to this New York Style Show will give you the opportunity—no matter where you live—to familiarize yourself with the prevailing New York fashions in Suits and Overcoats and will demonstrate that it is possible for any man or young man to wear the identical Styles being worn by the best dressed men in New York: and at as modest prices as you have been accustomed to pay for inferior grades, lacking distinctive New York style.

Alfred Benjamin & Co. MAKERS. NEW YORK

THE above label is the absolute guarantee that every garment bearing it is the REAL, *not the Imitation*, New York Style of the Season.

If you do not know where "Benjamin" Clothing is sold in your vicinity, write us and we will send full information—Our Style Book showing the current New York Fashions for Fall and Winter, 1908-1909, will be sent free on request. Write for it.

ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO., 436-438 Lafayette St., NEW YORK CITY

Nature's Choicest Food

The nitrogen that Nature has stored in beans makes them her choicest food. They are 84 per cent nutriment. Yet, see how little they cost.

On a certain soil in Michigan—rich in nitrogen—grows Nature's choicest food. There's where our beans are grown.

They run 23% nitrogenous—84% nutriment. In food value they exceed eggs.

Ten cents spent for these beans as we bake them buys more nutrition than 30 cents spent for meat.

But the beans of the past were hard to digest. They would ferment and form gas.

You thought them a heavy food. So you served them but once in a while.

The whole trouble lay in the baking.

In a home oven, most of the beans fail to get half enough heat. The particles are not separated. The digestive juices can't get to them.

Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels, so that fierce heat gets to every bean.

The result is, our beans are digestible. Their nutriment is all utilized. There is no fermentation, no gas.

Beans have been the strong man's food—the food for the out-door worker. We have made them fit for the weak as well—the ideal food for all.

And we have multiplied their goodness.

Home-baked beans were broken and mushy—crisped on the top and half baked in the middle.

We bake them all alike—bake them until they are mealy. Yet they are nutty because we leave them whole.

Not a bean is crisped; not a skin is broken. That is due to the fact that we bake in live steam.

Then we bake the tomato sauce in with the pork and beans. The result is that delicious blend.

And that sauce itself has a sparkling zest. We make it from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes.

We could buy common tomato sauce, ready-made, for exactly one-fifth what it costs to make ours. But it would be made from tomatoes picked green, or of scraps from a canning factory.

But that flavor—that richness—which you get in Van Camp's would be lacking. Ours would taste like the common baked beans.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

Each can of Van Camp's means a ready-cooked meal. A delicious, nutritious meal—fresh and savory—to be served steaming hot in ten minutes.

It is too bad to spoil this ideal dish by a simple lack of facilities.

Beans, to be digestible, must be factory baked.

And they must be baked in live steam to remain nutty, mealy and whole.

You can't bake in this way. After all your trouble, the dish that results cannot be compared with Van Camp's.

Please try them and see. Let your people decide which they like best. For you don't want the bother of baking beans if we can bake them better.

People don't tire of Van Camp's. You can serve them often—serve them in place of meat. They are better for you—far less expensive. Let them reduce your food bills.

Don't judge Van Camp's by the usual ready baked beans. We pay for our hand-picked Michigan beans from five to seven times what other beans would cost. We spend on our tomato sauce five times what common sauce would cost. Those facts make a great deal of difference.

Van Camp's are the beans that your people will like best, and they are cheap enough.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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OUR PRESIDENT FACTORIES

The William Jennings Bryan Plant

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

For a Hundred or More You Get Your Name in the Book

"SALVE" it says on the threshold of the Pompeian Room in the Annex in Chicago, and there is where the Democratic President-makers go to get it—salve: very pleasant it is, too, if partaken within sound of the tinkle-tinkle of the fountain, or the tankle-tankle of the dreamy zither player, to say nothing of the tunkle-tunkle of the cubes of ice in the glasses, and the purring s-s-h-h-h-h of the carbonic—oh, well, campaigns come only once in four years, anyhow, so let's have a little more salve, never forgetting, for an instant, that stern slogan: "Shall the People Rule?" or, do they want to? or could they, if they would? or something. There are goldfish in the fountain and not a silver fish, thus showing that the reunited Democracy is for a single standard in fishes as well as money, having forgotten the old days when, if the headquarters had been in the Pompeian Room—no, no—how careless—in the Annex, a double standard in fishes would have been insisted upon, and silver fishes would have swum merrily about in the pellucid waters, excepting on those rare occasions when a politician or a Chicagoan fell in, expeditions causing the fish to scuttle to the darkest corners.

However, there it is on the threshold—"SALVE"—and probably the ancient Pompeians used to have rooms like that.

Of course, the real headquarters, the place where Norman Mack and Urey Woodson and Mose Wetmore and all the rest toil and moil, are over on the Congress-Street side of the hotel. Artistic and poetic as it would have been to establish them around the fountain, it would not have been utilitarian. When compared to fountains, desks are poor, prosaic things, and the only way they get any poetry into this campaign is when Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, bursts into song, but it must be said that when Mr. Haskell, in his capacity as treasurer of the campaign, tries to satisfy the demands of Mose Wetmore for cash by handing in a few yards of poetry, in lieu thereof, he meets with a stern rebuff. The only thing poetic about Mose is his imperial, and he has sworn never to tie a red ribbon around that until Bryan is elected, having hopes of being able to visit a ribbon counter along about November fourth next.

This work of electing—or trying to elect—a President requires much organization. Of course, the Pompeian Room was organized before the Democrats got to the Annex, so that was a detail that didn't bother, but there was a vast amount of work to be done after they decided to annex the Annex. It is all done now, and the factory is in full swing, swinging and being swung, everybody busy as nailers, especially Josephus Daniels and Willis Abbott and Tawm Pence, who are the official nailers; lies by the scoundrelly opposition being the principal things they nail. It is all hard, hard work, but each toiler is buoyed by the thought, through the long, hard days, that, down the hall a bit is that word "SALVE"; down the hall the fountain is splashing, the gilded Chicagoans are splashing, the goldfish are gliding, the zithers are playing; down the hall a bit there is surcease, only you do not want to call it surcease or they will put an extra dime on the check.

The Oldest Voter

"Ah, Pompeii, Pompeii, did they dig you up for this?" inquired Josephus Daniels, in a rhapsodical moment, and back came the clarion reply of all the rest: "They did, they did, and here, referring to digging, is where we are doing some excavating ourselves, some dredging of dollars from reluctant patriots." Poor Josephus! It irks him. Not another poet, historian or literatus on the job. The only one, in all the throng, who even stops to think that "SALVE" means anything but salve.

They have vast urns inside, great vases that the Pompeians used for oil and wine, and Mose Wetmore walks around them and cogitates on how many dollar subscriptions it would take to fill them all, tapping them with a speculative finger, but not asking to have them removed to his treasure-room, just yet. Meantime, the busy headquarters teem and steam, the typewriters click, the ceaseless stream of conferrers flows up the back stairs, the men who want jobs and who want to put up jobs surge back and forth, doors open and shut mysteriously, officials dart in and dart out, lithographs stare from every wall, speakers call around and are called, all the complicated machinery whirs and whirls, but down the hall a bit, down the hall a bit the fountain tinkles, the lights are low, the waiters stand beside the chairs—happy headquarters, for there is tranquillity, tranquillity, peace and rest.

They took a second-floor row of rooms on the Congress-Street side of the Annex and what was the palm-room on the mezzanine floor, beneath. Over the door of the passageway that leads to the railroad ticket office they have placed two flags, and, beneath, the pictures of Bryan and Kern. A little sign on the wall tells that this is the entrance to the Democratic National Headquarters.

and so it is, but it is the rear entrance. The front way is by the elevator and across a parlor to the doorway of the hall on the Congress-Street side. Distinguished folk go in the front way. Folks who want jobs, who have schemes, who are looking to print a few Bryan editorials for such compensation as they can get, go up the back way: and that means that most of the visitors take the back stairs; not that the headquarters are not visited by a full complement of distinguished people, but that, at this stage of the campaign, the jobbers and the jobless are in a majority. Besides, you can get quicker action by going up the back stairs. You get into the heart of things, for Chairman Mack's office is near the top of the second flight, and clustering around him are the secretary and the treasurer and the other important sounds of the factory.

The first flight of stairs is marble, cold and chill, well planned to subdue enthusiasms, and, after you have climbed them, you discover Colonel John I. Martin, of Missouri, sergeant-at-arms of the committee, busily trying to find something to do. They have segregated Colonel Martin this year; in a manner of speaking, have stuck him behind a railing and defunctionized him. The Colonel still has his desk and his title, but that is about all. However, that is due to jealousy. There are people on that committee, as the Colonel informs you, who, conscious of his massive services to the Democracy, have sought to

From the Solider Southwest

diminish him in the eyes of the leaders, with the view of reducing the negotiable value of his services after a Democratic President comes into his own, or, in other words, gets to the White House. The Colonel has discovered the plot. If they think they can relegate him to the rear by placing him behind a railing on the first landing and forcing him to do his sergeant-at-arming in an inconspicuous place they are vastly mistaken. He could and would do a fancy job of sergeant-at-arming in the cellar or on the roof. He is sergeant-at-arms, isn't he? Well, the person doesn't live who can detach him from the place. That is all there is to it.

Colonel Martin wears his hair long and his trousers short. Any person who gets past that railing without shaking hands with him must be able to do fifty yards in five seconds, flat. Also, he desires to know your business, but no one tells him. Still, it is much to shake hands with everybody who visits the place; start everybody in with a sort of a "Welcome to our factory!" feeling, and the Colonel keeps a careful record of all hands shaken. He takes off the chill the marble stairs impart. Likewise, when it comes time to apply for that office he will have the record to show.

Next to the Colonel, on the mezzanine floor, Josephus Daniels and Tawm Pence collaborate, separated from each other by partitions painted green and leaving a space for the Ridderbund to do its work. The Ridderbund is the German press section, the joy and pride of Herman Ridder, who is now so ardently for Bryan that he travels all around the country, at his own expense, finding and creating sentiment, especially among the Germans. Between times he keeps a watchful eye on the Ridderbund and thunders for Bryan in his New York paper. The Ridderbund has about five members, who sit in solemn conclave around a little table, write long German pieces for publication and have a pleasant time reading them to one another. Occasionally they read them to Tawm Pence, but Tawm is not very keen about it. He often brings in Colonel Martin and lets the Ridderbund read their pieces to the Colonel, who listens intently and apparently enjoys them immensely.

Tawm and Josephus

NOW, Josephus Daniels and Tawm Pence are both North Carolinians, both from Raleigh, and form an ideal combination for the press end of the campaign, especially as Marse Henry Watterson and Willis J. Abbott are firing heavy guns every day, leaving the direction of the campaign to Josephus and the sharpshooting to Tawm. Josephus is serious, and Tawm is jocose. Josephus knows but vaguely the way to the Pompeian Room, while Tawm has heard the fountain tinkle. Josephus wrestles with the heavy problems, and Tawm puts the embroidery on the light ones. Josephus provides the food for thought, while Tawm looks after the daily news.

Josephus is the man they land on with their schemes. Strings of gentle wheedlers come stringing up those marble stairs and try to string Josephus. There isn't one of them who cannot, by the exploitation of his particular plan, combined with a stated sum of cash in hand, insure the election of Bryan beyond peradventure. Most of them have publications, publications in all languages, from Kaffir to Eskimo. They want to issue editions of a few hundred thousand copies in Syriac, Tibetan, Burmese and Hindustani. Josephus has discovered there are voters of nine hundred and seventy-two races, in clusters, in this country, and that in order to reach them effectively, to get their support, which is essential—he is informed—to the election of Mr. Bryan, he must appeal to them in their native tongues. It is preposterous, they tell him, to ask an Arabian to vote for Bryan in anything but Arabic, and as for a Pole or a Hindu or a Persian or an Abyssinian, it is positively useless to work on them in any other way.

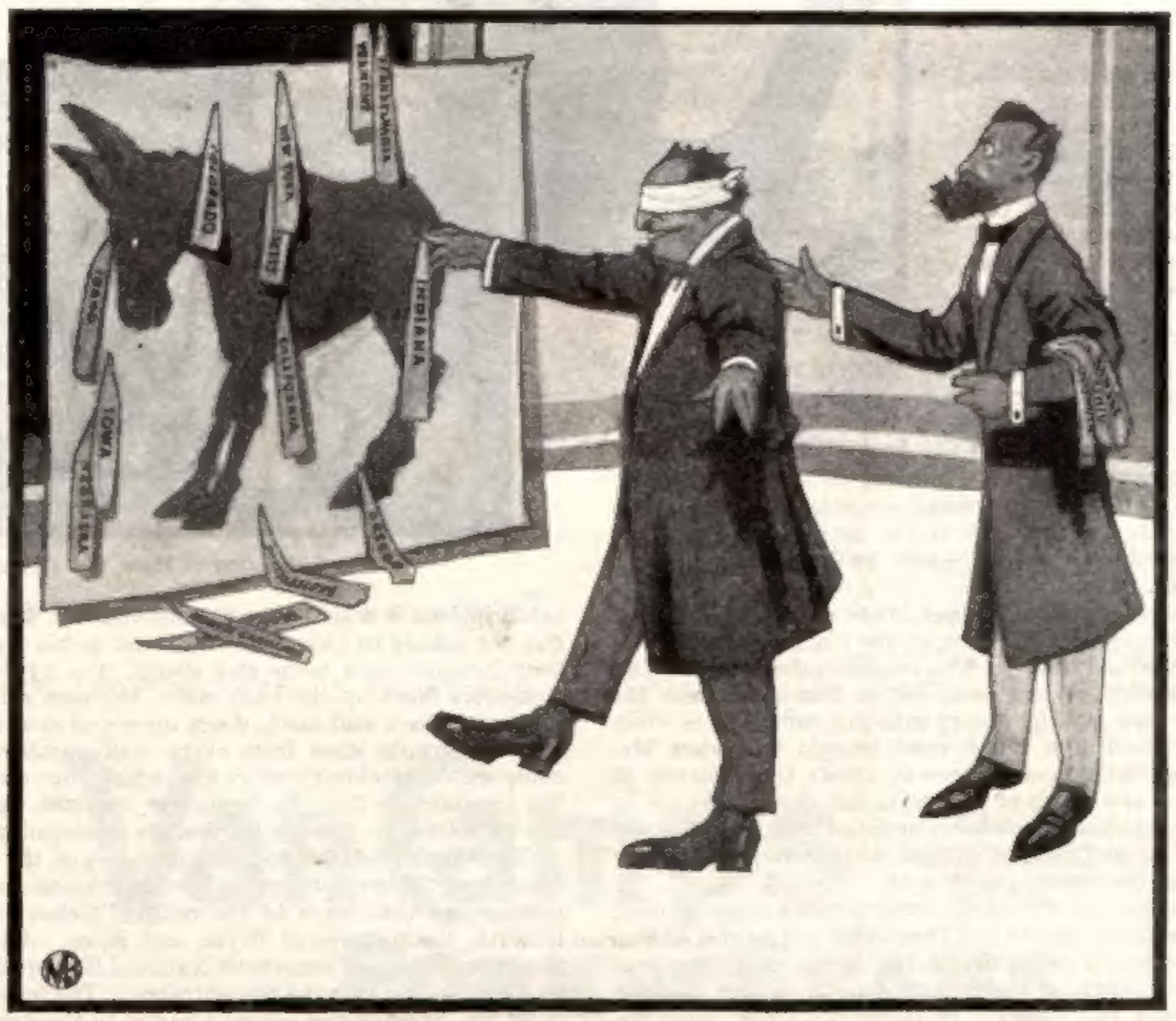
They are all heart and soul for Mr. Bryan, but running a paper is an expensive business, and it costs money to hire these high-priced editors who write in these foreign tongues. Also, as Mr. Daniels must know, paper and ink and presswork cannot be had for nothing. "Now, be assured, Mr. Daniels, that this is no striking game. We are for Mr. Bryan, but we need encouragement. We must be upheld. Our countrymen have about decided to vote for Mr. Taft. They cannot be changed, unless we do it with our papers. Of course, we are willing to bear the burden ourselves, but it is impossible. The money is not at hand. Therefore, if you will kindly let us have a thousand dollars at once, just to pay legitimate expenses, we will guarantee that all of our voters, all the men of our race, will vote for Mr. Bryan. Otherwise—well—it is hard to say, but we must live—we shall see what the Republican National Committee is willing to do. We love Bryan, of course, but times are hard and we might be induced to love Taft a little."

"But," says Josephus, "probably you have seen the Taft people already."

"Oh, Mr. Daniels, how could you? Do you wish to insult us?"

He doesn't mean to insult them, but, having an inquiring nature, he inquires. So, too, he inquires from the book men, and the advertising men, and the lithograph men, and the buttonmen, and the men who want to fly kites and sail balloons, and throw Democratic epigrams on the clouds, and put on plays, and, in any other way, get a little money for their fervid support of Mr. Bryan—inquires in a calm and dispassionate manner. You see, the schemers do not know it, but Josephus has had experience. He is not so newly and rawly from Raleigh as they suppose. He has been in a campaign or two, before now. Wherefore, any gold brick he buys must be most properly gilded.

Past the habitat of Josephus and Tawm and up the stairs to the hall on the second floor there are two things that attract immediate attention. One is the bewildering number of signs that stick out along the wall, each one marking the particular lair of an official or a committee,



The Same Old Game

and the other is the messenger who sits at Mr. Mack's door. That messenger startles you. You look and gasp and ask: "When, for Heaven's sake, did Governor Hughes black up and go to work for the Democratic National Committee?"

Of course, it isn't Governor Hughes. You have probably guessed that, but it is a neatly-darkened replica of him, whiskers and all. The Governor—no, not that—the messenger is one of the constituents of Roger Sullivan, and Sullivan guarantees him to be a Democrat. He is proud of his ebonized resemblance to Governor Hughes. Maybe, the Governor would be proud of it, too, but he hasn't seen it yet. Still, the whiskers are perfect.

Mack's room is in the corner, where the hall makes an L and runs down to the Mose Wetmore enticement parlor, which is the last of the row. When you convince the Governor you really want to see Mr. Mack, you get in, through a little hall, where you discover Mack on one side of a big, flat-topped desk, and P. Riley, of Buffalo, on the other. Riley is the confidential secretary. He is from Buffalo. He fills a chair nicely. In fact, he fills two chairs nicely, being built on broad and swelling architectural lines. Riley is the buffer. Almost any kind of a nuisance can buff off against Riley and be rebuffed. He stands in the door and lets them surge against him, and they invariably fall back shattered, and inquire of the Governor, at the door: "What was that I went against, anyhow?"

Riley has a sense of humor, which is a good thing, for Chairman Mack is as serious as a heart bowed down when he is at work. The high lights confer in that room. Few people have had the advantage of seeing a real conference in Mack's room—that is, few outsiders. When Vice-Chairman P. L. Hall, of Nebraska, and Mack get into a conference, for example, heads together, whispering to each another, it is an impressive sight. You feel, instinctively, that something is going to happen, that vast and momentous affairs are being settled, that the fate of Bryan in a State or two States, or all the States, is being decided. The very atmosphere is charged with bigness. Gee! it is fine to be so close to men who are doing great things, awesome, kind of, when you think of all that is at stake. Then Riley breaks in: "Well, have you decided to send him two or three hundred buttons?"

Some of the schemers get past Josephus and a few get past Riley, but not many. The fellows who put their plans in writing are the ones who land hardest, for letters are delivered and so are telegrams. Forty sure ways of electing Bryan come in every day. Eighty sure ways of defeating him, unless so-and-so is done, with a little money sent to the writer to work it out, arrive in the mails each twenty-four hours. Funds are urgently needed in every precinct in the country, urgently needed by the urgent writers who will use such funds discreetly, if the checks are made out to them.

"Ha," said Riley, the other day, after he had read the first paragraph of a letter, "here is a chap who tells us he will give five thousand dollars to the cause."

"Who is he?" asked Mack, much excited. "Is the money in the letter? Read it."

The Man on the Job

"DEAR Mr. Mack," read Riley, "I will give five thousand dollars to the campaign fund——"

That is all there was on the first page.

"Hurry," said Mack. "Wire him we accept it."

"If," continued Riley calmly, turning the page, "you will carry out this plan.

"Our family is a very old one and we have as one of our most precious possessions a letter from Thomas Jefferson to one of our ancestors. Now, if you will get several clubs to bidding for this letter we will reluctantly allow it to go to the club that bids ten thousand dollars for it. Then we will take the ten thousand dollars and give five thousand dollars of it to the campaign fund, although we feel that five thousand is little enough for this priceless relic, but we are heart and soul in the cause and desire to make a contribution in this way. Please get the bidding to going as soon as possible and forward our five thousand, keeping the other five thousand as our contribution."

The offices of the men who are running the factory stretch down the hall. Urey Woodson has a big room, he being the secretary and an old campaigner. Woodson has been secretary for years. He knows the game backward. An able citizen is Woodson, suave and Southern, coming from Kentucky, but not so blamed suave or so blamed Southern that they can get anything by him that is not warranted by the facts. Many a person has been deceived by that genial smile of Woodson's and has started to sell a gold brick. The gold brick is not yet plated that Woodson has not tested with the acid test, and combined with that smile is a cold and unfeeling eye that adequately reflects the unemotional business side of his nature. A secretary may smile and smile but be on the job every minute, which Woodson is.

The money end of the factory—perhaps it may be said, without undue exaggeration, the most important end, so far as production of a real, first-class article of President goes—is harmoniously divided into three parts. There is the office of the treasurer, who is Governor C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, the office of Moses P. Wetmore, who is chairman of the Finance Committee, and charged with getting the money the treasurer is to treasure, and the Department of Personal Solicitation, a neat, new wrinkle of Chairman Mack's, founded on a sub-cellar committee that was conducted for the Republicans eight years ago.

Colonel Mose Wetmore is the inventor of the justly-celebrated method of breaking, disrupting and otherwise abating trusts by selling out to them at a good price and thus diminishing their capital. He has been an ardent Bryan man since there was any Bryan to be ardent about. Used to large affairs, dollar subscriptions do not make much of a hit with the Colonel. He wants it in chunks.

A time ago Treasurer Haskell came into Colonel Mose's office and laid nineteen thousand dollars on the table. "There," said Haskell, "there is something to make your eyes pop out. Nineteen thousand dollars! Nine-teen thou-sand dol-lars! Pretty good, eh? Quite a sum, hey? I guess I'm bad when it comes to raising money. Nineteen thou-sand dol-lars!"

Colonel Mose poked at the money with his forefinger. "Umph," he said, "mess of change: mere mess of change. Why, Haskell, nineteen thousand dollars won't pay for the mucilage used by this committee."

A Southerner came in the other day, much elated. "Got that four hundred and fifty I sent up, didn't ye?" he asked Colonel Mose.

"What four hundred and fifty?" asked Wetmore suspiciously.

"Why, I raised four hundred and fifty dollars and sent it up here."

"Never got it."

"But I raised it."

"Come on here!" shouted Wetmore. "Let's ask the treasurer about this." The Southerner's name was not on the treasurer's list.

"How'd you send it?" asked the treasurer.

"Sent it to the State chairman and told him to forward it."

"Pshaw!" snorted Colonel Mose. "You ain't got enough sense to come in out of the wet. Don't you know that State chairman kept that money for his own campaign? Any State chairman would. Git down there and git it quick."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed the Southerner, "I don't know's I can, and I wanted it to show here, too, for I had my heart set on being postmaster."

A dollar is a large sum, if you haven't one, but it doesn't make much of a noise when it is thrown into the mighty

No Corporation Need Apply

maw of the committee. At that, if enough dollars came in, one by one, the committee would be happy. The truth is, dollars are not so plentiful. Thus, the Department of Personal Solicitation is organized to corral them. Solicitors are sent out to all States. They make canvasses for money. A hundred-dollar subscription entitles the giver to have his name put on the Roll of Honor. Meantime, newspapers are collecting subscriptions, and clubs are collecting them, and the search for money goes on unceasingly. It takes capital to run a President-making factory. If it didn't, what fun it would be.

Judge Wade, of Iowa, has the Labor Committee, and John H. Tomlinson is the busiest man of the lot. He is the club organizer. He has become so expert he can organize a club in a minute and a half, and expects to cut that time down to a minute before he gets them all organized. The Speakers' Committee has its list of stars on the wall, headed by Mr. Bryan and Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, with George Fred Williams, Champ Clark, Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, along near the top. They post about twenty of the stars and have a few hundred on lists that are not posted. There is an auditor and a big document-room in another building from which the literature is sent out.

There are not so many visitors as there used to be. In the old days there were railroad passes. When a prominent citizen desired to unload some advice on a National Committee his local boss could get him a pass, if he could not get it himself. Now that politics has been purified by the railroad rate law, and political and all other passes forbidden, the prominent citizen usually contents himself with writing a letter, at the cost of his time and a stamp, which is one thing, at least, the committee rejoices at; for letters need not be read, or clerks can read them. Long-bearded sages from the small towns who used to get in in great numbers are not noticeable. No whiskers longer than John W. Kern's are allowed.

It took time to get the Eastern branch headquarters in the Hoffman House under way. Finally, Chairman Mack opened them and they are bustling along as well as may be, trying to keep up their end.

There is one place, one bright and shining place, where the New York headquarters make the Chicago headquarters look like a kindergarten. Marse Henry Watterson is attached to New York—Marse Henry, who quit fighting Bryan a time ago and yodeled for all Democrats to submit to the inevitable, get together and take a chance.

Rubáiyát of Wall Street

By Carolyn Wells

NOW the New Hope reviving dying fires,
The Thoughtful Soul to speculate aspires;
And the lean Hand of Shylock and his Kin
Puts out some Money, which he gladly Hires.

Myself, when Young, did eagerly Frequent
Broker and Broke; and heard Great Argument
About it and about. Yet evermore
Came out far Shrewder than when in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And then I thought I'd sure be in The Know;
And this is all the Wisdom that I gained:
If you buy High, Quotations will be Low!

Some for the Glories of the System; Some
Sigh for the big Fool's Paradise to come.
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Profits go,
Nor heed the Rumble of a Boston Drum!

The System that with logic absolute
Both Standard Oil and Copper can confute;
The Sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
National Lead can into Gold transmute.

Indeed, indeed, at Morgan oft Before
I swore. But was I Cautious when I swore?
And then Came Gay State Gas and Rise-in-Hand;
I plunged—and Lost some Fifty Thousand More.

And then that New Prospectus cast a Spell,
And robbed me of my Hard-Earned Savings. Well,
I often wonder what the Magnates buy
One-Half so precious as the Fools they Sell.

Ah, My Beloved, all Goes up in Smoke!
Last week is past Regret; To-day is a joke;
To-morrow—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Broke!

You know, My Friends, with what a Brave Carouse
I put a Second Mortgage on my House,
So I could Buy a lot of Inter-Met—
I even used the Savings of my Spouse!

I sent my Soul down where the Magnates flock
To learn the Truth about some Worthless Stock;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered: "I, myself, have Bought a Block!"

Oh, threats of Curbs, and Hopes of Bucket-shops,
Whether Industrials, Railroads, Mines or Crops;
One thing is Certain, and the Rest is Lies—
The Stock that you have Bought Forever Drops!

And if, in Vain, down on the Stubborn Floor
Of the Exchange you Hazard all your Store,
You Rise to-day—while Crops are up—how then
To-morrow, when they Fall to Rise no more?

Waste not your Money on Expected Gain
Of this or that Provision, Crop or Grain.
Better be Jocund with Industrials,
Than sadden just Because it Doesn't Rain!

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we, too, into the Pit descend!
Dust unto Dust, and without Dust to Live,
Sans Stock, sans Bonds, sans Credit and sans Friend.

The Moving Ticker tells. And having told,
Moves on. Nor all your Poverty nor Gold
Shall lure it back to Raise one-half a Point,
Nor let you Realize on what you Hold.

For I remember stopping in the Jam
To watch a Magnate shearing a Poor Lamb.
And with an Eager and Excited Tongue
It murmured: "Oh, how Fortunate I am!"

No book of verses! But a Ticker Tape,
Quotation Record and a Daily Pape;
A yellow-haired stenographer—Perhaps
That Wilderness might be a Good Escape!

When You and I are hid within the Tomb,
The System still shall Lure New Souls to Doom;
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As Wall Street's Self should heed a Lawson Boom.

Ah, Love! could you and I lay on the Shelf
This Sorry Scheme of Ill-begotten Pelf,
Would we not Shatter it to Bits, and Then
Remould a System just to suit Ourself?

BREAKING BAD BOYS

The Story of Colonel James, Who Trains the Incorrigible Sons of the Rich

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES PRESTON

The Principal of a Private School, Who Discussed Browning and Looked Apprehensive

HUCK FINN, the town drunkard's child, stole the lead pipe out of a vacant house and sold it for junk. When the court heard how Huck had been running wild in the streets, earning his own living selling newspapers, it accepted a plea of kleptomania. Huck was turned over to a probation officer, who kept an eye on him in Newspaper Alley. He also got him into a boys' club. This club was managed by an English athlete who had come to America to make his fortune, and found that the only thing he really understood in the bally, money-mad country was the boys. But he certainly knew how to win the regard of a restless lad like Huck Finn and to turn his energy into useful channels. If he didn't the court stood ready to take charge again. The world in general was willing to make liberal allowances for Huck Finn and endow him and study him as a problem and admit that he hadn't had half a chance.

When Willie Crœsus was arrested for stealing signs, however, the court lectured him severely, and imposed a fine for petty larceny, while the world made no allowance whatever. As a rich man's son, the world considered that Willie had enjoyed exceptional advantages. Hadn't he been over Europe half a dozen times? Hadn't a third of his life been spent in hotels like the Cecil and the Waldorf?

Only his own father was interested in Willie as a problem, and he had no clearer ideas on solving him than Mr. Finn had about Huck. Indeed, the Huck problem was easy to the elder Crœsus, who was the active trustee in that boys' club and raised its funds and had picked out the English athlete to be its manager. Then, Mrs. Finn was dead, whereas Willie had a very, very fond mother.

As a problem Willie was rapidly running off into integral calculus.

Why, it seemed hardly yesterday that he had been in the Fauntleroy stage, wearing curls and pretty clothes, petted by women, gallant to little girls, and permitting nobody in the universe to be stronger or wiser than his Dad.

After that came the Buster stage, when Willie was busier and rougher, but not wicked; more mischievous, yet not mean.

And now here, suddenly, was a young hooligan, with no higher tastes than Huck Finn, and not half the native sense, who wanted to stay out nights like an adolescent yellow pup, and who led the Third Ward gang in everything that was malicious, cruel and destructive. The elder Crœsus took Willie aside for a talk, and was dumfounded to discover how utterly *his* little Willie had disappeared. One day the lad ripped out a longshoreman's oath before his mother, and, upon investigation, it was found that he drank beer and smoked cigarettes.

The elder Crœsus gave the problem up. He hadn't time to look after Willie. The boy must be put in the hands of somebody who had time. Yes, time—and other qualifications. Until Willie was arrested his mother refused to listen to any such proposals. After the local newspapers had editorialized the case as something typical of our idle rich, she thought it might be well to remove her son from the contamination of low companions. Mrs. Crœsus had not heard Patrolman Finnegan's opinion.

"Aw, sure; before they was led away by *him*, the T'ird Ward lads was only scallawags, and no real harm in thim. But now they're divils, sor—jest divils!"

One day, while in New York, the elder Crœsus went to an uptown hotel by appointment to see Colonel James, whom he was advised to consult. Colonel James was the proprietor of a boy's military school where Willie-problems were solved. Mr. Crœsus remembered having once met the principal of a private school somewhere—a thin gentleman with side-whiskers and faultless accent, who discussed Browning and looked apprehensive, as if afraid that presently he would be told the cook had left. Doubtless Colonel James would be on this same order.

The Colonel, however, had evidently been built from the same specifications as Mr. Muldoon, the wrestler. His accent was of the Middle West. He said nothing about Browning, but was greatly interested in the Crœsuses—did his visitor know Jack Crœsus, of Kansas City?

"Well, yes, in a way," said Willie's father. "He's my brother."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Gee whiz! Why, Jack Crœsus and I together built pretty near all the bridges on the old Kansas Central."

Then it came out that the Colonel was a railroader and civil engineer, who had settled down in the school business because he liked boys and knew how to handle them, and there was more money in it than in railroading and almost as much fun. Could he manage a hard case like Willie? Mr. Crœsus kept back none of the awful things Willie had done.

The Colonel laughed: "He's kind of a quiet boy for his age, I judge. Suppose you bring your wife up-State and look our place over—we've got a dandy plant."

Eliminating Papa and Mamma

TWO weeks later, one dark night, the station-wagon set Willie Crœsus down at Colonel James' school in a room selected for him by his mother. This was an exceedingly large room at the top of the house, away from the other boys. Mrs. Crœsus thought it delightful because it had three big closets. The Colonel chuckled at her choice. That was the "Haunted Chamber." Every mother picked it out, yet no new boy ever slept there more than one night. When Willie was set down in it the reason appeared—there wasn't enough of him, with all his traps, even to rattle around in its immensity.

Next day they moved him down into a dormitory, where he had a small room with two other boys, and there, for a week or so, they left him alone. In the education of a boy at a military school there is frequently somebody to be disciplined before they begin on the boy himself. The Colonel's estimate of Mrs. Crœsus had been accurate, and he was waiting.

Mrs. Crœsus Thought it Delightful Because it Had Three Big Closets. Every Mother Picked it Out

Huck Finn, the Town Drunkard's Child

In two days Willie became intensely homesick. All his deviltry was gone, leaving just a soft, pampered, overfed little kid who wanted to go back to his mother. His first letter brought his parents in a hurry. They tried to comfort him. But Willie didn't like the place. He didn't like the boys. He didn't like the food. He didn't like the quiet. He wanted to go home, go home, go home! and if they took him back he'd be, oh, so good! His mother wept and his father went to arrange matters with the Colonel.

"I'm sorry, but our boy doesn't seem to get along ——"

"Sit down there, Crœsus," said the Colonel. "Now, you can take your boy home this afternoon. If he isn't contented here we don't want him. This homesickness doesn't mean anything. Every kid has that. But if your boy stays with us I'm the manager. You've got one boy, and you've made a failure of him because you don't understand him. I've handled a thousand. Are you going to give me credit for understanding my own business?"

"You're right," admitted Crœsus. That evening he and his wife were eliminated from the Willie-problem, and Willie's real education began.

This particular military school has a reputation for handling boys whose parents have been unable to manage them, as well as for educating boys who have been expelled from other institutions. It might be well to state, however, that every private school makes a certain percentage of successes with other schools' failures—that is one of the basic recompenses of the school industry.

The Colonel is a big, strong man. At one period in his life, however, he was a boy himself. He is still something of a boy. He likes lads who have a good streak of deviltry in them, for deviltry always indicates energy, and fifteen years' experience in turning boys into the world has shown him that the lad who makes a little healthy trouble at school is the one you hear of after graduation. The meek, obedient boy comes and studies, and you would not know that he was in the school. But there will seldom be occasion in after years to point to that boy with pride and say, "He's one of mine."

There is nothing mysterious about methods of managing boys in such an institution. Part of it depends on separate study of each boy, and the rest is brought about by bringing to bear upon him some decidedly interesting machinery that a good private school possesses, and which could hardly be maintained in a home. Study of the boy consists in finding out his individual tastes and weaknesses, and establishing a good personal relation with him. As for the machinery, it is built partly on the instructors, partly on sports and fraternities, with the military work to leaven it all and furnish a safety-valve for surplus energy.

Willie's mother was opposed to sending her boy to a military school. All mothers are. She assumed that he would grow up a bloodthirsty soldier and be taught to kill people. Willie's mother wanted him to be a literary man. The Colonel laughed at that, too.

"Madam, let me tell you something," he said. "When your boy finishes a four-year military course with us he'll be so sick of a soldier's life that he'll never want to hear a band play again. Every morning we'll wake him up

with drum and bugle. Every day he'll be inspected, and disciplined for untidiness. All his punishments will be military—for each black mark he must do guard duty ten minutes. Why, the worst boys we have here are not the newcomers, but those who are being prepared for West Point. During their last year, when they see the prospect of four years more in that military prison, we have our hands full holding them. If you fancy there is any fascination in military life come and be our guest a week. My own family, our instructors, and even the chef, are blown out of bed every morning by bugle call. I want to tell you that if anybody toots a bugle around here in vacation, when the boys are away, we mighty soon squelch him."

Every military school emphasizes the sense of order, taught boys under soldier's discipline. Room, clothes and person are inspected daily. A pair of shoes out of place may mean ten minutes' patrol. When the boy comes home on his first vacation parents expect wonderful improvements; but he will undoubtedly be more disorderly than ever, throwing his things about for the very fun of it. Instructors say that this is exactly what parents would do themselves after months of military rule—relaxation of discipline is one of the dearest luxuries of vacation.

The military life at this school is real enough, because a United States army officer is detailed to supervise it, and the school battalion is officially inspected and manœuvred yearly by another officer detailed for that purpose. A four-year course is ample preparation for West Point in military studies alone. The chief benefit, however, comes in the shape of better health. When the only son of a rich mother is set down at school he will probably be lazy, slouchy, and battened on pastry and sweets. Setting-up exercise every morning soon straightens his spine, tunes up his muscles, and sets his stomach running like a dollar alarm-clock.

In Two Days Willie Became Intensely Homesick

Drill takes care of some of the animal energy in a boys' school; but there is plenty left for other purposes, and no experience will indicate where it may break out next. In the deepest hour of night bottles begin rolling along the dark corridors as though by spirit hands. When every last boy is accounted for at supper, flick! out go the lights. Wooden floors in halls and dormitories must be rebuilt every few years, being literally kicked and scuffed into splinters. Whatever this energy, too, it must be bottled up and dealt with on the school grounds; for a prime disorganizing influence is an adjacent town—particularly a factory town filled with beau-hunting Mollies and Lizzies. And a private school has its boys in charge twenty-four hours a day—seven days a week.

Good Scholarship and Bad Discipline

PARENTS need never fear that their Willie may not receive individual attention in such an institution; for the principal who can handle a hundred boys is exceptional, and about one hundred and fifty are said to constitute a record. Their Willie arrives, and immediately the principal and instructors begin to study him. Their study of him, however, isn't half so deep and constant as Willie's study of them, and if Willie doesn't come pretty near knowing at a glance who is strongest, they or himself, that would be an alarming symptom—he must be coming down with mumps or measles. Given health, it is an even chance that Willie in his schooldays will be a quicker sight-reader of people than he may ever be again.

When the Colonel started fifteen years ago, taking a run-down private school, his first work was to organize a staff of teachers. His chief criterion then was scholarship. Did a man pass brilliantly at one of the big colleges? The Colonel got him if he could.

Presently he had one of the finest teaching Faculties in the East. And presently, also, he had trouble.

One day a letter came from the president of a great university, commending a notable honor man, just graduated. The letter was so warm that the Colonel engaged the honor man before he saw him. Several days later there arrived a solemn chap of thirty-odd, gaunt as a mediæval monk, with thick spectacles and a large knowledge of books. He was the son of a missionary, and had come to college direct from the Cannibal Islands. He had never been a boy. He had possibly never seen one.

The Colonel assigned him a class, dubiously. That class gave the new instructor not much more than a day's truce. Then there rose from the classroom noises seldom heard outside of Hades. The Colonel rushed in, and found the boys pelting the new teacher, while the latter sheepishly stood as a target. For a week they "ragged" him with utmost ingenuity. Then the Colonel called the big boys in, told them that this instructor might not be much of a good fellow but that he was certainly a fine teacher, and asked them to keep order. They promised, and for another week all was quiet. Then, however, the boys came back and said that nobody could resist such temptations. Next day the lid came off again with such a pandemonium that the Colonel rushed to the classroom door. The class had crowned the teacher King of the Cannibal Islands and were marching round him. The Colonel was just on the point of interfering when he reflected: "It's my fault—not theirs." That teacher was released, and henceforth the Colonel had a new standard in engaging instructors.

To-day at this school virtually every instructor is a man who distinguished himself as an athlete in college, while the drillmaster is a veteran who worked his way up from the ranks to a commission in the United States Army. This Faculty no longer runs to top. The instructor in mathematics has a record as an amateur boxer, and stands ready to teach in both these useful sciences. Others come from football and track teams. The instructors command respect in three ways: First, they comprehend boys, and boys understand them; second, they lead all the school's sports, a most important factor; third, if an issue rises, as is not infrequently the case, where boys might match physical strength with a teacher, any member of the Faculty is capable of thrashing the biggest boy in the school, and the biggest boy has learned this in friendly bouts with the gloves. A very little of that sort of reputation goes a long way.

Scholarly attainments are not necessarily a handicap in teaching. One of the best instructors this school ever had was an Oxford Latinist. Quote a line of Virgil and he would finish the poem from memory, forward or backward. His whole book knowledge lay in Latin. He hadn't enough general schooling to take the New York State teacher's examination. But he understood boys as thoroughly as he did Latin, and got along famously.

The largest element in control, however, lies neither in providing outlets for energy, as in military drill, or the restraint of the Faculty's muscle. Boys are controlled at a private school much as men are controlled in the everyday world—by a system of checks and pressures based on their tastes and desires.

A trainload of Tammany constituents were on their way home from a political picnic. The smoking-car was needlessly boisterous. It drove out trainmen, locked the doors, broke windows. The conductor appealed to the district leader in charge of the picnic. Three minutes after the latter went forward order was restored. They all knew him, and over each man he had some influence. This one owed him money. That one he had helped out of a bad scrape, or into a job. He asked them to stop.

"Aw-right, Gawrge, 'f you say so."

"Tha's aw-right. Sure! Good feller, Gawrge."

"Hey, you! d'you hear wot Gawrge sez? He sez, 'Cut it out!'"

Checks and pressures, here and there, on man and his wife, in great things and small, but chiefly the latter—this is pretty nearly the whole scheme of civilization. It is certainly the scheme of a boys' school.

Almost the day Willie Crœsus steps into the Colonel's plant the Colonel begins to be "Gawrge" to Willie. Like the district leader, he builds an organization.

Willie becomes interested in baseball, football, trackwork. He plays with the junior substitutes, gets on to the team, develops into a strong man. Then comes a week when the team is training for a game with the school that carried off its scalp last year. With Willie in the box, and two or three more new players like him to bat—ah!

Then the district leader takes Willie aside:

"See here, kid, if you want to go with the team next week you'd better catch up in your studies and wipe out those marks against you for untidiness. Get a clean record or you can't go."

Willie begins to mend his ways in consternation. Or, is he indifferent? The fateful news passes round: "Sixty bad marks against Crœsus." The whole team goes to work to reform Willie and wash his slate. There may be more marks than he can work off in a week. Then the team stands responsible to the principal, and sees that Willie cleans his record after the big game.

How "Sloppy" was Cured

ANOTHER set of machinery like that furnished by athletics is found in the Greek-letter fraternities at these private schools. A boy has been disciplined so many times, and broken rules so often, that expulsion from the institution looms up ahead. He is a popular boy and belongs to one of the fraternities. The Faculty hands him over to the chapter for discipline, leaving the method to members.

"If you don't want your chapter disgraced get him in line."

The chapter holds a session to straighten out that boy. Sometimes the correction is moral, while again the fraternity takes its erring member out and paddles him.

Occasionally the fraternity itself loses tone. In that event two or three graduate members are asked to visit the school over Sunday and put a little ginger into their old chapter. They come and talk in no gentle terms, and this scolding from one of the alumni always carries weight and brings reformation.

There is the pride of the school to utilize, too, and the natural disposition of boys to stand sponsor for those they like. On one occasion a boy was sent to school from Germany, the son of a United States consul. At home he had been accustomed to drinking beer. While away with the football team in another town he drank a glass or two of beer, innocently, and was brought back tipsy. That constituted an offense for which there was but one punishment—expulsion. The whole school came to the Colonel, showed how such disgrace would ruin this boy, and promised to see that such a mishap never occurred again. The boy was paroled in charge of the school. It never did happen a second time.

To have such machinery is one thing, however, and to use it skillfully another. The kind of pressure that acts on one boy may have no effect on another. Here comes in the study of individuals.

There was a slovenly fellow, nicknamed "Sloppy." He seemed to have no sense of order or cleanliness. His bad marks for untidiness were so many that most of his leisure time was spent walking guard. Each boy is allowed fifty cents a week spending money, but it is forfeited if his bad marks for that week exceed a certain number. During one whole year "Sloppy" had only a dollar and fifty cents. The Colonel and the instructors gave him up as incurable. Finally, the resident army officer's detail at that school was finished. A fine young lieutenant came, fresh from active service in the Philippines. This officer got interested in "Sloppy's" sad case and made him a corporal. The effect of two stripes on his arm was magical. He straightened up, kept his kit and person tidy, looked after his squad like a martinet. Nobody ever saw "Sloppy" now without a pencil behind his ear and a report stuck in his belt and the deep wrinkles of unceasing responsibility on his brow. In a month the school dropped his old nickname.

Next Day the Lid Came Off Again

Four years of this experience, during the formative period, are pretty certain to give a boy the proper sort of

(Concluded on Page 36)

"Probably a Cow-Thief, at the Least," Croaked the Colonel

CHECK!

How Bud Fanning Benevolently Assimilated the Pig-Pen Stock

By Henry W. Phillips and E. M. Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY ARTHURS

COLONEL LYMAN, of the Pig-pen outfit, made the first move in the game. Bud was a newcomer; the boys were just beginning to size him up as the supplest, loosest, slowest lightning-flash in clothes the Jornado had yet known. On the drives he somehow contrived to be awkwardly always in the right place: the slow, infrequent loops he hurled were never wasted, but hung, dilatory and hesitating, in mid-air till the one only possible second, snapping then on the desired neck, horns or feet as by miraculous accident; the broncs he topped stayed broke, and the thing he put stayed put.

"On to his job, that Fanning," said campfire councils; and the Jornado gladly welcomed him into the fellowship.

The Colonel did not see it that way. Though the range was nominally Government land, the Colonel viewed the advent of small herds as outrage, intrusion on the Pig-pen thousands, and an affront to himself as manager and chief owner. Moreover, Fanning was not given to biographical details. The Colonel wagged his head wisely, biding his time.

It was not long coming. One under grave displeasure of the law found shelter at Bud's camp—and a fresh horse. Bud, like Malcolm, "would not betray the devil to his fellow," negligently omitting mention of the matter to the authorities.

The Colonel was incapable of understanding this state of mind. *He* was a staunch supporter of law and order. It had the sanctity of numbers; it was safe and respectable. Bud's failure to break faith outraged the Colonel's conception of duty. To betray such trust was, to his mind, proof of your own integrity. It was "correct," and due to one's position. So the Colonel babbled unwisely: "Doubtless they were old pals. A very undesirable neighbor, this Fanning—as he calls himself. Probably a cow-thief, at the least," croaked the Colonel.

Be it said in passing that the Colonel's distressing accusation was most untrue; Bud was walking the straight and narrow path with laborious delight. Grieved, resentful, he set about his vindication forthwith. Thereafter Pig-pen cows were found on the range, yearlingless, disconsolate, bawling mournfully and refusing to be comforted. This often happens. Lawful chance may break family ties. Bear, mountain-lions, rattlesnakes, lightning or blackleg may befall a calf—or a cowboy practicing for a roping match. But it was observed that fat, Pig-pen calves were "bad risks," marked for mishap; that such bereavements were coincident with the appearance of "jerky" on Fanning's fence. So prophecy wrought fulfillment.

Meekness and long-suffering are no part of the frontier creed. It was generally felt that Bud had successfully rebutted an unjust and unprovoked attack upon his character. Public opinion approved this knight's move in the game he played with the Colonel—indirect, indeed, but permitted, if not absolutely enjoined, by the rules of that time and place. Moreover, gain was no part of the motive. It annoyed the Colonel, and that was enough for Bud.

Quite privately the Colonel employed a long-legged Texan to watch Bud—a stranger, searching for mythical saddle-horses. Later, this "Sacramento" rode the range as a full-fledged Pig-pen peeler, camping with a pack outfit, branding calves overlooked by the round-up. He continued to report no progress, though Rachel rent the air as before.

As the Colonel rode along in the foothills near Mescal he came upon a cow, wild-eyed and misanthropical, staked to a cedar in a lonely *arroyo*. The Colonel rode closer. Rachel, incensed at all mankind, sought to avenge her injuries upon him, ignoring, what cool reflection might have recalled, that she was the Colonel's private property—a memorandum to that effect being jotted down on her side. But anger was ever a foe to justice. Maddened by her wrongs, she charged, head down, tongue out, tail up. The rope broke; Rachel did a hornspring, lighting gracefully on her backbone, with her head under her. Tom Thumb, a horse of experience, wisely whirled to avoid the onset; the Colonel dug at his sides with his "Pet-maker" spurs. Tom Thumb misinterpreted the signal and bucked vociferously.

The Colonel dismounted in a prickly-pear. He scrambled to his feet. So did Rachel. They started for the tree in generous emulation, the Colonel slightly in advance. He maintained his lead and went up the tree, Rachel assisting. Tom Thumb, from a safe distance, turned velvety eyes and pricking ears upon this situation, whinnied soft encouragement, and remained as an interested observer.

Rachel, with tossing horn and lashing tail, pawed up the dirt, snorting insult and bellowing defiance. The unraveled rope dangled over one eye, giving her a singularly profligate and abandoned air. The Colonel perceived with emotion that the rope had the black strand of the coils made to his order for the Pig-pen outfit.

Through the long, hot afternoon the Colonel roosted in the tree, while Rachel did sentry duty below him, gazing at him soulfully. He passed the time by plucking pear-thorns from the more accessible portions of his person, and answering Rachel's threats with spirited repartee.

Twice Rachel strolled off a little distance and assumed an air of negligence; twice the Colonel was enticed into a game of Pussy-wants-a-corner by trying to reach Tom Thumb; and twice his watchful playmate roused from feigned forgetfulness to chase him to his corner, which he regained by an exhibition of nimbleness surprising in one so fat. Thereafter he would have none of her merry-makings. Miserable, thirsty, silent, he kept his place, stonily unaware of her existence.

At length, Rachel, also dry and slobbery, bethought herself of the cool waters of Mescal. With a last regretful look she sniffed the air and struck off down the swale in a shuffling, dust-raising trot.

The Colonel limped to Tom Thumb, coldly repelled the friendly advances of the muzzling nose, and rode painfully to Palomas Tanks. Mescal was nearer — but he did not want to go to Mescal.

"Don't You Put in a Word, You Giddy Old Pup!"

The Supplest, Loosest, Slowest Lightning-Flash in Clothes the Jornado had Yet Known

Dark fell in the Gap. When he neared the tank he saw on the cliff the reflection of a fire. He tied Tom Thumb and, creeping up, peered over a boulder. Under the cliff sat Sacramento (his own detective!) and Bud Fanning. Sacramento's saddle lay near the fire; the rope was gone. A quartered yearling hung near by. A well-known smell reached the Colonel's nostrils. Between the two men was a pan of the most savory titbits of the beef—brains, sweetbread, sliced heart, tongue and liver, and other small matters—builded cunningly into The Stew Beautiful, otherwise known by a name purely technical. Backing out, the unhappy Colonel repeated this name in a tragic whisper, his mouth watering with hunger and his eyes with rage.

As has been shown, the Colonel was a narrow and uncharitable man, given to conjecture and unworthy suspicion. From the slight premises, insufficient, as just stated, he drew the worst possible deductions as he turned sadly homeward.

Soon after Sacramento severed his connection with the Pig-pen. Fanning was barred from the wagon. This, in the cow-countries, is an open declaration of war. The feud was carried on by stealthy treachery on one hand, by open outrage on the other.

The Colonel was of that brand of respectability which belittles any vice it practices. Again, he was a courteous man and hospitable. You could take his word for money matters—and wisely leave them alone if he did not expressly give his word. Toward women he bore himself with almost knightly service—and then, again, he didn't. It all depended. He "never sacrificed principle to pleasure, unless it were quite dark." The Colonel was incapable of crime, as of generosity. Both were above him.

Against this dreary make-believe of man, Bud's honest, red sins were life-size and real. By contrast they seemed admirable. The Colonel was fond of doing good by stealth, and being caught at it. To Bud's sham-hating mind such petty doll-play was unthinkable, the mere knowledge of it degrading. It was impossible to take the Colonel seriously, so he took the Colonel's cattle lightly; and took as much pains to be sure the Colonel knew it as he did to leave no proof—all in a spirit of grim humor. The Colonel had lied about him, tried to drive him out of the country, spied upon him; to tease the Colonel was merely "justice of an illegal character."

Between these two there could be no truce. Of course, it was all one-sided. With numbers, law and money on one side, and one determined man on the other, the outcome was never in doubt. Bud had all the fun. The Colonel fussed and fumed to no purpose, devising vain, ingenious traps which Bud blandly overlooked. Bud dropped the F A T brand and gave the Dollar-Mark; which allowed the benevolent assimilation of Pig-pen stock, when advisable. (For the benefit of the illiterate it may be explained that in practical pyrography, done with a hot iron on living leather, "Pig-pen" is spelled thus: "#," which may be readily merged into the "$.")

The Dollar-Mark also "covered" several other brands, whose owners, not of the fellowship, made common cause with the Colonel against Bud. His foresight furnished a remedy for such defensive partisanship.

The Lazy-Aitch (⅄), the Seven-both-ways (7) and the Bar Cross (—+) all "suffered a sea change, into something rich and strange." A little work with a hot iron transformed all these brands into "$." (You may readily demonstrate this for yourself with pencil and paper.) And Bud's herds

increased according to the square of the distance—from witnesses.

Withal, he used judgment and moderation. His acquisitions were confined to yearlings unbranded, and freshly branded ones just separated from their mothers—or just about to be. Off-colored or otherwise "flesh-marked" animals he avoided.

"I'm no hog, if I am out for the dollar," said Bud. "Besides, them bald-faced, line-backed Herefords is the best stock; them that all look alike. Nice, well-bred stuff—don't need no blabs."

There were murmurings from his enraged benefactors. But there was no proof which would stand in law. As for settlement "out of court," it was surmised that the .45 on Bud's hip was not worn merely to point a moral.

The community was less shocked than amused. "Bud runs their stock on shares," it was explained by campfires. "He takes what he wants, and they take what's left."

The Colonel was dissatisfied with his share. Perhaps, the memory of his field-sports with Rachel rankled. He imported three fighting-men, McCaslin, Barefoot and Chatfield; Tonto Basin warriors they, who did plain shooting neatly. To their earnest attention he recommended the versatile Mr. Fanning.

Theoretically, nothing of this was known. The strangers were simply new hands and did their share of the round-up work; after, they rode the range, in the vicinity of "The Hog-Trough"—as the home ranch was generally known. Incidentally, the warriors "rode sign" on Fanning, watched him with field-glasses, threw tempting yearlings in his way.

Three times Fanning gave chase to three several "long-ears" following Pig-pen cows. As often the patient watchers caught the same, when the acute Mr. Fanning had gone his unseeing way, only to find them properly adorned with a fresh "#" and ear-marks to match—a very exasperating thing to both parties. Later, Fanning called McCaslin aside and gave in his tally, mildly remarking:

"They was big fellows, and somebody might maverick 'em. Just turn 'em in on your tally. Don't say nothing to the Old Man. He's some pin-headed and he's sorter got it in for me. But he'll get over it. You fellers do a turn for me some time." Magnanimous Bud!

But the pitcher that goes habitually to the well takes long chances. In September the Pig-pen shipped a car of fat cattle to El Paso. Bud sat on the stockyards fence and noted with interest the departure of a certain cow, mother to the identical yearling he had last branded with a # for the disappointment of the Colonel's observation corps. Bud revised that yearling before nightfall. It pleased him to get that one rather than another. "This is rather whipsawin' the Colonel," smiled Bud

That night a train stopped at a blind siding below Dundee, and that same heretofore-said cow went yearning forth to seek her offspring. Chatfield had reshipped her from El Paso. She was found next day at Six-Mile Lake, her yearling with her. They were held for testimony, and the game began to look bad for Fanning. All well-disposed persons promptly and properly raised the hue and cry.

II

BUD, all unaware of the toils, was even then riding down to Dundee. As he turned from the light into the darkness of the shuttered store a squirt of fire leaped at him, followed by the rest of the cylinder-load. Bud's retort was apt and accurate. Within the store a certain Chuck Barefoot slapped the floor with himself, regardless

"Maybe you don't know who I am? Fanning is only my winter name," observed Bud. This to the storekeeper, who had assumed an attitude of strict neutrality. "Friend of yours, All'ry?"

Then his eyes grew used to the dimness: "Oh—Chuck? I thought so. McCaslin's a snake, all right, but he'll rattle before he strikes."

He stooped to pick up Barefoot's gun. Here was where Allory, the storekeeper, might have dropped him. But standing on tiptoes, to push one's straining arms toward heaven, eases the mind of malice. Allory would not hurt Bud for *anything*. You should have heard him.

Bud regarded him attentively. "What you tryin' to do, All'ry?" he inquired. "Makin' an ascension? You ack like you was a widder's only child, and she was goin' to hear bad news. Get down on your feet and tell me—we're both in trouble."

Allory babbled incoherences, chewing his mouth. Bud wearily took off his hat and rubbed his head. "Tell me!" he said. "Tell me or I'll—pinch you!"

Allory got words into a kind of sentence, and sentences into a kind of sense·

"Oh, get away, Bud!" he finished. "Get into old Mexico. They're all hunting you—they've got you with the goods. Lyman's raised the country. The sheriff's due; Chuck, he came up here to meet him. Don't look at me like that! I didn't do nothing! Oh, you *know* I was always a friend of yours, Bud!"

"Sure!" assented Bud "That's one reason why I broke the habit of havin' friends. When's the Hillsburrer train hit here? Nine? Lots of time. Spot yourself, All'ry. Don't leave—I'll be back. Got to send a telegram."

Through the Long, Hot Afternoon the Colonel Roosted

At the depot he gravely dictated his message:

SHERIFF OF SIERRA CO.,
Care of Conductor No. 6,
Rincon.
Bring Coroner and extra deputy.
Collect. BUD FANNING.

Returning to the store he said briskly: "I want a horsey, pack-saddle, grub, tobacker, canteen and frills. Jump!"

The storekeeper jumped.

Bud continued: "And plenty matches, a slicker, and ——" Chuck Barefoot moved a leg. Allory squeaked. Bud was astonished.

"You going to butt in *again?*" he inquired reproachfully. "Once is generally enough." He put his hand to Barefoot's head: "Creased!" he said. "What d'ye think of it? I only creased him! All'ry, if you made a play, you'd got a rep at the price of a hair-parting—mebbee. . . . Well, this is sad. Excuse me for a minute."

He went back to the depot. The agitated agent met him at the door.

"You sent that message yet?" asked Bud.

"Yes, yes—who's dead?"

"False alarm. Gimme another blank," said Bud. He filled it out and passed it through the window: "Same address." It reads

P. S. My mistake. Bring Doctor.
Collect. BUD.

Through his screen of mountain mahogany, on the side of Timber Mountain, Bud squeezed his whole power of sight upon three moving specks below him—three specks in an enormous, empty world that regarded him not at all. A world so large that looking and sunlight and distance and silence were not terms, symbols—but realities.

These specks were horsemen who had hunted him day and night. Till now he had regarded them with good-humored tolerance—the same impersonal feeling one has for opposing pieces in the chess-game. For weeks he had been "on the dodge," changing his hiding-place as advised from time to time by underground post—which gives better service than any paid one. More than once a collision had been narrowly averted. Provisions, tobacco and other necessaries found their way mysteriously to his various *caches*. He might have kept it up indefinitely.

But being hunted for your life, like a wild beast, becomes irksome, once the first novelty wears off. Suddenly, as he watched, something snapped in his brain. The blood rushed to his head. The Fourth Speck, past trifling now, became, in an instant, the Man with his Back to the Wall; resolute, deadly, dangerous, accepting death, and so—Master of Circumstances, Lord of all that fears to die.

Be you ware of him, my masters! Crowd him not when his back is to the wall, you powerful and mighty, strong captains of the hour! Make you no sport of his grinding at your mill! Earth has seen him, at Gaza and elsewhere, enslaved, fettered and blind. Seen, too, and yet again may see, at his desperate will, pillar and temple reel and rock and sway, crash down to utter ruin and dark!

Bud steadied himself, put the prowling specks from his mind, and looked at the game. Black to win in one move.

"This Colonel is a mistake," he decided. "I'll correct him. A gun-to-heart talk is what he needs."

Light words, but his thought was no light thought. At dark he rode down to The Hog-Trough. He slipped into the great quadrangle formed by the long line of rambling buildings and disappeared in the shadows.

It was poetic justice that the Colonel's passionately law-abiding proclivities, which first started the trouble, should have proved at once his undoing and his salvation.

Hardly had Bud gained the friendly shelter of the blacksmith shop and paused to meditate the further manner of his onset, when the yard gate clicked carefully. The Colonel came gliding forth, followed by one of slinking and apprehensive mien.

Conversing in subdued whispers, they came straight toward Bud's covert. They stopped just without the smithy door; Bud could have touched his enemy as he passed. In the clear starlight the Colonel's expression, mingled of perplexity and virtuous zeal, was distinctly visible. In the shadows Bud, at his very elbow, drew his gun.

"Are you sure he's the man?" asked the Colonel, unconscious that above him Death stooped to his prey—and, as the answer came, missed by a hair.

"I was in Leavenworth pen with him for four years, before he made his get-away," said the other. "I knew him at once. McCaslin was his mother's name."

"*McCaslin!*" At the word Bud felt an electric thrill go through him, an instinctive sensing of the situation, and of his opportunity. This would be better than his original plan. His gun slipped back in the scabbard.

"He's a dangerous man—I wouldn't have him see me for ten rewards," whispered the ex-convict fearfully.

"A menace to the community!" said the Colonel indignantly. "But I don't want to appear in the matter."

"No—you don't," said the other dryly. "When he serves out his term he'll be for getting even with some one. But he don't know me by name, and we'll manage so he'll have no cause to suspect you. Now, you go back in the house, write a letter to the Governor, and bring it out to me—no, just leave it here in the old hay-baler. Best take no chances of being seen together. It might come to his ears and arouse suspicion. I'll get the letter after you're gone. Be sure and state that bearer—say Mr. James Smith—is entitled to the reward for giving information. Be quick; I want to get away from here."

He stepped into the darkness of the shop, and the Colonel ambled away on his errand of righteousness. When he had closed the door behind him, Bud gently put the cold muzzle of his gun between the informer's eyes and inquired casually:

(Continued on Page 42)

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES

By Robert Shackleton

WHEN, in a narrow trail of a Western forest, you meet a broad-hatted, leather-legginged, steel-spurred man, riding a big-boned horse, and armed with mattock and spade and axe, you may know that you are within the precincts of one of the great national forests and that this oddly weaponed man is a forest ranger. These rangers are soon to be uniformed much like Uncle Sam's soldiers, but with the color a Lincoln green, thus making a delightful Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest effect. There is another thing that these men carry, too: a great South African water-bottle full of drinking water, for they are likely to be at any time engaged in scorching work, for hours at a time, at a distance from any spring or stream

If the ranger hurries past you with his horse pushed to its utmost speed you will know that, from some height, he has seen a flurry of smoke and is on his way to investigate, or that he is responding to a summons for help from some ranger perhaps as much as thirty or forty miles away.

To patrol the forests and protect them against fire is no easy task, for each of the 1351 rangers and guards must safeguard on an average the huge area of 121,506 acres. And so it is that they are ceaselessly on the watch, endlessly on patrol, and that they frequently make trips to the most commanding eminences for a survey of their territory.

Fire Running Through Scattered Timber in Western Forest

It was not many years ago that forest fires were so great and so frequent in the West that throughout the summer it was impossible to see the outlines of the Rockies with any clearness. This was one of the conditions that came with civilization. The Indians, savages as they were, were good woodsmen, and always saw to it that their campfires were well extinguished

So far as the national forests are concerned, civilization is now trying to be as good as savagery. If a man leaves a fire carelessly burning, even if no harm results, it is a punishable offense; if, from carelessness, a forest fire is started, it is a matter for fine and imprisonment; if a forest fire is kindled maliciously it is a bigger fine and a still longer imprisonment.

The Unconscious Heroes

GANGS of railroad builders are especially feared by the rangers, for when these men are mixed Bulgarians, Poles, Huns and Montenegrins ("Bohunks," as distinguished from the more careful "Dagoes") there are likely to be frequent fires from the freedom of the woods. However, railroads are made responsible for injury that can be traced to their men, and so the foremen are as watchful as possible and are ready to send helpers to any ranger who asks for them.

A foreman was telling the other day of how a forest fire swept so close to his camp that showers of sparks went right over his powder house, and of how he kept his party of "Bohunks" on the rush covering it with sod and pouring water as it was handed up.

"But did they know what was in the house?" he was asked

At this he grinned. "Why, I believe they didn't," he said.

Railroad construction gangs are included under the general head of "campers," and to this class, which includes also the "sage-brushers" who every summer camp and hunt at will among the forests, are ascribed more forest fires than are set down against any other kind of fire cause.

Sparks from locomotives are a prolific cause of forest fires. Spark arresters are in most localities prescribed by law, but either they do not always work, or, as the weary fire-fighters insinuate, some engineers, to get a better draft, will go out and poke holes in the arresters.

Lightning causes some 250 fires a year in the national forests; this being, indeed, the most common cause of fire, next to campers and locomotives. There are certain districts where electrical storms are so frequent that forest fires from lightning are a constant source of uneasiness.

In many Western districts a settler in a forest region is not now permitted to burn a clearing unless he first calls in an inspector and obtains permission. It is deemed that he has no more right to do this, in the heart of a forest, without safeguards, than a city dweller has to set a fire in his property in the heart of the town.

Odd though it seems, there are no better implements for the fighting of fires than the axe, the mattock and the spade that a ranger is expected to carry with him. Conditions are so different from fire-fighting of other kinds that ordinary methods cannot be attempted. Dynamite, too, is not infrequently used, and if a ranger does not carry some with him he knows at just what point, just which supply-shed in the forest, he can promptly secure it, as well as additional mattocks and other implements for the use of volunteers whom he has enrolled as assistants.

At a recent fire in Northern Idaho dynamite was used with great effect. The fire, which had started through the carelessness of a man who had been clearing his land in the fire season, had got a big start before the rangers could reach it, and it was going briskly, fanned by a sharp wind.

The ranger in charge saw that, if unchecked, it would spread far. Like a general he planned how to meet it.

From a mine near by he secured the help of a score of sturdy men. This bunch of miners he led to a spot a little in advance of the fire, where some were set to chopping trees—always making them fall *away* from the fire—and others were set to digging a trench, throwing every spadeful in *the direction* of the fire.

But there was more than this in the plan; although it is not infrequently the case that the cutting of a bare swath and the digging of a trench are alone sufficient.

The fire came roaring on, the air was full of smoke and sparks and flame, the men were feeling the scorch of heat from the advancing fire, when the ranger began his supreme effort. He placed the miners a few yards apart, handed to each one half a stick of dynamite, and told them to bury these in the earth in such a way that the explosion would send a shower of earth in the direction of the fire. The miners entered into the idea with enthusiasm and swiftly set the dynamite. Fuses were attached and lighted, the miners retreated, and a great, long shower of earth was hurled straight at the oncoming flames. Then, no sooner had the explosions ceased than the miners, rushing back to the trench with a cheer, were tossing more earth and chopping more trees. It was warm work. It was dangerous work. It was successful, also, for the fire was stopped at that line and the men went back to their mine after having been paid on the spot by the ranger; forest rangers being not only authorized to hire men in emergencies but being also instructed to pay them on the spot, whenever possible, so as to make the work of fire-fighting popular.

Forest fires spread through the branches of the trees, and it is for that reason that they cannot be checked in the ordinary way or without the help of open spaces formed around them, or, sometimes, not without the aid of rain or the dying down of the wind.

It is considered hopeless, except in uncommon circumstances, to fight a fire, under full headway, on level ground or on a hillside. The mattocks and axes and spades are wielded along some crest or ridge, except where a trail already in existence can be well widened or where defense can be made along a creek or at a clearing.

Until one has actually seen a great forest fire it is difficult to imagine the terror and sublimity of it. The roaring flames, the showers of sparks, the flying brands, the dense smoke masses, all unite to give an impression as of something that it is impossible to resist. One feels that such a fire cannot be stopped; that it will never stop so long as there is wood in front of it to burn. It is in the face of fires of such majesty that the skill and judgment of experienced fire-fighters become apparent.

The Methods of the Fire-Fighters

THEY know that along the top of a ridge there is almost always a thinner growth than elsewhere, and so this makes the ridges the natural lines of resistance. They know, too, that a fire moves fastest on level ground; next fastest up a slope; slowest of all when going down a slope. Reaching the crest of a hill a fire seems to pause before beginning the farther descent, and so the slenderly wooded ridge is an admirable place to make an open space. There is often, too, a sort of back draft on a ridge, and sometimes a hot fire will die there without being fought.

A fire burns with far less vehemence by night than by day, owing to the dew and to the dying down of the wind, and so the night and the early morning are the best times to work. At night, too, the worst places can most easily be distinguished. Some fires move slowly, giving time to trench and cut open lanes.

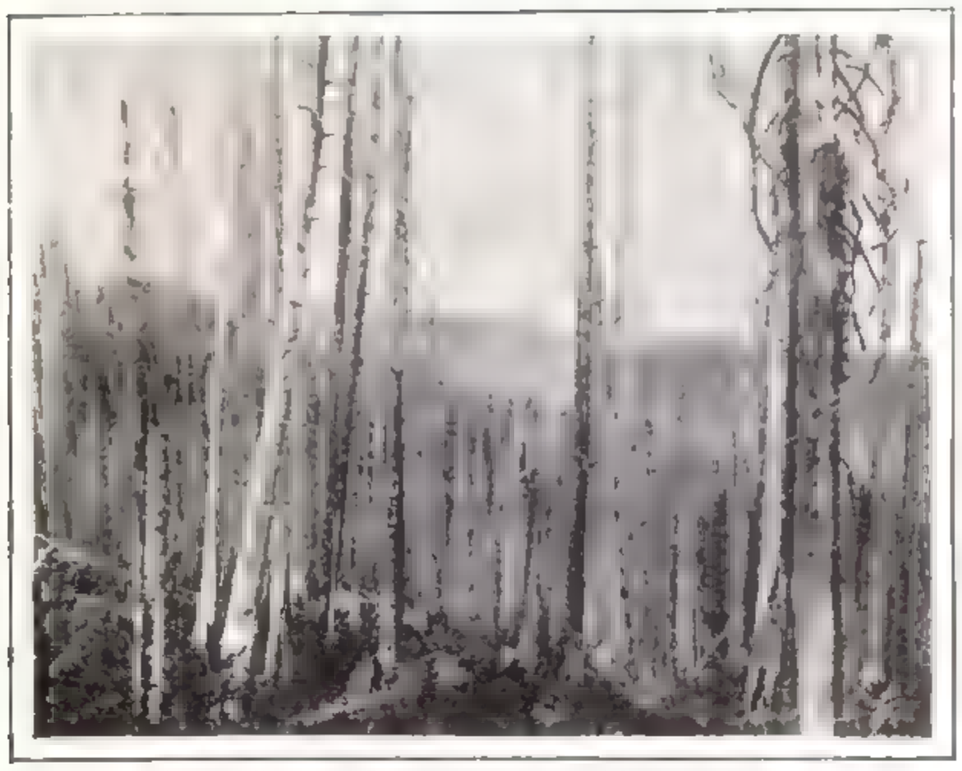
A trench ought to be five or six feet wide, and it is astonishing how quickly it can be dug by active men excited by an oncoming fire. All mulch and soft stuff, all logs or sticks, everything, in short, that can burn, should be taken out. Then, even though the fire is checked there, men are left on patrol if there are enough for the purpose; one man to cover a hundred yards or so, to watch for sparks flying across, and for fires that creep insidiously, like things of life and cunning, through some overlooked bunch of dry leaves or some hollow log. The patrol man also covers with earth any blazing log or stump. Sometimes he will blow up such a stump with dynamite if it is sending out a shower of sparks. And he watches keenly to see that the wind does not fan into life some apparently extinguished embers.

Some fires go so fast that trenches and lanes are useless, and back-firing is the only expedient; and a dangerous expedient it is from the danger of the back-fire itself getting beyond control.

Once in a while a fire, fanned by a hurricane, goes so fast that a man on horseback cannot keep ahead of it. Such a fire goes a hundred feet, five hundred feet, even half a mile, in single leaps, and trees far away seem suddenly to explode in flame. A fire like this is a thing of unrestrainable terror, and the only thing is to flee. Sometimes the ranger, unable to reach a clearing or a stream, wraps his head and face in what he can of woolen cloth, of coat or blanket, and, choosing the thinnest part of the line, dashes back through the fire.

It is at fires such as these that wild animals are seen tearing madly in advance of the flames. At the slowly-moving fires animals are rarely seen. Some instinct, or some subtle sense, has told them of the danger in time for them to seek out-of-sight hiding places. But with the swift, fierce fires they run before

A Forest Fire



Burned Forest of Engelman Spruce and Lodge-pole Pine.
What is Known in the West as a "Burn"

the flames in swarms, none paying attention to his neighbor, none paying attention to men or horses; little animals and big dashing along in the mad, instinctive effort to save their lives.

Sometimes the very bottom of a valley is chosen for a line of defense against fire. Not long ago such a vantage line was selected in a Montana fire, along a creek which bears the name of Race Track. There, at the bottom of a steep and well-nigh perpendicular bank, the men worked desperately, nor did they retreat when unexpected dangers literally came down upon them—when blazing trees came rolling and pitching down, and when rocks, heated and loosened and split, came hurtling, leaping, bounding, till they dropped sizzling into the waters of the stream.

At a recent fire in the Oregon country an inspector found that his force, largely composed of outsiders, was becoming hopeless and was in danger of quitting. Feeling sure that he would win if he could keep his men, he quietly had all the horses led to a spot many miles away. The fire was far from the men's homes and far from any town. The men did not understand that he had sent away their horses just to circumvent them, and so they stayed on and the fire was conquered.

Usually, outside help is ready and prompt; but at a recent big fire not only did the superintendent of a construction gang refuse to permit his men to help the rangers, but he also refused to sell them any of his store of food, although he knew that they were famishing and weary. The rangers kept at their post, however, and their hearts were gladdened when they saw a number of women, wives of some homesteaders who were helping them, making their way through the forest, on horseback, laden with supplies of food.

People haven't awakened, as yet, to the importance of saving the forests. Many, indeed, would quite as soon see the forests cleared away, even though they good-naturedly turn in and help when requested.

At a little Arizona town, a couple of years ago—one of those places where there is nothing but half a dozen saloons and a concert hall, thus making a centre toward which miners and cowboys gravitate from miles around—only one man was willing to help the rangers fight when a forest fire was sweeping near. "We're safe enough: let the woods burn" was all that they would say, and this they said with a great admixture of profanity. Even that one man, shamefaced at being the only good one, refused to go when no other would, and the rangers had to fight the fire as best they could. One would like to look upon it as a judgment (only it is so impossible to do it in the general topsyturviness of Fate) that this particular bunch of houses was wiped out by another fire which came along a few months afterward

There is a sort of businesslike aspect to fires, in the West, which is recognized by the Government in its anxiety to pay workers on the spot This feeling extends to cities; and when, a few months ago, a tiny town some miles from Spokane was in danger from a forest fire, it sent to the city for help and magnificently promised to pay. A flat-car, with engine and hose, was hurried there, and the buildings of the town were saved. Thereupon ensued a hilarious jollification It became the instant and sole object of every saved citizen to incapacitate those friendly firemen from further work by staying them with flagons. And so well did the town remember the promise made in its moment of dread that it went right down into its treasury and took out a goodly sum, for it—three hundred dollars—and sent it in.

Many miles of new forest road and forest trail are each year made, to permit of more directly and promptly getting to a fire or of shifting a fire-fighting base.

The Government, too, is each year building many miles of telephone wire through its forests, so that rangers may instantly communicate with each other in case of need. To speak of telephones brings up a picture of roads and houses, but these forest telephone wires go through the densest woodland and across the wildest country and up steep and apparently inaccessible heights.

There are many picturesque features about the life of these fire-fighters: such as the sending of pack-trains, of from 20 to 25 horses, laden with food for men stationed at distant points. Nor is it at all uncommon, in the fire season, for the fighters to be so hemmed about by fires that it is quite impossible to get the pack-trains through. In fact, it is a life of hardship as well as danger. And the inspectors will tell you that it is not the careless, daredevil, hand-to-mouth sort of man that they desire, but the steady, reliable type who, if he were not a forest ranger, would, if necessary, make a steady hand at a shoemaker's bench.

The differences in forest fires are not only dependent upon relative dryness, wind, the nature of the country and the thickness of the forest growth, but upon the kind of trees.

Fires among deciduous trees are not so bad as those among evergreens. The white pine is the most dangerous and inflammable, for the fire leaps instantly to its highest branches and spreads from tree to tree with great rapidity.

The yellow pine is not quite so inflammable, nor is its destruction by fire so complete.

Most dreaded of all is the hemlock, and this not because of its swiftness of burning, but from the noxious acid fumes given out as it burns.

"It gets you dopey," says a ranger. "It scorches the very nostrils out of you," says another, more vividly

Conifers suffer more than deciduous trees by fire, for not only is the standing timber killed but the seeds as well. Burn a chestnut and a dozen little ones will spring up. Burn a pine and it is a fire for futurity.

On the high mountain altitudes a burned-over evergreen forest, a forest of firs and spruce and lodge-pole pines, is a most curious sight, for it is not a blackened area but a whitened! The fire, rushing furiously through the inflammable greenery, does not stay to destroy all of the trunks, but, after a torchlike flare, leaves many denuded, but standing. In the course of a few years rains and storms take off the blackened charcoal crust, leaving the tall, dead trees entirely white. Thus, in the dry mountain air, they will stand, undecayed, for years, and I have ridden for miles, on the slopes of the high Rockies of Colorado, through forests of this ghostly white bareness, locally known as "burns."

It is still only a part of the forest area of the country that has become national forest or that is guarded by rangers. There is no national forest east of the Mississippi. Yet these forests already established, although the first was set apart by Presidential proclamation only a few years ago, are already so great in extent and so varied in location that a man may zigzag his way from our boundary line with Mexico to our boundary line with Canada without leaving their limits

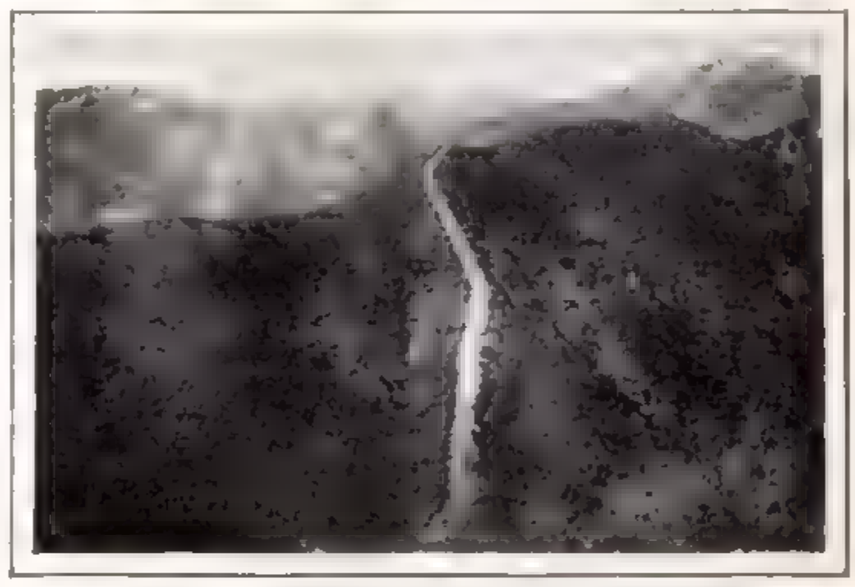
Every year there are great fires in the Adirondacks and other forest regions of the East, where the only thing to do is to keep open spaces around buildings and let the fires take their course

I have seen a fierce fire sweeping across Long Island, taking miles and miles of woodland, burning fences and here and there a barn, and kept from dwelling-houses only by open spaces about them and by hard work of villagers in wetting roofs and extinguishing embers. And this but a couple of hours' ride from New York!

Lake Huron and Lake Michigan have within recent years been so black with smoke from burning forests that, far out in the very middle of the lakes, it was impossible to see more than a steamer's length in any direction.

Some of the States are awaking to the importance of forest protection. Idaho has an admirable system of forest patrol for its State forests, supplementing the national work. The State rangers have telescopes, for use at commanding points to catch a flurry of smoke even when it is no bigger than the proverbial man's hand.

The most terrible fires are those which sweep through towns, destroying human lives, like the terrible recent fires just over the Canadian line. Nor has our own country been exempt. It was not so many years ago that a single forest fire, in Minnesota, cost the lives of 418 people. And



A Fire-Line on a Ridge, Showing One of the Best Methods of Fire Protection

those who collect statistics tell us that for the past thirty years the annual forest-fire loss of life, in the United States, has been 65

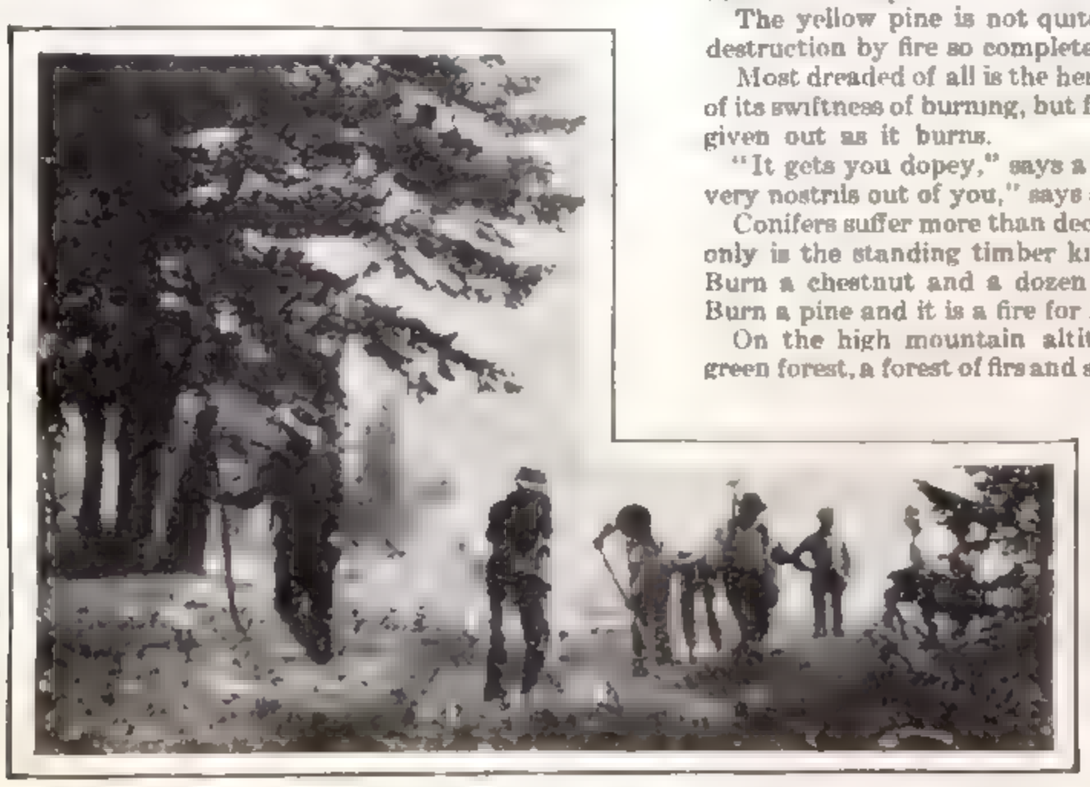
There is an annual huge fire loss, and even the decrease in acreage burned does not lessen this loss, for with each new year the price of lumber mounts by leaps and bounds. Nor should it be necessary to point out that there is not the direct loss alone, but the loss to the new growth, and the heavy indirect loss that comes from denuding the land and from causing alternate droughts and floods.

All over the country there are associations for the planting of trees; there are "Arbor Days"; there is genial enthusiasm over the sticking in of a few acorns. All of which is very admirable. But the people in general are too much like the Congressional leader who recently opposed an additional grant of money for forest protection with the remark that he "wouldn't vote money for scenery"

During what are grimly and distinctively known as "the fire months," which in the most thickly-forested portions of the West are, according to locality, June, July and August, or May, July and August, the local newspapers are full of stories of fires burning or fires starting.

As this article is written there is a fire, still unsubdued, on the Kaniksu, in Idaho, and there is a far more serious one raging in Oregon, along the Des Chutes—a slow-moving fire, far more destructive than the swift, this of the Des Chutes, going at the rate of only a mile and a half a day, with a zigzag front of fifteen miles!

And there comes also the news that a forest fire has swept close to some of the most famous trees of the world, the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees of California; trees that were growing before the time of Christ; and that one of them has been burned, and the others saved from destruction only by the efforts of hundreds of ranchmen and rangers.



Forest Service Men Extending Fire-Lines. Dense Smoke Obscures Trees in Background

The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Trousers Came Away Out Over the Shoes, Almost to the Toes, in a Kind of Projection or Lean-to That was Called a "Spring"

II

MY FOLKS were Methodists. In summertime when I was an urchin and trudged off to Sunday-school—my feet not at home in the unaccustomed shoes, and the starched collar of my waist scratching my neck—I could hear the godless Robinson boys whistling to their stub-tailed brindle dog. I knew they were going to hunt gophers; then they would take the old punt and pole down the creek to the swimming-hole. I knew just how bully the water felt when you came up from jumping off the spring-board. And it seemed to me that being a Methodist was more than I could bear. I could range the woods and go swimming on week-days; but, somehow, the powerful lure of those things was never so overwhelming as on Sunday.

When I was about nine years old Brother Lininger was the presiding elder. He was a large, gaunt man, with flaming red beard and hollow, hot-looking eyes. Whenever he came around to our town he held a service Sunday afternoon especially for children. Then he nearly always chose those texts which express the imminence of death and the certainty of damnation for sinners.

"Dear children, a friend once related to me the case of a little girl—little Lucy White," Brother Lininger would begin, very slowly and solemnly, looking down at us out of his hot, hollow eyes. "She was just such a little girl as some who sit before me this day—not willfully wicked, but light-minded and thoughtless."

With great detail he told us how Lucy White was converted and experienced the unspeakably blessed sense of being saved. But vain and wicked acquaintances, by jest and ridicule, deterred her from making a public confession. Soon she returned to her old, light-minded, careless life. Then she sickened—awoke one morning with a headache and feeling feverish. She grew worse. The physician was called in; but his skill was powerless. Lucy White was told that she had but a few hours to live. Then she saw her awful error. The good minister prayed with her. Her heartbroken mother and father prayed with her. All in vain. That blessed sense of being saved would not return. She cried to them to bring her shroud. They brought it and laid it on the bed. She cried to them to bring her coffin. They sent to the undertaker's, brought the coffin and stood it beside the bed, where she could touch it. All in vain.

Brother Lininger's description of Lucy White's last moments and dissolution was a powerful piece of realism. As he told us that her soul was lost, tears coursed down his gaunt cheeks, losing themselves in the flaming red beard. And every little sinner in front of him sat jellied with fear, his mouth open, his heart choking him.

The sermons to children were mostly like that. More mornings than one, after hearing one of Brother Lininger's powerful discourses, I have wakened imagining that my head ached and I was feverish, and felt the strength depart from my small limbs like water from a sieve. Once he preached from the text, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." If any boy loved his own father or mother more than he loved God, said Brother Lininger, he would be damned. How I agonized over that!

It was not simply the damnation part. The way Brother Lininger presented it, if you were an unconverted boy there was not much chance of your growing up and then going to hell. The strong probability was that you would sicken and die in boyhood, and your cold form would be wrapped in a shroud and put in a coffin, and they would screw down the lid and lower you into the narrow grave. He had every gruesome detail at his fingers' tips. My chum, Josie Heathcote, did actually sicken and die. She was light-minded and merry—just such a girl as little Lucy White. The horror of wondering whether she had called for her shroud and called for her coffin—and of not, for my very life, daring to ask anybody—was almost insupportable.

Naturally, Brother Lininger's sermons were just as popular with us youngsters as the Spanish Inquisition was with heretics; but it never occurred to our parents that we were being tortured, to our great harm, right in church.

I was about twelve when I read one of Bob Ingersoll's lectures in a newspaper. I think it was the Chicago Times. I read others of them with more or less fear and trembling. He came to Sterling to lecture when I was thirteen. My mother was loth to let me go; but I was bound to. I remember he had on the first suit of evening clothes I had ever seen. He said he realized his deep responsibility, and if what he meant to say that night could jeopard the salvation of a single human being he hoped God would strike him dead where he stood. Then he threw back his head and spread his arms to receive the mortal stroke.

Probably Brother Lininger's claptrap had made me especially receptive to Ingersoll's. Anyway, that bit of stage business impressed me tremendously. The roots of my hair prickled and I held my breath. Of course the lightning didn't happen, and the orator proceeded to tell a funny story that made everybody laugh. Whatever I learned about religion came at a later period. To my fifteenth year my spiritual experience was simply that Brother Lininger had scared me half out of my wits with the fear of dying young and going to hell, and Bob Ingersoll had "joshed" me out of that fear.

When Captain Harney, then, stole Ingersoll's funeral oration, I knew it. This gave occasion for quite an outburst of theological discussion in Catlin. Sometimes four or five would drift into the back room of the bank and take up the subject—about like this:

"Now, there was old Deacon Jones, when I was a boy, back in York State. Pray? Why, you could hear him a mile! But when it come to a horse-trade he'd skin you out of your eye-teeth."

These loose-minded discussions were very repugnant to Mr. Tilford. He was too good a business man to offend any patron of present or prospective value; but there was loud, saturnine, old John Sundell, whose violent talk really shocked us gentler souls.

John ran a combination of general store and junk-shop, and could never pay his debts. The bank always had for collection assorted specimens of his past-due notes and acceptances. So when old John was making the windows rattle and his hearers blush, Mr. Tilford would step primly in with a paper in his hand and say: "Excuse me, Mr. Sundell; but when are you going to pay this? It's two months past due now." I don't believe this improved old John's theology; but it drove him from the field.

Frank Hester, a superior farmer living at the edge of town, occasionally argufied. I listened to Mr. Hester with the same yearningly affectionate deference that a pup displays for the possessor of a bone. Mr. Hester had a daughter—only a year older than myself.

I took her to the dances which were the stable and constant form of social diversion. That year we had the dances in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Art. Stanley's dry-goods store, where we had nearly everything else that needed a roof. The hall was about twenty feet by sixty, with a good, smooth pine floor. The orchestra consisted of Len Hardy and whoever he could get to play second fiddle. Len beat time loudly with his right foot, wagging his head and "calling off" in a fine singsong.

I never could dance much; just jiggled stiff-leggedly around, sometimes "alamanding left" when I should have been "sashaying." But my heart danced, all right, when Millie Hester was there. I still believe she was a very pretty girl. Of course I was only sixteen and she seventeen; but when I went up on the tiny stage to look for her and caught her kissing that Omaha traveling man behind the only scene, it was essentially the same as Francesca da Rimini or Othello. Older people, in whom the sharp edge of feeling is dulled, have a silly fashion of contemning puppy love. But if I had been King Arthur and caught Guinevere making love to Lancelot, I should have felt no worse. I had all the bad feelings my hide would hold. I have been prejudiced against drummers ever since.

Millie, however, helped me out splendidly. She took up with a pink-cheeked barber, whom I personally knew to be a fool. That was grand medicine for what ailed me.

The next one was Florence Lyndon, who came from Kalamazoo, Michigan, to visit at Doctor Harlow's. She was tall and graceful, rather pale, with large blue eyes. I suppose she was twenty-five; but that did not matter. I don't know whether it was her clothes—which were more noticeable than any Catlin girl's—or her coming from a far, rich, dim city. But I had no more nerve than a kitten—even swallowed my Adam's apple and ducked away when it seemed that I might have to speak to her.

She made me acutely aware of my own clothes—which, to tell the truth, were somewhat shabby. Another dance coming on, I decided upon my first ceremonial garb, and took anxious counsel with the little German tailor. There was to be a dark, cutaway frock coat—my first tailed garment—with vest to match, and light trousers. I chose lavender on the tailor's earnest advice. I remember distinctly that he recommended three good-sized smoked-pearl buttons at the bottom of each trousers leg, on the outside seam, as being the eminently proper thing. I don't know now how I had the strength to resist the buttons. The trousers came away out over the shoes, almost to the toes, in a kind of projection or lean-to that was called a "spring," if I remember correctly. Also, they were prodigiously loose.

But the little tailor failed me. He did not get the coat done in time. So I went to the dance in my new bulbous lavender trousers and my rather shabby and skinny pepper-and-salt bobtailed coat. I felt that it was not a success; but it was the best I could do.

The first square dance, I dragged my innocent partner into the same set with Florence Lyndon, so as to stand opposite her. No doubt I was mooning at her and visibly frying in consciousness of my trousers, and the good-natured girl saw that I needed comfort. At any rate, in the hush while we waited for the music she smiled sweetly and called across to me:

"Your new pants, Mr. Hudson, is very nice."

Then fell the idol of my heart. It actually cured me of Florence on the spot.

There were no invitations to these dances. It was understood, as a matter of course, that anybody who chose might come. Once, I remember, in an excess of brotherly and vinous enthusiasm, some town youths took Sam, the negro cook at the Catlin House, to a dance in the country. The ladies resented this at first, but, as Sam did not ask anybody to dance and remained pretty sober, the *faux pas* was overlooked. Taking it by and large, it was about the best society I have ever known. It had faults, like the best society everywhere—that is, once in a while some guest got drunker than was pleasant. But if he became offensive to the ladies he was quite sure to get licked—which, I am told, can hardly be said of far more pretentious circles elsewhere.

I Suppose She was Twenty-five; But That Did Not Matter

As for our morals generally, we had five churches and only two saloons. The saloons were

the more prosperous; but they enjoyed a considerable country patronage, which the churches did not.

There was very little dividing on denominational lines in Catlin. Some of the women were inclined to be zealous that way; but the men stuck to business principles. Their quarrels were mainly over trade. Some of these were bitter. When the Palmer House opened in opposition to the Catlin House the grocers whom the Catlin House patronized would buy no goods of a traveling man who stopped at the Palmer House, while Lem Wooster and Demlow Brothers, with whom the Palmer House traded, boycotted drummers who stopped at the Catlin House. This was quite confusing to the traveling men.

I Could Feel Myself Swell With Learning

Tom Barnett had the only furniture store in town, and never forgave Pete Spears for going to Lincoln to buy the furnishings for his new house. Their feud cropped out in all sorts of ways. When Spears died the Rev. Mr. Turner went to Tom Barnett and urged him to attend the funeral. "You mustn't harbor animosity, now that Pete is dead," he said.

"I don't harbor no animosity," Tom replied. "I ain't got a thing against Pete now, and nobody ever heard me say an ill word of the dead. But I can't forget, this quick, what a dirty dog he was when he was alive."

It should be said that nobody really had any trade to spare. In those days the town depended wholly on the farmers—and the farmers depended almost entirely on corn and spring wheat. Nature was not very bountiful to them. Hailstorms were common. I have seen fields of young grain so cut up and pounded in a few minutes that, after the storm, you could not have told that anything had been planted there. Or rain failed and winds, hot as from an oven, swept from Texas to Dakota. You could actually see the green corn leaves turn yellow and curl up. The dust then was fearsome. There were times when you could not see across Main Street for it. Over the flat prairie, miles away, the course of a main-traveled road could be traced by the huge curtain of dust that blew along it.

Then everybody knew there would be no money to speak of until the following year, and was correspondingly blue. The bank extended its notes—at thirty-six per cent. for the year. Profits looked encouraging on the books; but we were very lean of cash, borrowing two or three thousand dollars in Omaha or Chicago to pinch through.

The bank acted as agent in lending Eastern money on farm mortgages, and, presently, got to doing some of this on its own account. Mr. Renfrew would find the money in New Jersey at about seven per cent., and we would lend it on five-year mortgage at nine per cent. I did the clerical work and drew the papers for this land-mortgage business. When I was seventeen my salary was sixty dollars a month.

I was very stingy then. I had made up my mind to be rich, and was going about it in the approved way. The five hundred dollars that I had inherited from Uncle Billy had been kept out at three per cent. a month interest, with the kindly connivance of Mr. Renfrew and Mr. Tilford, and I saved fully half of my salary. So my capital was nearly a thousand dollars. I kept a little account-book, in which I put down every cent I spent, and gloated over it if it was only twenty-five or thirty cents a week above necessary expenses.

Indeed, I honestly believe that this might just as well have been the autobiography of a multi-millionaire. To this day I cannot put my finger on the reason why it isn't. For one thing, I read a good deal—all of Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot, for example; a good deal of Shakespeare, Tennyson and Byron. Possibly it was Byron; but I guess it was just myself. Catlin began to get little and cramping and stupid. I wanted to go to Omaha, to Denver, to Chicago, to Paris, to Hongkong, and to go to all of them at once. Sometimes I longed to be like Lincoln and lead my people righteously. Sometimes I longed to be like Sardanapalus and break the country by riotous wickedness. I didn't care for Bess Spears any more. About this time I began, furtively, to contemplate the possibility of writing things. Probably, after all, that was what ailed me.

So, quite abruptly, in my eighteenth year, I left respectability and migrated to Bohemia. You might suppose that a raw little prairie town would be an unpromising location for Bohemia. Since then I have observed that kingdom in several longitudes, and I think it is substantially the same everywhere. It is not at all dependent upon geography, but wholly upon beer.

Bart Wilson, who clerked in Lem Wooster's store and drove the delivery wagon, was only a little older than Carl Johnson and myself; but he wore a mustache and had spent several months in Omaha. So he was not afraid—as we were—to take a tin pail, go boldly to Jeff's and buy a quart of beer, which we three consumed in the shed back of the grocery. Upon the third Bohemian evening Bart went for a second quart. Very soon after he brought it back nobody was afraid to go to Jeff's, nor to stay until the lights, considerably multiplied, were put out. Jeff was not at all a bad fellow. He thought it was merely a joke. Directly, I began to form pleasing friendships with older and tougher citizens. I made journeys to Lincoln and Omaha—once to Denver. On these journeys I saw some theatrical performances, including Jefferson in The Rivals. But this was quite incidental.

In the course of one short year I had succeeded in establishing a reputation among the thoughtful as a brand in the burning; had blown in all my money and nearly lost my job. After one effort, which nearly resulted in my being locked up, Mr. Tilford discussed the matter with Mr. Renfrew. As a matter of fact, both of them felt kindly toward me—were really interested in me. Besides, I did my work faithfully, and the lines were by no means strictly drawn. Several leading business men got drunk openly with great regularity. So I stayed on in the bank.

Drink took too heavy a toll of that country in that day. Often the thermometer went over a hundred in the shade in summer and under twenty below zero in the winter. The wind blew almost constantly, and it seemed to rasp men's nerves. The flat prairie was very good to farm; but it offered little relief. And, as a relief from the farm, our little metropolis, with its Main Street deep with dust in summer or piled with snow in winter, fronted by a somewhat straggling array of small stores, was hardly adequate. But there were Jeff's Place and Lafe Miller's.

My own nerves should not have been rasped at that age; but the wind blew me full of dissatisfaction. Naturally my little Byronic rebellion did not increase my content at all. I thought I was unhappy, and to this day I cannot tell the difference between thinking it and really being it. Again, this might just as well have been the autobiography of a complete wreck. For some who were my companions in those days it turned out that way.

However, just before I was nineteen a new interest arose. I do not recall when and where I really first saw her; but I know that I saw her a good many times before I began thinking especially about her. The special thinking began when we were rehearsing for The Octoroon.

We had "home talent" theatricals every winter, but it was impossible to get enough talent to go around. We always had to piece out with people who could not remember their lines or could not act at all. This was an annoyance to us who were talented. I remember that we discussed Kittie Whitman along with some other possible eligibles, and elected her—although she did not know it at the time. The Whitmans had recently moved to Catlin from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They lived in my part of town, so it naturally fell to me to take Kittie to the rehearsals and home again.

I don't suppose she wanted to fall in love with me any more than I did with her; but there we were, walking back and forth of evenings, I being nineteen and she sixteen. She was about the merriest person I have ever known, with a constant sense of humor and a frankness that astonished me in a girl. We were good friends almost at once. The rest was so inevitable that it happened of itself. There really was never any courting. Standing at the gate one night I put my arm around her—as I had firmly resolved to do before we set out. We were laughing so much over the way Colonel Lattimer read the part of Richard III that neither of us really noticed my arm. Only the laughter sort of petered out and fainted away; we were silent and I kissed her. Neither of us could have helped it. That was all there was to it; never any courting or proposing or plighting troths at all. But that night, when I left her, I went over to the railroad track and walked vigorously for about two hours. To have gone home first would have been impossible. I needed a whole skyful of room to dilate in. Many times since then life has been too hard and complicated for me; has fooled and bullied me. But that night when I first kissed Kittie Whitman I had it so beaten that it was a mere dog licking my hand. After that we began talking soberly about when we should be married.

Before we were through rehearsing The Octoroon I told Mrs. Wesley Johnson, in the most disinterested manner, that I thought Kittie would make a valuable member of our Shakespeare Club. Secretly, I doubted it. So far as I could see she was not literary at all. However, she joined.

There is no use in my trying to describe Kittie Whitman to you. To say that she was not very tall, but had a pretty figure, pink-and-white cheeks, dark brown hair with some threads of red in it, and gray eyes, would not at all present her to you as she appeared to me. Each of you pick out the girl he thinks prettiest. That will be she.

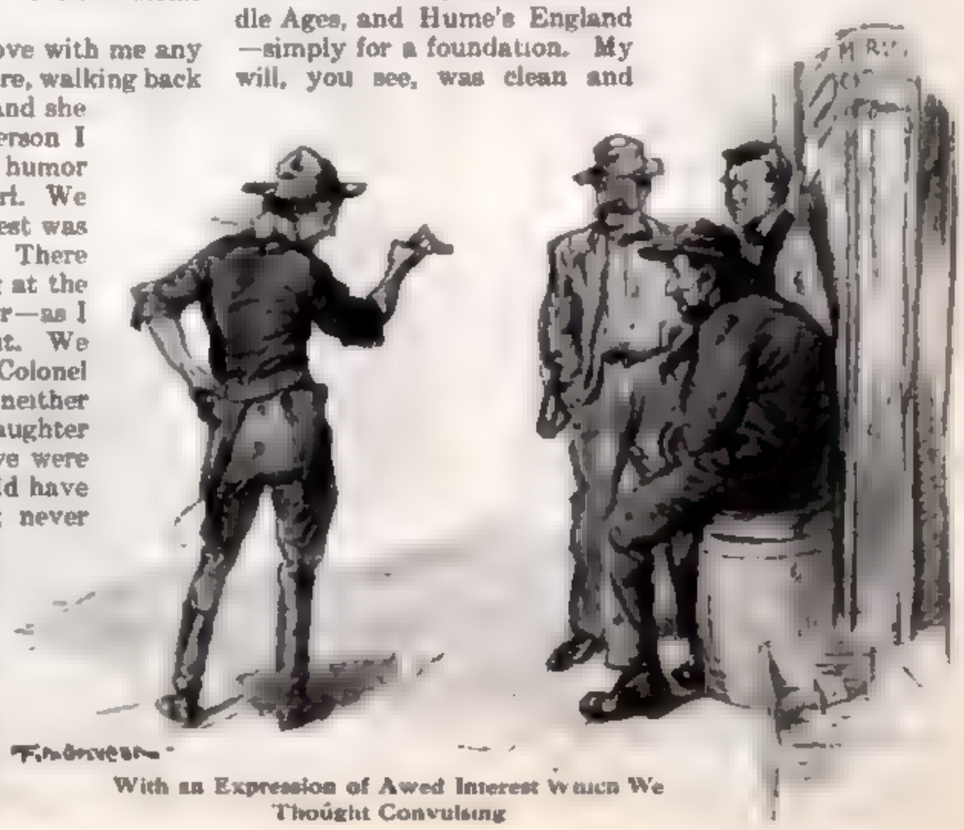
A month, perhaps, after Colonel Lattimer read the part of Richard III, at our Shakespeare Club, Kittie and her mother went up to Almena, and Al Demlow went on a bat. There might seem to be no connection; but there was. Al was very seedy next day, badly needing both consolation and restraint. The possibility that he was going to pieces was discussed among several of us. Perhaps, the swine with which the prodigal son consorted deserve a bit of credit which is not often given them. I have known men who were pretty uniformly worthless in most of the relations of life, who neglected their wives and children, shirked work and repudiated their debts, who yet would endure sleepless vigils, all manner of bodily discomfort, insults, blows and threats of death in order to take care of some equally worthless man who was in the hands of the enemy. It seems to be a sort of *esprit de corps* among those who fight John Barleycorn. A youngster and an amateur has more *esprit de corps* than anybody else.

Well, I was helping to keep an eye on Al Demlow. Just after the 5:30 train came in, as the passengers were going by from the station, I conducted him from Jeff's Place. So, with my soggy charge, I encountered Kittie and her mother.

When I reached home I found a note from Kittie, simply asking me to come over and see her. There was no "scene." She just talked to me. Then I perceived something that was new to me. Of course, I wished to marry her as soon as possible. I had made that clear. The marrying itself was so tremendous that there had not been room in my mind to think of anything beyond it. I now perceived that to her the marrying was merely a beginning; that she was already building up in her heart a household for us two that should endure through long life—at thirty, at forty, even at sixty. She meant that I, too, should build for that household. Patronizing Jeff's Place was obviously a poor way to begin. From that day forth the Place knew me no more. I left Bohemia even more abruptly than I entered it.

Exercising resolution is a great pleasure in itself. Having tasted of that joy in respect of Jeff's Place, I now plunged into a kind of debauch of it. I had long been dissatisfied with my sadly haphazard and inconsequential manner of reading—novels, plays and poetry just as they happened to come along. I possessed neatly-arranged memoranda mapping out at least half a dozen really solid and improving courses. In the English course I had gone as far as the middle of the Faerie Queen. I had carried the study of German to a point where I could translate primer stories if I had a lexicon handy and was at all lucky in guessing the tenses. American Literature I had approached with the highest aims; but Washington Irving was so much more entertaining than the earlier stuff that my structure began at the third floor.

Now, I went right back to the beginning; sent off an order for Rollin's Ancient History, Grote's Greece, Gibbon's Decline and Fall, Hallam's Middle Ages, and Hume's England—simply for a foundation. My will, you see, was clean and



With an Expression of Awed Interest Which We Thought Convulsing

fresh as the day it was made; not staled and dented with much use. So it was a joy to employ it. When the box came from Chicago, and I contemplated the long row of thick volumes, I could feel myself swell with learning. The editor of the Courier and Charley Gray, who were the most literary of my friends, contemplated the books with me. They had much the same friendly interest in my undertaking as though I had been setting out for the North Pole. They wished me Godspeed; but showed no inclination to go along.

At first, as I read, I dutifully made notes. When I finished Rollin I discovered that I had forgotten what most of the notes were about. So it seemed quite as well to discard the notebook and rely entirely upon my memory. There is only one point now upon which my memory is perfectly clear—namely, that I stuck faithfully to the course through Rollin, Grote and Gibbon. Toward the end of Rome my little torch flickered a good deal, and it quite went out somewhere in the Dark Ages. To this day I do not know whatever did become of the empire of Charlemagne. For some time I managed to remember, out of the whole Decline and Fall, a few incidents of a highly spicy nature. These I repeated to Sam Marx, editor of the Courier, thereby almost spurring him on to attempting the immortal history himself. He compromised, however, by getting me to point out the pages which contained the spicy incidents, and reading them. I hope he has been more successful in remembering them than I have been. The Decline and Fall embraces a most important period of history. One ought to know a little something about it.

A year or so later, I may add, I did go through Hume's England, and half the first volume of Bancroft's United States. That exploit confirmed the impression which my experience with Gibbon had made, and since then I have stuck to the good rule of never trying to read a book unless it holds my interest. There is bootless toil enough in the world without going to a bookstore and buying it. When I escaped from the Middle Ages, as it happened, I fell upon Howells' The Rise of Silas Lapham, then new from the press. I have not read that particular book since; but I can still see exactly how Colonel Lapham's hands looked in the large, yellow gloves at Bromfield Corey's dinner-party.

While I was reading, I was writing, too. Sam Marx and I began a novel at the same time. Both of us were astonished to see how easy it was. Sam never actually wrote any of his. It was so easy, as he had it in his mind and explained it to me, that he could reel it off any old time, so there was no hurry about beginning. I fairly swam through my first chapter, and had the climax all thought out. But the stuff that was to come in between somehow refused to shape itself—kept floating around in a formless sort of fog. So I laid it aside temporarily and took up mere apprentice work in the form of little sketches and stories.

In about a year I broke into print. I came in with what looked to me at the time almost like a broadside. Two editors accepted my contributions simultaneously. What was even more remarkable, one of them actually paid money. This was the editor of the Omaha Republican. He sent me five dollars for a story six columns long. I cared nothing about the money then. Accompanying the check was a letter from the editor saying he thought it a fine story. Compared with that the five dollars was dross. After rereading the story years later I would look at five dollars a long while before exchanging it for that editor's critical opinion. But we do not know those things at the time. Otherwise literature would die out. The other complaisant editor conducted a weekly journal in Denver, which soon failed; but I have always considered that a mere coincidence.

The five dollars I devoted to the purchase of a bulky and magnificent scrapbook to paste the stories in. The scrapbook actually cost six dollars. But who would not lose a dollar to foster letters?

For some time after that I had no luck in discovering editors who would print my stories without paying for them. Then I landed an acceptance from the Waverly Magazine. My compensation was to consist of a year's subscription to the magazine. But it was print, not pay, that I hungered for. I would have let them publish the story, even if they had insisted upon sending me the magazine for two years.

This particular story was about a girl in a Western town. The town was Catlin, with the courthouse moved over from Brown Centre, and the Little Juniper brought up to the outskirts. The girl, of course, was Kittie Whitman, disguised as a tall, graceful blonde—just as inevitably as I was the mysterious stranger, in a dark complexion and a mustache. The stranger married Kittie and they would have been happy except that a sadness preyed upon him. Then appeared a pale, dark woman who sought the young bride, announced that she was the stranger's lawful wife and was about to have him arrested for bigamy. There was a scene between the stranger and the young bride. In the last paragraph he stepped to the next room and blew out his brains. Now, the Waverly printed the story just as I wrote it (except that some of the best passages were cut out) right down to that last paragraph. That they changed considerably. In fact, they made the stranger denounce the pale, dark woman as an adventuress to whom he had once been engaged—which was the reason sadness preyed upon him—and prove the case against her by an old letter that he had in his pocket. The pale woman retired in confusion; the bride fell upon her husband's neck; and they lived happily forever afterward.

I wrote the editor a scathing rebuke and chucked the story in the stove, denying it a place in the scrapbook.

It is a bit difficult now to explain why I was never satisfied except with a tragic ending. The stories were all, in fact, about Kittie and me under various disguises. In life I wanted her to be happy and I wanted to be happy myself—which I could not have been if she were heartbroken. But in the stories her heart never stood any more show than an egg under a trip-hammer. A happy ending had no more savor for me than so much dish-water.

If we had lovers' quarrels, as doubtless we did, they were so trivial and transitory that the memory of them has faded away. The bank had raised my wages to seventy-five dollars a month. Three real editors had spoken in a complimentary manner about my stories. There was nothing which middle-age can understand to give me that appetite for deathbed endings, or to plunge me into the fits of profound unhappiness which I did actually suffer. . . . Only the other day I tried to show a youth of nineteen that there was no reason for his being miserable. A little energy would quickly remove those conditions at college which he mentioned. There could be nothing fatal in the small debts that he enumerated so gloomily. As to Mabel's not having written in eight days—a circumstance which he had hardly intended to disclose, but which leaked out of itself in the general stream of woe—it was obviously silly to attach a tragic importance to that. He was aboundingly healthy. In fine, he could not show a single reason for not being perfectly happy. My logic baffled him. He stared at me, with a deep line between his brows, and was silent, and miserable as ever. Then I remembered that I was a dull, fat, old ass, with heart-strings like wet shoelaces; that at nineteen one no more needs a reason to be profoundly sad than he needs one to be ecstatically happy.

I was crossing the street from the post-office to the bank with the afternoon mail. Mr. Renfrew came to the door of the bank and stood as though waiting for me, smiling a little. Then he stepped down and came to meet me.

"Have you heard anything from Kittie Whitman, Johnny?" he said. I merely stared at him. "Why, Dele Morris was just in to tell me," he went on, with the loth, embarrassed kindliness of the good bearer of bad news. "Seems she was riding, and the horse threw her."

"What did Dele say?" I asked.

"Why—well—I guess it's pretty bad, Johnny. They've carried her home."

I know that I was quite collected. I handed Mr. Renfrew the mail and walked down the street. I stopped in at Charley Gray's office, remembering that he had a revolver. I told him I wanted to shoot a rat; stood talking with him a minute. He had not heard about Kittie, and I did not mention it. I dropped the revolver in my coat pocket, went to my room and put it in the bureau drawer. Then I went to Whitman's. Two or three neighbor women had run in and were bustling about. Little Doctor Harlow had arrived and was busy inside. I sat on the porch and waited. I remember that Lem Wooster came along and asked me how she was. I told him I had not been able to speak to any one yet. After a while Doctor Harlow came to the door. He said she was merely stunned and bruised; would come out all right in a few days. I saw her that evening and again in the morning. Then I shot off Charley Gray's revolver in the barn and returned it to him.

Then I Shot Off Charley Gray's Revolver in the Barn

There had been no conflict whatever in my mind. It had seemed perfectly clear and simple that, if she was dead, to kill myself was a matter of good faith; that for me to go on living would be a kind of intolerable baseness, very much as though, she being alive, I should break faith with her and marry some one else. A portent of her sudden death, cast abruptly into the sensibilities of twenty, produced that result just like adding two and two and getting four. Of course, if cast into the well-seasoned sensibilities of forty, the result would be something far more reasonable and thrifty.

So the half-baked tragedy that I was always dragging into those little stories was rather more genuine than anything I have been able to drag into compositions of a later period. I always got a lump in my throat when I wrote the climax. Also, I got a lump in my throat every time the manuscript came back—thus averaging about ten lumps per story. Kittie, of course, was fully in the secret of my authorship, and we made a great many good jokes out of the persistent, stereotyped editorial refusals.

Hearing of that accident to her, the first person I met would have been pretty sure to tell me sympathetically. There was no society column in the Courier to publish our engagement in. Most of our neighbors would have regarded publishing it in that way as a kind of brazenness. Those of us who read at all had heard of chaperons, and considered them quaintly amusing—about like a Chinaman's queue or a monk's tonsured poll. I know the folly of trying to upset people's conventions. Yet I wish the Catlin manner in respect of engagements could have an even wider acceptance than it enjoys—could extend, say, to ninety-nine per cent. of the population, instead of only eighty-two per cent. as at present. When young people were going to be married everybody knew it and kept up a smiling pretense of not knowing. It was an open secret that everybody winked at, fondly chuckled over and furthered out of sympathetic hearts. The young bride-to-be was already, in the public will, devoted to the bridegroom. Their romance gave them all the sanction they needed. If they walked and drove and took journeys together, unaccompanied, what could be more natural? What use had young people in their position for company?

. . . . . .

We were married when I had just turned twenty-one and she was not quite eighteen. It was a very quiet little home wedding. I stood up in a new business suit, she in a new street dress—for we were going to be very economical. After the wedding we went at once to the small story-and-a-half frame house, with an L, which I had rented and furnished, borrowing funds from the bank.

I am not sure whether or not I am extravagant, never having had enough money to find out. But, after I forsook the Rockefeller philosophy, the money never lasted.

(Continued on Page 38)

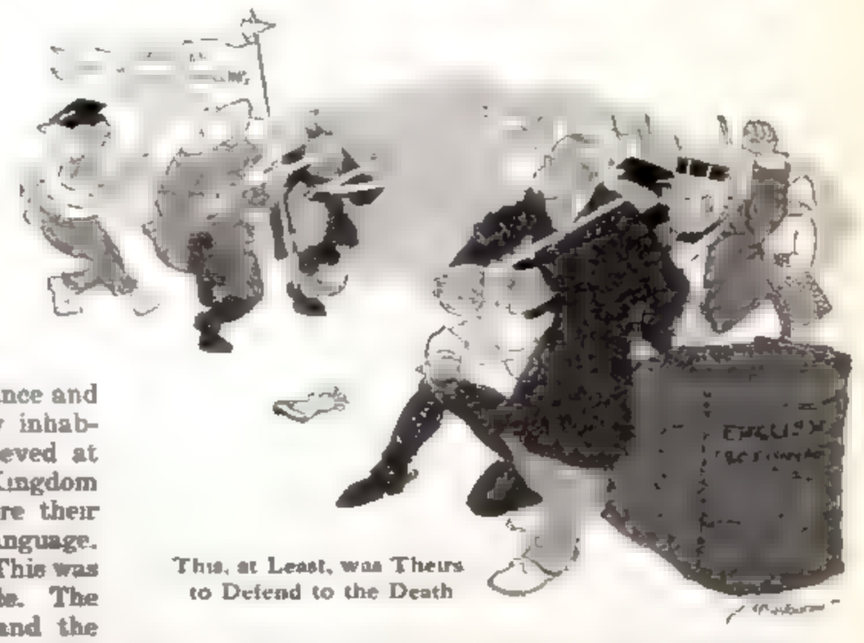
He Compromised by Getting Me to Point Out the Pages Which Contained the Spicy Incidents

THE MOTHER-TONGUE

Language Not Private Property

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

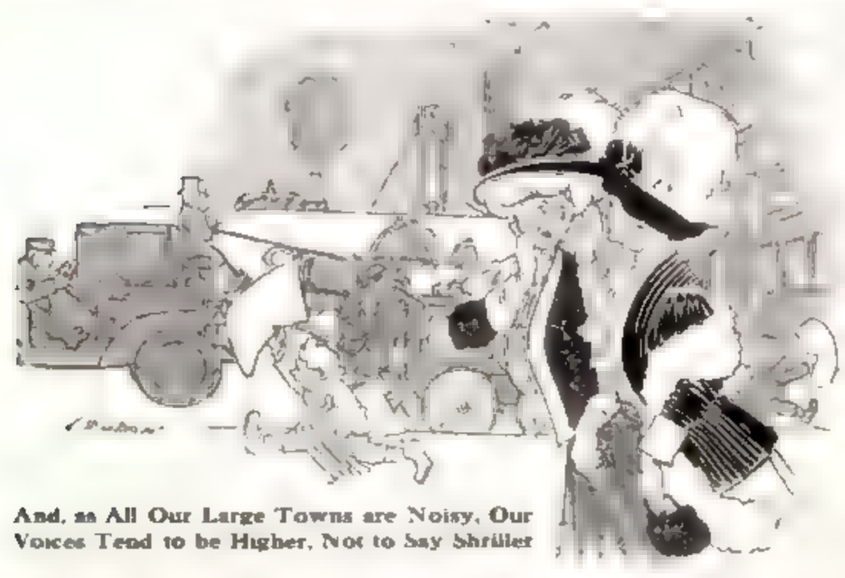
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



This, at Least, was Theirs to Defend to the Death

IT HAS often been remarked that disputes about language, about questions of usage, about points of grammar, about propriety of pronunciation, tend to become envenomed. Men who will bear with you when you contradict what they are saying often fly into swift anger when you criticise their use of the words they employed to say it. And the reason for this fierce irascibility is not hard to seek. It is caused by the innate feeling that any reflection upon our use of our mother-tongue is really a reflection upon the mother at whose knee we learned it. If we are charged with mispronouncing any word this is tantamount to the assertion that we grew up in a household which was ignorant of the proprieties of speech. If we are brought to book for the misuse of a term or for a trivial grammatical lapse we cannot help resenting it as an unjustifiable reflection on the linguistic habits of our parents.

Language, after all, in every one of its aspects, is only a convention; whatever is in accord with the best usage demands acceptance as right. Therefore for any one to suggest that anything we may have said is not in accord with the best usage is to suggest that we do not belong among the elect and that we have kept bad company



And, as All Our Large Towns are Noisy, Our Voices Tend to be Higher, Not to Say Shriller

linguistically. To cast aspersions on our parts of speech is to make "insinuendoes" (as the negro legislator called them) against our pastors and masters. And this is an insult not to be borne in silence, even if the only ready retort is an ineffective "You're another!" Professor Lounsbury is quite right in saying that a quarrel over words is likely to end "with no other result than that of leaving a firm conviction in the mind of each disputant that the other is an ignoramus, if not an idiot, and a general impression on the part of the public that both are about right."

It is no wonder therefore that a needless pother was raised a few months ago when a distinguished German professor of English literature, a scholar whose opinion upon a point of literary history carries weight wherever English is studied, ventured to assert that Americans spoke better English than the British did. Certain American newspapers promptly emitted paeans of proud delight, and certain British journals let loose shrieks of insulted horror. Naturally enough, the rage of the British was far shriller than the glee of the Americans. The American newspapers, for the most part, contented themselves with a few paragraphs of editorial comment; whereas the British periodicals opened their columns to indignant correspondents, who voiced their scorn for the German daring to question the superiority of the English in speaking their own tongue. And now that the clouds have rolled by and the thunder has died away on the horizon, there may be profit in considering calmly the interesting question raised by Professor Brandl's assertion.

The Sensitive British Pride

FIRST of all, it needs to be noted that a part at least of the touchiness manifested in the British newspapers, both in their editorial articles and in the letters of their exacerbated correspondents, was curiously like that aroused in the same papers when the Simplified Spelling Board made its first modest proposals a couple of years earlier. The sensitiveness unexpectedly revealed on those two occasions seems to have been largely the result of an uneasy consciousness of a certain diminution of British prestige, due in part to the unfortunate Boer War and in part to the successful competition of the United States in finance and in commerce. Apparently there were not a few inhabitants of the British Isles who were greatly grieved at the passing of the supremacy which the United Kingdom had hitherto held, and who felt it was therefore their duty to cling all the more tightly to the English language. This, at least, was theirs to defend to the death. This was an heirloom to which they had an undisputed title. The Germans might build up a merchant marine, and the Americans might show surpassing enterprise in making steel; but the English language belonged to the English, and their privilege it was to say how it should be spelled and pronounced and parsed.

Natural as it may be for the British to take this attitude toward the language, there is really no warrant for the stand they have assumed. A language belongs to all those who speak it, without regard to the place of its remote origin. The English language is the precious possession of all those who speak English, whether English or Irish or Scotch, whether Americans or Canadians or Australians. It is the birthright of all those who have it for a mother-tongue, whatever their nationality, their political allegiance or their geographical distribution. It is, like the common law, the inheritance of the whole stock of those who are the heirs of Anglo-Saxon tradition. It is no more the private property of the inhabitants of the British Isles because it was there developed, than it is in the ownership of the inhabitants of the United States because a large majority of those who now speak English are citizens of the American Republic.

A language necessarily belongs to all its users; and its growth necessarily depends on the skill with which it is used by all those who speak it and write it. The future of a language is in the hands of the whole body of those whom it serves as a means of communication; and its development depends on "the man in the street," on the workman in the shops, on the writers in newspapers, rather than on the scholars in the libraries and on the teachers in the schools, although it does depend also on these more highly-cultivated users of speech. A language is what it is because the majority of those who employ it choose to have it so; and although this majority may be more or less guided by the better educated and by the more fastidious, it has its own way in the end despite the protest of the precisians and the purists.

Now, it is a fact that a majority of those who have English for a mother-tongue dwell in the United States and not over-seas in the United Kingdom. Indeed, nearly two-thirds of those who speak English are now here in America, and less than one-third are afar off in the British Isles. This is the reason why Professor Jespersen, the distinguished Danish scholar, in the very interesting address which he made at the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences, declared that "the future of the English language is to a great extent in the hands of the Americans." Our kin across the sea may not yet recognize this fact, and we ourselves may not yet feel the responsibility which it lays on us; but it is a fact, nevertheless, and like other facts it must be faced. Even if English has been gauged in the past by a British standard it is certain that in the future it must be gauged by an American standard. To assert this is not to indulge in any Fourth-of-July spread-eagleism; it is only to see the thing as it is—or, at least, as it will be in the twenty-first century.

While this is the first remark that has to be made, there is a second, equally important. Our British cousins, in their comments on what Professor Brandl had said, and in their comparison of the American use of the language with the British use of it, made the very natural mistake of judging our average by their best. They inadvertently assumed that they all spoke English correctly, and they had no difficulty in finding many Americans who spoke it incorrectly. Obviously this gave them a swift and facile triumph. Obviously, also, this was quite unfair to us. The only just comparison was between our best and their best, between our average and their average. It is proper enough to set the style of Lowell and of Hawthorne over against the style of Matthew Arnold and of Thackeray; but it is manifestly improper to overwhelm us with shame by pointing out the inferiority of the writing of any one of our cheaper story-tellers to that of any one of the acknowledged masters of English style. This is too easy a victory to be quite satisfactory, even to the victors.

The War of Briticisms and Americanisms

INDEED, the British themselves have often complained that certain American men of letters were not American enough, and that Parkman, for example, and Longfellow were merely English authors writing under other skies and devoid of any flavor of their own soil. A British critic, in an article contributed to an ultra-British magazine, recently dwelt on the care which all the best American authors took to conform to the higher standards of style. And no one who has given special attention to the subject can have failed to notice that our best writers are a little less likely to indulge in needless Americanisms than their best writers are to avoid casual Briticisms. Matthew Arnold, for example, whose style is marvelous in its limpid ease, permitted himself, in his illuminating essay on the Function of Criticism, the use of *directly* for *as soon as*—a very common Briticism quite unknown in America. Probably it would be impossible to discover a corresponding carelessness in any American author of equal rank. The only satisfactory comparison is to put Thoreau by the side of Stevenson and Howells by the side of Hardy

This setting off of the style of the best American writers with that of the best British writers redounds to the honor of both branches of English literature. On neither side of the ocean is there any danger of linguistic degradation at the hands of the chief authors. Indeed, they are chiefs

They Inadvertently Assumed That They All Spoke English Correctly

(Continued on Page 43)

THE BUTLER'S STORY

Mr. Tom and His Father Fall Out

He Turned, and Just as I was Going to Grab Him I Saw it was Mr. Tom!

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

THINGS continued happy at our house for several days arfter that "Toledo Tube" dinner. Mr. Carter said he was going to have a new picture painted to be called "All's Well that Ends Well," or "Fools Rush in where Angels fear to tread," and Mrs. Carter went down to a jewelry store on Fifth Avenue and bought a pearl necklace for herself and a diamond dog collar for Miss Harriet that cost together thirty-five thousand dollars, and whenever I saw them on their necks I would wonder regular how far I had been unconscious instrumental in the success of Mr. Carter's *coup*. But it did not last long. Friday night while the family was at the opera Mr. Tom rang the bell and when he passed me in the hall he looked that white and haggard that I was quite upset. He saw me fast enough and gave me an ugly look that meant no good.

"I'll wait," he says, "Until the family comes home," he says. "Bring me some whisky."

So I had James serve him in the library and I left him there walking around the room muttering to hisself.

It was almost quarter arfter twelve when the family returned and when I told Mrs. Carter that Mr. Tom was there she was still so full of her and Miss Harriet's necklace that she couldn't think of anything else and rushed right in to him and shouted,

"O Tom! Have you seen the lovely necklace your father gave me, and the one he gave Harriet?"

"Very pretty," grunts Mr. Tom.

"They cost thirty-five thousand dollars," she says rather annoyed at his not showing any more enthusiasm.

"Sinful waste!" he growls turning away and repeating "Thirty-five thousand dollars!"

"What is the matter, dear?" says his mother sort of anxious. "Don't you feel well?"

"O, I'm all right," he says, "Only I'm not particularly interested in geegaws," he says.

Well, Mrs. Carter was very much put out at the way Mr. Tom spoke to her so she simply walked out of the room without even saying good-night and left her husband with him. Neither of them said anything for some time, excep Mr. Tom went on smoking and pouring down whisky and soda.

"Wot's the matter with you?" says his father finally.

"If you must know it, I'm cleaned out!" answers Mr. Tom very short.

"Wot! Again!" says his father. "You promised me on your sacred honor not to touch a card or sell or buy a share of stock!" he says.

"Well," says Tom, "The fact is I got a gilt edged tip to buy 'Toledo Tube' last Wednesday, and the information seemed so good that I just took a chance and bought a thousand shares at 70. You know where it went?"

"Yes," says his father, looking queer. "Where did you get out?"

"At 35," says Tom. "It was at 43 when I put in my order to sell but it was going down so fast that I was lucky to get out when I did. There was some crooked work there, I'll bet!"

"How's that!" cries his father getting red. "Wot do you mean by crooked work!"

"O, you know as well as I do. Some bunco man just gold bricked the market, that's all!"

Mr. Carter was getting that angry I knew something would happen and happen quick.

"Well," he says very sharp, "I suppose you think all you have to do is to come around and get your money back from me! Let me tell you I'll not give you a cent! You have broken your solemn promise and now that you have made your bed you can lie on it!" he says pounding the arm of the chair.

Mr. Tom had grown very white.

"You don't mean you won't *help* me!" he says sort of stammering

"I mean just that!" says Mr. Carter.

"Then I'm ruined!" gasps Mr. Tom

"Look here," shouts his father, "I think it's about time for a understanding between us two," he says. "I've paid your debts and supported you for the last thirty-five years with hardly a word of thanks. You think you are too good for your father and mother and sister because you have a few smart friends that let you pay for their dinners and cocktails and you don't even live at home because our society ain't good enough for you. You lie around all day in your swell club and talk about women and champagne and race horses. Three months ago I gave you twenty-five thousand dollars which was to do you for a year. You swore by all that was holy that if I paid your last losses you'd never play the market again. Now look at you! To think I should ever have had such a son! This time you can shift for yourself. You can pay orf your indebtedness by degrees and meantime you can go to work."

"Do you mean that?" asks Mr. Tom.

"You bet I mean it!" says his father.

For a moment they glared at each other without speaking. Then Mr. Tom says with a sneer,

"Do you intend to forbid me the house?"

"Not at all!" says his father. "You can always make your home with us so long as you remain straight."

"Thanks, I'm sure," says Tom. "Do I understand you won't let me have a single dollar to pay an honest debt?" he says.

"Do you call buying stocks you can't pay for honest?" asks his father.

"It's as honest as any other Wall Street business," says Tom.

"O, do you think so!" says his father, "Well, I don't! No, I won't give you a copper cent," he says. "From this time on you can earn your own living."

Mr. Tom gave him one look and ground his teeth.

"I might have known it!" he says. And with that he turns and walks out of the door.

"Give me my coat!" he says to me in the hall

"Yes, sir," I says. "Thank you, sir!"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head!" he snarls, "Or something may happen to you!"

"Very good, sir," says I very quiet.

Then he cursed me and went down the steps and I could hear him muttering to hisself, "Thirty-five thousand dollars! Thirty-five thousand dollars!"

Although there was going to be a great party a sort of gloom settled down over the house arfter that, for while Mr. Tom did not come back, two or three times lawyers called to see Mr. Carter in the library and there was always high words before they came away. Miss Patricia started to take a course in trained nursing and that kep her so busy most of the time that she was never in when anybody called and Mr. Potts never came at all. Downstairs things went on about as usual. Evelyn managed to pump Eliza about the dinner and before she got through found out all about "T. T." and my two thousand dollars. But she seemed to think it was too bad I was never to get the money, which it was made clear I shouldn't when I got the check back from the bank marked "No funds" and a letter from the Receiver in Bankruptcy saying that I was scheduled for two thousand dollars but he did not have very favorable hopes of any dividend being paid. But I thought I noticed a increased respec on the part of the other servants, and several who hardly sound the "Mister" when they speak to me pronounce it now quite audible.

About this time Master Willie came home from Groton school and began to make things lively and everybody miserable, for he *would* get up at seven o'clock and come down stairs to breakfast, which is most inconvenient. But I fixed it so his coffee should be kep hot from the servants' table and he thought it was fine and a great deal better than wot he got at school. My eye! but he is smart! He is most as clever as Miss Patricia and as wicked as Mr. Tom only in a perfectly good-natured way. He and Miss Patricia are the greatest chums and she takes him to the *matinay* with other boys who are his friends and you would think that they would eat her up. It is funny that she does not care much for young gentlemen her own age, but with boys she is as free and easy as she can be and loves to have them around. Mr. Carter may be common but Master Willie is downright vulgar, for he says "Gee!" and "Golly!" and "Gosh!" right out all the time while Mr. Carter only swears occasional. But Master Willie knows Latin, Greek and algebra and it is astonishing to hear him repeat Shakespeare and the Ballad of the Revenge by Tenison. But sometimes I can tell by his breath he has been smoking cigarettes, and he sticks pins in the men's legs who are in knee breeches. One day when I said I smelt smoke on him he says,

"Gosh, Ridges, you make me think of 'Snooks.'"

"And who may be 'Snooks'?" says I.

"Why 'Snooks' is a master at our school," he says, "and if he thinks you have been smoking arfter a football game," he says, "He will rush up and grab you by the hand and sticks his great nose into your face and say 'My! But that was a fine tackle you made in the first arf!' and then he will sniff hard two or three times to see if he can smell anything."

Well wot happened at the ball was quite awful and spoilt it all for everybody who knew about it, which was only a few, but when everything was going on full swing I happened to go into the coat room to open a window to let in some air. The coat room is in the extension and you can see the back of the house from it, and just as I looked up I saw a shadow in Mrs. Carter's window.

"That is queer," I says, "I wonder who is in Mrs. Carter's room!"

I am always uneasy about it because she has a little safe there with all her jewelry in it. So I thought I would go up and see if everything was all right. It was about a harf arfter twelve and the ball-room was jammed with lots of gentlemen standing outside the door and couples sitting on the stairs. On the floor above are the dressing rooms where the maids and valets are, but most everybody uses the elevator. Well, it was so crowded outside that I ran up the back stairs to the third hall where Mrs. Carter's room is located. It was absolutely still up there with no one around, only the cigarette smoke and the music came up from below, and Mrs. Carter's bedroom door was shut. So I turned the knob quiet and opened the door a little. Everything seemed all right and I was just going to close it again when I noticed a little crack of light in the closet. I might as well admit I was scared but there was nothing else to do so I crep over and threw open the door sudden and there was a man in evening dress working at Mrs. Carter's safe. He turned, and just as I was going to grab him I saw it was Mr. Tom!

He turned very white for a minute and then the ugliest look came into his face I ever saw.

"O ho!" he says between his teeth, "It's *you*, is it!"

"Yes, Mr. Tom," I says, "It is me."

"Wot do you propose to do?" he says, "Try and charge me with being a burglar?" he says with a sneer.

"I shall tell my master you were in your mother's bedroom closet trying to open the safe," I says.

"Come, come," he says, "Don't be a fool. No one would believe you. Be sensible," he says, "and keep your mouth shut."

"I'm sorry, sir ——" I began

"Please for God's sake, Ridges!" he whines coming out of the closet, "Don't ruin me!"

I stepped back to allow him to pass and shook my head and before I knew wot he was going to do he sprang at me and struck me a terrible blow in the face that banged my head back against the wall so that everything grew black and then as I was helpless I felt another blow and fell to the floor unconscious.

I don't know how long it was before I came to myself but when I did I was lying on the floor in Mrs. Carter's bedroom and the blood was streaming into my eyes and mouth and there was a singing in my head. Then I lost consciousness again and arfter a while I woke up and crawled to the door, but it was locked on the outside and in trying to open it I fainted and when I came to for the third time the room was full of people and Miss Patricia was there in her ball gown with a sponge and a basin wiping my face.

"Better not send for the police," I heard Mr. Tom say. "The thing should be managed quietly."

"Good, he's coming to!" said Miss Patricia shoving a pillow under my head. "Do you know me, Ridges?"

"Miss Patricia!" I whispered trying to smile at her. Then I grew weak again.

"Here, take a sip of brandy," she says, holding up a glass. Just then Mr. Carter says:

"That is enough, Patricia, you have done enough for him, I think."

"Wot do you mean?" she says. "Do you intend that I shall not look arfter an injured man?" and her eyes flashed so that her father says sort of nervous,

"O, do just as you like!"

There was a great deal of confusion and I noticed that every time they went in and out they had to unlock the door, and that Mrs. Carter was walking around in her feathers wringing her hands and sort of whimpering. Then there was a low knock on the door and Miss Harriet came in with Mr. Ketchem, the family lawyer, who had been down stairs at the party, and Master Willie who slipped in behind in his pijamas and wrapper

"Well, well," says Mr. Ketchem, "This is very unfortunate! Carter, I think you had better let me take charge here and straighten things out, eh?"

"I wish you would!" says Mr. Carter, pulling out a cigar and biting orf the end and chewing it.

"Well," says Mr. Ketchem, "Let us put that man on the sofa the first thing"

The brandy had revived me, so I says, "I think I am able to get up, sir," and with that I crawled to my knees. At first Miss Patricia was for making me lie down again, and then Mr. Ketchem and Mr. Carter harf carried me over to the sofa and laid me down on it.

"Now, Mrs. Carter," says Mr. Ketchem, "There is nothing to worry about. Your jewelry is quite safe and you have guests to be attended to. May I suggest that you take a drink of some stimulant and go down stairs. Try and calm yourself."

So Mrs. Carter took a little brandy which made her cough and went out. That left Mr. Carter, Mr. Ketchem, Miss Patricia, Miss Harriet, Mr. Tom and Master Willie in the room. It is very spacious and the fire was smouldering cheerful and I began to feel sleepy and wonder if James would have the sense to open another case of champagne, and I heard Mr. Ketchem say:

"We might as well find out exactly how this thing happened before any stories get about," he says. "As for you, Ridges, remember that if you make a move to leave the room you will be arrested and locked up."

"Very good, sir," I muttered, feeling very seedy and not understanding why he should talk that way to me.

He fumbled in his pocket and took out some envelopes and a gold-headed pencil and then he told the ladies to sit down and he sat down hisself.

Miss Harriet took a seat orf in the corner by the door and kep saying "O dear!" and "Dear me!" and acting like a silly sheep.

"Now," he says, says he, turning to Mr. Tom, "Please tell me exactly wot occurred."

Well, that woke me up, I can tell you, and I listened as hard as I could while Mr. Tom told most circumstantial how he had just come out of the coat room on the second floor when he saw me slip upstairs and start toward his mother's bedroom. He knew, he said, that Mrs. Carter had just purchased a valuable necklace and he thought he would find out wot I was doing upstairs when I ought to be in the hall receiving the guests. He hurries arfter me, he says, and sees me enter the room and go toward the closet. Then he waits while I go fumbling at the safe. He calls to me that I am under arrest and I turn and suddenly attack him and he knocks me down and locks me in the room and gives the alarm to Mr. Carter.

Mr. Ketchem had been getting everything down on the back of an envelope.

"It's false!" I shouts getting up on my feet, "It's a lie!"

"Shh!" says Miss Patricia, shaking her head at me.

"You will have your turn," remarks Mr. Ketchem very severe. "Keep quiet and sit down."

So I did. But it was wonderful to hear that Tom lie.

"Now," says Mr. Ketchem, "A few questions of you, sir," and he turns to Mr. Carter.

"How many people have the combination of this safe?" he asks.

"Only my wife and Eliza Thomas her maid," says Mr. Carter.

"Ha!" says Mr. Ketchem, writing it down, "Eliza Thomas—where does she come from?"

"Ask Ridges!" interrupts Mr. Tom. "I guess that explains how he got the combination of the safe."

"O!" I gasps, "what a ——"

"Hold your tongue!" says Ketchem.

"Can't you make that man keep still!" shouts Miss Harriet.

"Wait, Ridges," says Miss Patricia. "You'll have a chance"

"How long has the man worked for you?" he asks of Mr. Carter very impressive.

"Nine years," he says.

"Faithfully, so far as you know?" says he.

"Yes, so far as I know," he says.

"In any trouble as you know of?" says he.

"Not that I know of," he says.

"Hm!" says Ketchem, writing it down.

"Now," turning to me, "Get up there and tell us your side of it and take care you tell us the truth."

"He is not strong enough to stand, let him sit here on the sofa," says Miss Patricia summat indignant.

"O, very well," says Ketchem, "Only go ahead."

"Well," I says, "I saw the shadow on the window when I was in the coat room and I went up, and Mrs. Carter's door was closed and I opened it and saw a crack of light in the closet. It was Mr. Tom that was there. He didn't find me there at all. When," I says, "I discovered who it was in there, he begged me to say nothing and then he took me orf my guard and knocked me down and left me there."

"O!" gasps Miss Patricia.

"How can he tell such a lie!" says Miss Harriet.

"Hm!" says Mr. Ketchem, "So you are going to try to put it on to a member of the household are you? You had better think twice," he says. "You will suffer all the more for it," he says.

"Well, it is the truth," I says, "I can't change that."

"Hm!" says Ketchem, "This is very awkward. Of course the man is lying, but it will make a nasty story for the papers."

"O," says Mr. Carter, "Arfter all these years! I never would have believed it! Ridges how could you do it!"

"I didn't, sir," I says.

"Tom," says Miss Patricia suddenly, "was the door of the room open or closed when you came down the hall?"

"Closed," says Mr. Tom with a smile, "Of course he closed it arfter him so no one would see wot he was up to."

"Didn't you say you could look into the room and see him going towards the closet?" she says.

"No-o-o," says Tom trying to think.

"Yes you did! Yes you did!" says Ketchem. "I have it all down on this envelope. 'I saw Ridges enter the room and go towards the closet' you says."

"Well, if I said it, it was so," says Tom sort of nervous.

"Then *if* you could see Ridges going towards the closet how could the door be closed?" asks Miss Patricia. Well, something warm come into my heart for I saw she was on my side.

Mr. Tom hesitated.

"I mean he started for the closet—of course he was intending to go to the closet," says he.

"But how do you know?" she persists, "if the door was between you."

"O hell," he says, "I don't remember exactly *how* it was, but I saw him go in and I opened the door and went in arfter him!"

"Hm!" says Ketchem, a-writing of it down.

"You say Ridges attacked *you?*" asks Miss Patricia.

"He did," says Tom.

"He is bigger and heavier than you," says she, "How was it he didn't hit you?" she says.

"I was too quick for him!" he says scowling at her. "Say," he adds, "Wot are you trying to do? Make me out a liar?"

"Not at all," she says, "I'm only trying to find out the truth."

"Hm!" says Ketchem, "Is there anything you wish to add to your testimony?" turning to me.

"Mr. Thomas had a small piece of paper in his hand," I says, "when he turned around in the closet, if that is anything," I says.

Mr. Ketchem wrote it down.

"Let's look for it," says Miss Patricia.

"Patricia!" cried her father, "Do you mean to insinuate that your brother is not telling the truth? I am surprised at you."

But Miss Patricia was already on her hands and knees looking under the bed and by the closet door, only Mr. Tom who was sitting right there made no move to help and glared as if he would like to bite her. Then she came back and sat down by me again.

"It is gone," she whispered. "Where can it be? O, it's all too dreadful!"

"This is awkward'" repeated Mr. Ketchem. "It is word against word. We really ought to have some corroborative evidence. You say that this Thomas woman had the combination of the safe. Send for her," he says. "We might as well get her testimony now as later."

"She will lie to shield Ridges!" sneered Tom.

"Well, we will nail her testimony now so she cannot change it later anyway," says Ketchem.

So Eliza was rung for and she came up terrible flustered and nervous.

"Now," says Mr. Ketchem standing her up all alone by herself in the middle of the floor, "Tell the truth. Did you ever tell anybody the combination of your mistress' safe?"

Now Eliza was so scared she did not see me at all and she did not know wot it was all about but just looked from one to the other of them beseeching and for a minute she didn't answer. Then she said in a very low voice:

"Yes, I did," she says.

Miss Patricia was looking hard at Mr. Tom.

"Hm!" says Ketchem, "To whom if you please?"

Tom was glaring at Eliza like he would hipnotize her and she caught his eye and sort of trembled and Miss Patricia

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"Yes," Says Master Willie, "And I Saw Tom Go Into the Room About Five Minutes Before Ridges Came Up and Shut the Door Arfter Him, and Then I Saw Ridges Come Up!"

Tuberculosis, a Scotched Snake

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

Fresh-Air Treatment in National Jewish Hospital, Denver

II

CLOSELY allied to the discovery that sunlight and fresh air are fatal to the microörganisms of tuberculosis came the consoling fact that these bacilli, though most horribly ubiquitous and apparently infesting both the heavens above and the earth beneath, had neither wings nor legs, and were absolutely incapable of propelling themselves a fraction of an inch. They do not move—*they have to be carried.* More than this, like all other disease germs, while incredibly tiny and infinitesimal, they have a definite weight of their own, and are subject to the law of gravity. They do not flit about hither and thither in the atmosphere, thistle-down fashion, but rapidly fall to the floor of whatever room or receptacle they may be thrown in. And the problem of their transference is not that of direct carrying from one victim to the next, but the intermediate one of infected materials, such as are usually associated with visible dust or dirt. In short, keep dust or dirt from the floor, out of our food, away from our fingers or clothing or anything that can be brought to or near the mouth, and you will practically have abolished the possibility of the transference of tuberculosis. The consumptive himself is not a direct source of danger. It is only his filthy or unsanitary surroundings. Put a consumptive, who is careful of his sputum and cleanly in his habits, in a well-lighted, well-ventilated room, or, better still, out of doors, and there will be exceedingly little danger of any other member of his family or of those in the house with him contracting the disease. Wherever there is dirt or dust there is danger, and there almost only. Thorough and effective house reform—not merely tenement, alas! but myriads of private houses as well—would abolish two-thirds of the spread of tuberculosis.

Germ-Laden Dust and Its Dangers

IT IS not necessary to isolate every consumptive in order to stop the spread of the disease. All that is requisite is to prevent the bacilli in his sputum from reaching the floor or the walls, to have both the latter well lighted and aired and, if possible, exposed to direct sunlight at some time during the day, and to see that dust from the floor is not raised in clouds by dry sweeping, so as to be inhaled into the lungs or settle upon food, fingers or clothing, and that children be not allowed to play upon such floors as may be even possibly contaminated. These precautions, combined with the five-to-one resisting power of the healthy human organism, will render the risk of transmission of the disease an exceedingly small one. To what infinitesimal proportions this risk can be reduced by intelligent and strict sanitation is illustrated by the fact, already alluded to, of the almost complete germ-freeness of the dust from walls and floors of sanatorium cottages, and by the even more convincing and conclusive practical result that scarcely a single case is on record of the transmission of this disease to a nurse, a physician or a servant or other employee in an institution for its cure.

There is absolutely no rational basis for this panic-stricken dread of an intelligent, cleanly consumptive, or the cruel tendency to make him an outcast and raise the cry of the leper against him: "Unclean! Unclean!"

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that consumption is transmitted *by way of the floor;* and if this relay-station be kept sterile there is little danger of its transmission by other means.

Practically all that is needed to break this link is the absolute suppression of what is universally and overwhelmingly regarded as not merely an unsanitary and indecent, but a filthy, vulgar and disgusting habit—promiscuous expectoration. There is nothing new or unnatural in this repression, this *tabu* on expectoration. In fact, we are already provided with an instinct to back it. In every race, in every age, in every grade of civilization, the human saliva has been regarded as the most disgusting, the most dangerous and repulsive of materials, and the act of spitting as the last and deepest sign of contempt and hatred; and if directed toward an individual the deadliest and most unbearable insult, which can only be wiped out by blood.

An Ancient Antipathy Justified by Science

PRIMITIVE literature and legend are full of stories of the poisonousness of human saliva and the deadliness of the human bite. It was the "bugs" in it that did it. It is most interesting to see how science has finally, many thousands of years afterward, shown the substantial basis of, and gone far to justify, this instinctive horror and loathing.

Not merely are the fluids of the human mouth liable to contain the tubercle bacillus, and that of diphtheria, of pneumonia, and half a dozen other definite disorders, but they are in perfectly healthy individuals, especially where the teeth are in poor condition, simply swarming with millions of bacteria of every sort, some of them harmless, others capable of setting up various forms of suppuration and septic inflammation if introduced into a wound, or even if taken into the stomach. Even if there were no such disease as tuberculosis a campaign to stamp out promiscuous expectoration would be well worth all it cost.

Of course, as a counsel of perfection, the ideal procedure would be to promptly remove each consumptive, as soon as discovered, from his house and place him in a public sanatorium, provided by the State—both for the sake of removing him from the conditions which have produced his disease, of placing him under those conditions which alone can offer a hopeful prospect of cure, and for preventing the further infection of his surroundings. The only valid objections to such a plan are those of the expense, which, of course, would be very great. It would be not merely best, but kindest, for the consumptive himself, for his immediate family and for the community. And enormous as the expense would be, when we have become properly aroused and awake to the huge and almost incredible burden which this disease, with its 150,000 deaths a year, is now imposing upon the United States—five times as great as that of war or standing army in the most military-mad state in Christendom—the community will ultimately assume this expense. As long, however, as our motto inclines to remain, "Millions for cure, but not one cent for prevention," we shall dodge this issue.

There can be no question but that each State and each municipality of more than ten thousand inhabitants ought to provide an open-air camp or colony of sufficient capacity to receive all those who are willing to take the cure but unable to meet the expense of a private institution; and, also, some institution of adequate size, to which could be sent, by process of law, all those consumptives who, either through perversity, or the weakness and wretchedness due to their disease, or the apathy of approaching dissolution, fail or are unable to take proper precautions.

When we remember that the careful investigation of the various dispensaries for the treatment of tuberculosis in our larger cities, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, report that on an average twenty to thirty per cent. of all children living in the same room or apartment with a consumptive member of their family are found to show some form of tuberculosis, it will be seen how well worth while, from every point of view, this provision for the removal and sanatorium treatment of the poorer class of these unfortunates would be. These dispensaries now have, as a most important part of their campaign against the disease, one or more visiting nurses, who, whenever a patient with tuberculosis is brought into the dispensary, visit him in his home, show him how to ventilate and light his rooms as well as may be, give practical demonstrations of the methods of preventing the spread of the disease, advise him as to his food, and see that he is supplied with adequate amounts of milk and eggs, and, finally, round up all the children of the family and any adults who are in a suspicious condition of health and bring them to the dispensary for examination. Distressing as are these findings, reaching in some cases as high as 50 per cent. and 60 per cent. of the children, they have already saved hundreds of children and prevented hundreds of others from growing up crippled or handicapped.

The Less Familiar Disease Dangers

IT MUST be remembered that the tubercle bacillus causes not merely disease of the lungs in children but also a large majority of the crippling diseases of the bones, joints and spine, together with the whole group of strumous or scrofulous disorders, and a large group of intestinal diseases and of brain lesions, resulting in convulsions, paralysis, hydrocephalus and death. The battle-ground of the future against tuberculosis is the home.

We speak of the churchyard as "haunted" and we recoil in horror from the leper-house or the cholera camp. Yet the deadliest known hotbed of horrors, the spawning ground of more deaths than cholera, smallpox, yellow fever and the bubonic plague combined, is the dirty floor of the dark, unventilated living-room, whether in city tenement or village cottage, where children crawl and elders spit.

It is scarcely to the credit of our species that for convincing, actual demonstrations of what can be done toward stamping out tuberculosis, by measures directed against the bacillus alone, we are obliged to turn to the lower animals. By a humiliating paradox we are never quite able to put ourselves under those conditions which we know to be ideal from a sanitary point of view. There are too many prejudices, too many vested interests,

Outside Pavilion Porches, Agnes Memorial Sanatorium, Denver

too many considerations of expense to be reckoned with. But with the lower animals that come under our care we have a clear field, free from obstruction by either our own prejudices or those of others. In this realm the stamping out of tuberculosis is not merely a rosy dream of the future but an accomplished fact, in some quarters even an old story. Two illustrations will suffice, one in domestic animals, the other among wild animals in captivity. The first is among pure-bred dairy cattle, the pedigreed Jerseys and Holsteins. No sooner did the discovery of the bacillus provide us with a means of identification, than the well-known "*perlsucht*" of the Germans, or "grapes" of the English veterinarians—both names being derived from the curious rounded masses or nodules of exudate found in the pleural cavity and the peritoneum (around the lungs and the bowels), and supposed to resemble pearls and grapes respectively were identified as tuberculosis, than cows were found very widely infected with it. This unfortunately still remains the case with the large mass of dairy cattle. But certain of the more intelligent breeders owning valuable cattle proceeded to take steps to protect them.

Modern Protection for Animals

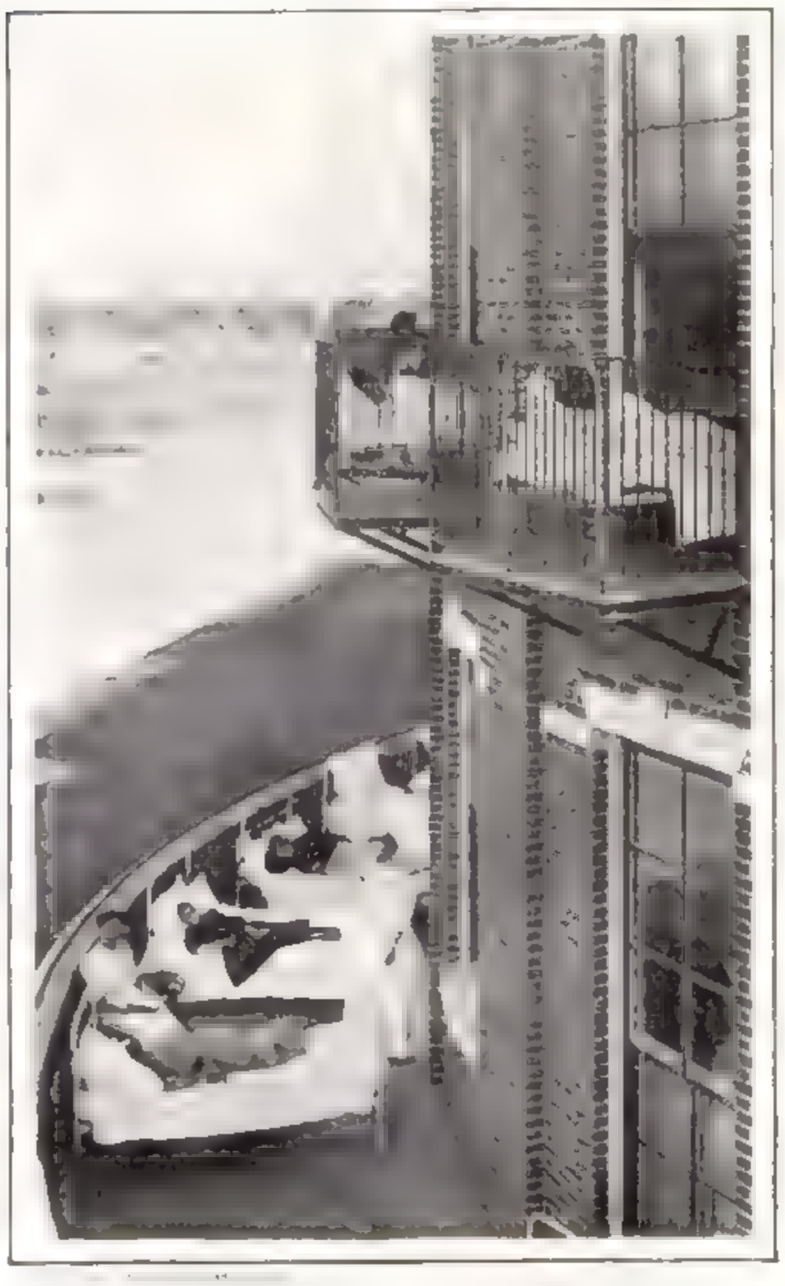
THE first step was to test their cows with tuberculin, promptly weeding out and isolating all those that reacted to the disease. It was at first thought necessary to slaughter all these at once. But it was later found that if they were completely isolated and prevented from spreading the disease to others, this extreme measure was necessary only with those extensively diseased. The others could be kept alive, and if their calves were promptly removed as soon as born, and fed only upon sterilized or perfectly healthy milk, that they would be free from the disease. And thus the breeding-life of a particularly valuable and high-bred animal might be prolonged for a number of years. They must, however, be kept in separate buildings and fields, and preferably upon a separate farm from the rest of the herd.

Those cows found healthy were given the best of care, including a marked diminution of the amount of housing or confinement in barns, and were again tested at intervals of six months, several times, to weed out any others which might still have the infection in their systems. In a short time all signs of the disease disappeared, and no other cases developed in these herds unless fresh infection was introduced from without. To guard against this each farm established a quarantine station, where all new-bought animals, after having been tested with tuberculin and shown to be free from reaction, are kept for a period of at least a year for careful observation and study before being allowed to mix with the rest of the herd. It is now a common requirement among intelligent breeders of pedigreed cattle to demand, as a formal condition of sale, their submission to the tuberculin test or the certificate of a competent veterinarian that the animal has been so tested without reacting. Protected herds have now been in existence under these conditions, notably in Denmark, where the method was first reduced to a system under the able leadership of Professor Bang, of Copenhagen, for ten years with scarcely a single case of tuberculosis developing. Only a fraction of one per cent. of the calves from the most diseased mothers are born diseased.

The method is not only spreading rapidly among the more intelligent class of breeders, but many progressive countries of Europe and States of our Union require the passing of the tuberculin test as a requisite to the admission within their borders of cattle intended for breeding purposes. So that, while the problem is still an enormous one, it is now confidently believed that complete eradication of bovine tuberculosis is only a question of time.

The other instance furnishes a much more crucial test, as it is carried out upon wild animals under the unfavorable conditions of captivity in a strange climate, like our slum-dwellers from sunny Italy, and comes home to us more closely in many respects, inasmuch as it is concerned with our nearest animal relatives on the biological side—monkeys and apes, in zoological gardens.

Tuberculosis is a perfectly frightful scourge to these



Verandas of the National Jewish Hospital, Denver, Colorado

unfortunate captives, causing not infrequently thirty, fifty and even sixty per cent. of the deaths. This, however, is only in keeping with their frightful general mortality. The collection of monkeys in the London Zoo, for instance, some fifteen years ago, was absolutely exterminated by disease and started over afresh *every three years*, a death rate of thirty-five per cent. per annum as compared with our human rate of about two per cent. per annum. Here, it would seem, was an instance where there was little need to call in the bacillus. Brought from a tropical climate to one of raw, damp fog and smoke, from the freedom of the air-roads through the treetops to the confinement of dismal and often dirty cages in a stuffy, overheated house, condemned to a diet which at best could be but a feeble and far-distant imitation of their natural food, it seemed little wonder that they "jes' natcherly pined away an' died."

But let the results speak. A thorough system of quarantine was enforced, beginning with one of the Vienna gardens, and finally reaching one of its most brilliant and successful exemplifications in our own New York Zoological Gardens in the Bronx. All animals purchased or donated were tested with tuberculin, and those that reacted were either painlessly destroyed or disposed of. Those which appeared to be immune were kept in a thoroughly healthy, sanitary quarantine station for six months or a year, and again tested by tuberculin before being introduced into the cages. The original stock of monkeys was treated in the same manner or else destroyed completely, and the houses and cages thoroughly cleaned and sterilized or new ones constructed. Keepers employed in the monkey-house were carefully tested for signs of tuberculosis, and rejected or excluded if any appeared. Signs were posted forbidding any expectoration or feeding of the animals (which latter is often done with nuts or fruit which had been cracked or bitten before being handed to the monkeys) by the general public, and these rules were strictly enforced.

At the same time the houses were thoroughly ventilated and exposed to sunlight as much as possible, and the animals were turned out into open-air cages whenever the weather would possibly permit. As a result the mortality from tuberculosis promptly sank from thirty per cent. to five or six per cent. In our Bronx Zoo, for instance, it has become decidedly rare as a cause of death in monkeys, no case having occurred in the monkey-house for eighteen months past. What is even more gratifying, the general mortality declined also, though in less proportion, so that, instead of losing twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the animals in the house every year, a mortality of ten to fifteen per cent. is now considered large.

And to think that we might achieve the same results in our own species if we would only treat ourselves as well as we do our monkey captives! To "make a monkey of one's self" might have its advantages from a sanitary point of view

"But this method," some one will remind us, "would silence only a part of the enemy's infection batteries." Even supposing that we could prevent the spread of the disease from human sources, what of the animal consumptives and their deadly bacilli? If the milk that we drink and the beef, pork and poultry that we eat are liable to convey the infection what hope have we of ever stopping the invasion?

The question is a serious one. But here again a thorough and careful study of the enemy's position has shown the danger to be far less than it appeared at first sight. Even bacilli have what the French call "the defects of their virtues." Their astonishing and most disquieting powers of adjustment, of accommodation to the surroundings in which they find themselves, namely, the tissues and body-fluids of some particular host whom they attack, bring certain limitations with them. Just in so far as they have adjusted themselves to live in and overcome the opposition of the body tissues of a certain species of animals, *just to that degree they have incapacitated themselves to live in the tissues of any other species.*

Some of the most interesting and far-reachingly important work that has been done in the bacteriology of tuberculosis of late years has concerned itself with the changes that have taken place in different varieties and strains of tubercle bacilli as the result of adjusting themselves to particular environments. The subject is so enormous that only the crudest outlines can be given here, and so new that it is impossible to announce any positive conclusions. But these appear to be the dominant tendencies of thought in the field so far.

Three Varieties of the Bacillus

THOUGH nearly all domestic animals and birds, and a majority of wild animals under captivity, are subject to the attack of tuberculosis, practically all the infections hitherto studied are caused by one of three great varieties or species of the tubercle bacillus: the *human*, infesting our own species; the *bovine*, attacking cattle; and the *avian*, inhabiting the tissues of birds, especially the domestic fowl. These three varieties or species so closely resemble one another that they were at one time regarded as identical, and we can well remember the wave of dismay which swept over the medical world when Robert Koch announced that the "*perlsucht*" of cattle was a genuine and unquestioned tuberculosis due to an unmistakable tubercle bacillus. But as these varieties were thoroughly and carefully studied it was soon found that they presented definite marks of differentiation, until now they are universally admitted to be distinct varieties, each with its own life peculiarities, and, according to some authorities, even distinct species.

An Open-Air Pavilion, Agnes Memorial Sanatorium, Denver, Colorado

"But," we fancy we hear some one inquire impatiently, "what do these academic, technical distinctions matter to us? Whether the avian tuberculosis germ is a variety or a true species may be left to the taxonomists, but it is of no earthly importance to us."

On the contrary, it is of the greatest importance. For the distinctive feature about a particular species of parasite is that it will live and flourish where another species will die and, vice versa, *will die in surroundings where its sister species might live and thrive.*

One of the first differences found to exist among these three types of bacteria was the extraordinary variations in their power of attacking different animals. For instance, while the guinea pig and the rabbit could be readily inoculated with *human* bacilli, they could only be infected with difficulty by cultures of the *bovine* bacillus; while the only animal that could be inoculated at all with the *avian* or bird bacillus was the rabbit, and that only occasionally. In fact, bacteriologists soon came to the consoling conclusion that the *avian* bacillus might be practically disregarded as a source of danger to human beings, so widely different were the conditions in their moist and moderately warm tissues to those of the dry and superheated tissues of the bird to which it had adjusted itself for so many generations.

And next came the bold pronunciamento of no less an authority than Koch himself, that the bovine bacillus also was so feebly infective to human beings that it might be practically disregarded as a source of danger. This promptly split the bacteriologists of the world into two opposing camps, and started a warfare which is still being waged with great vigor. As the question is still under hot dispute by even the highest authorities it is, of course, impossible to announce any definite conclusions. But the net result to date appears to be that while Koch made a serious error of judgment in declaring that meat and milk as a source of danger to human beings of tuberculosis might be disregarded, yet, for practical purposes, his position is, in the main, correct; the actual danger from the bovine bacillus to human beings is relatively small.

There was nothing whatever improbable, in the first place, in the correctness of Koch's position.

It is one of the few consoling facts, well known to all students of comparative pathology or the diseases of the different species of animals, how peculiarly specialized they are in the choice of their diseases—or, perhaps, to put it more accurately, how particular and restricted disease germs are in their choice of a host. For instance, out of twenty-eight actually infectious diseases which are most common among the domestic animals and man, other than tuberculosis, only one—*rabies*—is readily communicable to more than three species; only three—*anthrax, tetanus* and *foot-and-mouth disease*—are communicable to two species; while the remainder are almost absolutely confined to one species, even though this be thrown into closest contact with half a dozen others.

Again, we have half a dozen similar instances in the case of tuberculosis itself. The horse and the sheep, for instance, are both most intimately associated with cattle, pastured in the same fields, fed upon the same food, and yet tuberculosis is almost unknown in sheep and decidedly uncommon in horses, and when it does occur in them is from a human source. The goat is almost equally immune from both human and *bovine* forms, while the cat and the dog, although developing the infection with a low degree of frequency, almost invariably trace that infection to a human source.

There is, therefore, no *a priori* reason whatever why we should be any more susceptible to bovine tuberculosis than the remainder of the domestic animals. It is only fair to say, however, that the animal whose diet—and appetite—most closely resembles ours, the hog, is quite fairly susceptible to bovine tuberculosis if fed upon the milk or meat of tuberculous cattle.

Next came the particularly consoling fact that although nothing has been more striking than the great increase in the amounts of meat and milk consumed by the mass of the community during our last twenty years' progress in civilization, this has been accompanied not by any increase of tuberculosis, but by a *diminution of from thirty-five to forty-five per cent.* The allegation so frequently made that there has been an increase in the amount of infantile tuberculosis has been shown, upon careful investigation by Sherman, of Edinburgh, Guthrie, of London, Kossel in Germany, Comby in France, Bovaird in New York, and others, to be practically without foundation.

Then, while repetitions of Koch's experiment, upon which his announcement was based, of inoculating calves and young cattle with *human* bacilli have proved that a certain number of them can be, under appropriate circumstances, made to develop tuberculosis, that number has never been a large per cent. of the animals tested, and in many cases the infection has been a local one, or of a mild type, which has resulted in recovery. Lastly, while both a number of bacilli, with *bovine* culture and other characteristics, have been recovered from the bodies of children dying of tuberculosis, and these bacilli have proved virulent to calves when injected into them, yet, as a matter of historical fact, the actual number of instances in which children or other human beings have been definitely proved to have contracted the disease from the milk of a tuberculous cow is still exceedingly and encouragingly small. A careful study of the entire literature of the past twenty years, some three years ago, revealed *only thirty-seven* cases; and of these thirty-seven Koch's careful investigations have since disproved the validity of nine.

On the other hand, it is anything but safe to accept Koch's practical dictum and neglect the meat and milk of cattle as a source of danger in tuberculosis. First, because the degree of our immunity against the bovine bacilli is still far from settled; and, second, because, while bacteriologists are fairly agreed that the *avian*, the *bovine* and the *human* represent three distinct and different variations, if not species, of the bacillus, they are almost equally agreed that they are probably the descendants of one common species, which may possibly be a bacillus commonly found upon meadow grasses, particularly the well-known timothy, and hence very frequently in the excreta of cattle, and known as the *grass bacillus* or *dung bacillus* of Mœller. This bacillus has all the staining, morphological and even growth characteristics of the tubercle bacillus except that it produces only local irritation and little nodular masses, if injected into animals. Our knowledge of its existence is, however, of great practical importance, inasmuch as it warned us that in our earlier studies of the bacilli contained in milk and butter we have been mistaking this organism for a genuine tubercle bacillus. As a consequence, of late years our tests for the presence of tubercle bacilli in milk are made by not only searching for the organism with the microscope, but also by feeding

(Continued on Page 46)

THAT BILBECK SPECIAL

By Owen Johnson

AUTHOR OF THE MARTYRDOM OF HICKEY

I HAD always longed for an automobile, passionately and basely longed for one, even as I watched from the distant curb the gliding, oblivious monsters rushing by. Yes, even as I would turn and say loftily to my companion as we trudged away:

"We are the rich ones, you and I, we have time—time to work and create, to be artists. What would become of us if we had automobiles? We would fatten and become supercilious and contented, and then, good-by to art. Thank Heaven, George, we are spared automobiles."

Naturally, when, in my third year at Paris, the news reached me of a legacy of ten thousand dollars from my great-aunt Mehitabel, I decided that my first purchase should be an automobile. I went to Benson, one of those coarse, obvious fellows who have practical minds, and explained my stroke of luck and my desires.

"You don't want to pay fifteen or twenty thousand francs just for a name," said Benson directly, "and then get something you don't know anything about."

"Don't I?" I said, a little dubiously.

"My dear boy, an auto is just like a razor—you never can tell when they are new. What you want is a nice, second-hand machine that you know all about."

"Humph!"

"At a half or a third what you'd have to pay ——"

"Of course, that makes a difference."

"Of course it does ——"

"Do you know anything second-hand?" I said pensively. "In good condition—not really second-hand?"

"I know of a wonder—if you can get it."

"How much?"

"Forty-five hundred francs—take it or leave it—no bargaining."

"Can I see it?"

"This minute!"

Half an hour later I was in a garage, turning round and round a rather bulky machine, painted a dusty, disagreeable gray, seeking, unobserved, to discover the make.

"What are you looking for?" asked Benson, emerging in full chauffeur's regalia.

"The name."

"It's a Bilbeck," said Benson, stooping to examine something below my vision.

"Bilbeck, Bilbeck?" I searched in my memory and I failed to find such a name, even though, during the week, I had read every catalogue of every manufacturer of automobiles in Paris. Still I resolved to conceal my ignorance.

"We are So Happy, It's Just Like Our Old Dagobert"

"Jump in and we'll tear off a few miles," said Benson, suiting his action to the word. He threw on the lever and the machine under me rumbled, shook itself mightily, and stood still.

"There's a motor for you," said Benson, looking at me knowingly. "Just feel it. What do you say to that?"

"It's a good one," I admitted with chattering teeth.

"My boy, you've got a bargain in a thousand," said Benson, sinking his voice so that the French mechanician, who did not speak English, might not hear. He jumped out, fidgeted around the back, peered into the chassis and returned to his station. "All my fault," he said apologetically. "Now we're off."

Five minutes later, with much jerking, we managed to crawl into the street.

Benson was radiant.

"An automobile is just like a fine-blooded race-horse," he said joyfully. "I've seen them take half an hour before they would make up their minds to come to the post. A sensitive, high-grade machine like this is half human, more than half."

"I don't like the color," I ventured.

"Of course not—neither do I," he agreed, "but don't say anything about it; they'll offer to repaint and touch her up, and then they'll stick on a thousand more because they see you're eager. You mustn't give these fellows an opening. We've got 'em now where we want them; cold at forty-five hundred."

"What did you say it was called?"

"Bilbeck Special."

"Never heard of it."

"You don't say so! It's a private make. Bilbeck, you know, is one of the crack racers here, puts together a few machines every year But, of course, you don't know anything about that."

"Really, Benson," I said desperately, "I've made up my mind to get something smaller, but by a well-known firm."

"My boy, my boy," exclaimed Benson, "that's just exactly what you must never do. No connoisseur ever would do that. You know, automobiles are just like brands of champagne. I asked a friend of mine in the business how to buy champagne. 'It's very simple,' he said, 'never buy a popular brand.' That's the whole secret. Take a popular automobile—my dear fellow, there is such a demand for them, the factory can't turn them out fast enough; everything is slammed together, slap-bang, and what do you get? Now take a Bilbeck and you get something choice, personally inspected, worked over by hand—three a year—what's the result? Think it over."

"Is it hard to run?" I said, persuaded by his logic.

"Hard! Why, it'll run itself."

Often afterward I had cause to remember that phrase. Charmed by Benson's eloquence I bought my Bilbeck Special at forty-five hundred francs and started in to learn the conduct of a high-grade machine. The first afternoon the motor became red-hot and I had an hour's wait in the full glare of the Champs-Élysées until it cooled. When I asked Benson for an explanation he told me I had probably been driving too slow. The next day the clutch refused to work; another time the second speed failed me. I found no explanation forthcoming from Benson, because I no longer found Benson at home.

I called in a friend, an expert, and dejectedly asked his opinion. He inspected the machine minutely, and then straightened up with a snort of disdain.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" I asked faintly.

"What were you stuck?" he asked shortly, ignoring my question.

"I paid forty-five hundred francs."

"Whew!"

"Isn't it worth it?"

"You couldn't get a thousand for it to-day."

"You don't mean it!"

"Your high-grade machine has a fourteen horse-power motor, ten horse-power gears and an eight horse-power differential."

"What does that mean?" I asked, horror-struck.

"That? Trouble! Of course, there are other things."

"What would you advise me to do?"

"Keep it; keep it by all means, since you can't sell it. You've got to learn to run an auto—you might as well cut your teeth on this."

"You think I could only realize a thousand?"

"A thousand—even then ——"

I thanked him ruefully and departed with my Bilbeck Special, which that afternoon by some freakish mood ran like an angel. I shipped it down to the country and started in to learn wisdom.

II

MY BILBECK SPECIAL became at once a great addition to the social life of Giverny. My good friends would gather about us in little informal receptions, when it pleased my high-grade machine to repose itself. When it decided to stop in the countryside, I took out palette and easel and began to paint—it gave quite an air of impromptu novelty to my sketching trips. There were days when it would run without a hitch, with a steady, easy, ox-speed, and other days when it absolutely refused to budge, but, once out, it always returned, as though it had a feeling for home. It did what it wanted when it wanted, and it fulfilled in every respect Benson's eulogy that it would run itself. Since then I have learned much about automobiles, but nothing has ever made me understand the humor and caprice of that first Bilbeck Special.

One morning toward the end of the summer I received the card of Monsieur Emile Bouzanguet, notary and counselor-at-law. Quite perplexed and a little anxious I went to the interview. I found a nervous, bald little man, completely lost in voluminous sleeves and trousers, who greeted me with an embarrassed smile and plunged at once into his mission.

"Monsieur will pardon me; I am, perhaps, indiscreet, but I have been told that monsieur was contemplating the selling of his automobile?"

"I had thought about it," I said with difficult nonchalance, "but I am not at all decided."

"Monsieur, I have watched you go past many times," continued Monsieur Bouzanguet, "and I like the color of your machine—very much—very much indeed."

I stared at him stupefied, seeking a pleasantry. He was quite serious and much in earnest. Then, I suddenly remembered how often I had perceived the old, flapping, little figure on my track, always gazing after me with an air of delighted reflection.

"The color is quite unusual," I said with gravity.

"It brings back to me a very dear memory, monsieur," he replied, to my added bewilderment. "Will monsieur allow me a question in all frankness?"

"As many as you like."

"Then I should like to ask," he said with anxious concern, "does your automobile always run as smoothly and as slowly ——"

"My dear Monsieur Bouzanguet," I began carefully, seeing the danger, "it is capable of much faster speed, really of considerable speed; you must not judge it by the way I drive it here."

"But, monsieur, on the contrary, I am delighted ——"

"Eh?"

"Absolutely charmed with such an idea. *Voyez vous!* I have a horror of an automobile that goes roaring along the road, frightening everybody, running down chickens and dogs, throwing out clouds of dust—no, I want something quiet and peaceful. Something regular and steady."

"A sort of family automobile," I said.

"Exactly! A good family automobile. May I ask what price monsieur was thinking of?"

"Thirty-five hundred francs, as it is," I said, looking him plainly in countenance, "only to be frank, I warn you it needs some repairs. For four thousand I'll put in a new transmission and a differential. Then you can easily reach twenty-five to thirty miles an hour."

"Oh, but that's just what I don't want!" he exclaimed, "for nothing in the world, monsieur."

I could make nothing of him, and, more perplexed than ever, I proposed a trial trip. Never in all its varied career did my Bilbeck Special behave so outrageously as it did that day. Nothing I could do could persuade it to a greater speed than ten miles an hour. The motor ran in jerks, the clutch refused to catch hold, and I spent a third of the afternoon under the machine. Thoroughly discouraged, I was convinced that I had lost my one opportunity. What added to my ill humor was to notice, after each successive mishap, a smile full of contentment settle over the peaceful features of Monsieur Bouzanguet.

"He has seen through it," I said to myself wrathfully, "and he is having a great time at my expense."

Judge, then, of my utter amazement when my extraordinary friend said, with an air of hesitancy:

"Monsieur, I like it very much, the color and the quiet way it runs and all its curious little ways." He waited and repeated the phrase which had so perplexed me: "It brings back a memory, a very dear memory."

"Then, Monsieur Bouzanguet," I said, hardly believing my ears, "you—you are considering it seriously?"

"It is only the question of price," said Bouzanguet, looking far off into the distance.

"Now's the rub," I said to myself; then aloud: "And what were you thinking of?"

"I do not want to spend more than——" he hesitated, then said boldly, "more than thirty-three hundred francs."

From the hesitancy of his manner and the sound of his voice I understood at once that I could have my price. Only, to tell the truth, I felt a sense of shame, a little movement of pity, and I did not insist.

"That suits me," I said; "only, to be quite frank, it needs repairs. You had better take it at thirty-eight hundred and have me put it in complete order."

"You do not understand," he said stubbornly. "Monsieur, you will think me very strange, perhaps, but I want it to keep its little ways and character. It doesn't worry me. It brings back a memory."

"But do you want to make up your mind to-day?" I insisted.

"Oh, monsieur," he answered, "Madame Bouzanguet and I, we had made up our minds long ago. We liked the color so much, from the very first."

"And when would you want it?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow you shall have it."

"Ah, monsieur, if you know how happy that makes me," he exclaimed, seizing my hands effusively; "and Madame Bouzanguet, won't she be happy! Pardon, monsieur, pardon—I must run and tell her."

I remained, open-mouthed, staring after him, overcome by the strangeness and the mystery of my sudden good fortune.

I left Giverny for a week's sketching and returned with some curiosity as to my purchaser's subsequent state of mind. On the train I met my old friend, Doctor Pruneau, to whom I recounted in detail the adventure, seeking from him some explanation.

"My dear sir," he answered, "is it possible that you do not remember Roi Dagobert, the famous Roi Dagobert?"

Then suddenly I understood.

The Roi Dagobert was a mottled gray, family horse that had entered the service of the Bouzanguets at the beginning of their exemplary married life. Extraordinarily high and clumsy the Roi Dagobert was famed in all the countryside for his eccentricities. He had one gait, which consisted in a methodical planting and lifting of the forefeet, while the back legs executed a somewhat vigorous trot.

The Roi Dagobert had been a part of the family; the young Bouzanguets played about his legs and fed him with perfect safety, and M. Bouzanguet would have as soon thought of laying a whip on Roi Dagobert as of extending that gesture to his wife.

Every Sunday the Bouzanguets had been wont to depart on an excursion into the country, conditioned by the caprices of the Roi Dagobert. When the hill was steep, every one descended. When Dagobert stopped, which was often and long, the whole family waited without a show of impatience until it should please him to take up his way again. When, at length, Dagobert languished away from old age, the whole Bouzanguet routine was demoralized.

Remembering this, all became suddenly clear to me; my Bilbeck Special had simply replaced Roi Dagobert.

. . . . . .

That afternoon, as I was galloping through familiar ways, I suddenly perceived ahead of me the Bilbeck Special, in the usual state of inertia. Prepared for a storm of reproaches, I arrived to find the Bouzanguets serenely waiting. A little embarrassed, not knowing exactly what to say, I called out:

"Well, Monsieur Bouzanguet, it's just like the old times with Roi Dagobert, isn't it?"

And he answered, smiling and joyful:

"Oh, dear monsieur, if you knew—we are so happy—it's just like our old Dagobert!"

And, while I cantered on, Monsieur and Madame Bouzanguet and the three little Bouzanguets continued, joyfully, to wave me their grateful adieus.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3, 1908

Uncle Joe's Only Romance

MAY no peevish flaw of temper betray Uncle Joe into telling where he got his.

Charged by the Speaker with being worth a million, Mr. Bryan replied that, as a matter of fact, he was worth only a hundred-and-odd thousand, acquired in such and such a prosaic manner, and challenged the accuser to disclose exactly the extent and sources of the wealth which is the subject of the only romance that ever attached to Mr. Cannon's long and amazingly dry public career.

Having been a modestly-paid public servant almost continuously since 1861, the Speaker is reputed to be a millionaire. That circumstance misleads a number of people into suspecting that something exciting is discoverable about Uncle Joe. We hope he will consider it his duty not to shatter the only illusion with which he was ever connected. The dull fact is, of course, that he acquired wealth as prosily as political power, in both relations happening to be at a favorable juncture with competent allies and standing pat with that surpassing firmness against which, according to the poet, even the gods struggle in vain.

That this year's struggle of whatever gods there be in Danville politics will prove vain is no doubt one of the foregone conclusions of the November election. Meanwhile, let Uncle Joe give the strange quality of fancy a little something to work upon, and keep the schedule of his wealth to himself.

Airing the Children of the Flat

WHAT is said to be the largest flat building in the world, housing enough persons to populate a country town, is now planned for New York. It will, of course, contain all the modern improvements, and these improvements are many and important. One after another, various difficulties which the flat presented as a human habitation have been attacked and solved. But there remains a difficulty which no architectural ingenuity, so far, has been able to overcome. In the most modern flat there is still no good facility for airing the children.

Very likely ten million Americans live in flats, and the number constantly increases. In time to come the proportion of flat dwellers to total population will no doubt rise rather than fall. Conditions of flat life are, therefore, a matter of national importance. Those conditions in many respects are very tolerable indeed. Aside from paying the rent, the flat-dweller's grand drawback lies in this problem of getting the youngsters exposed to air and sunshine. Hardly any other effect of greed is more melancholy than the monopolizing, with buildings for mere profit, of space that small citizens need to stretch their legs in.

A city that can look a boy in the face and descant upon race suicide when it has given him no fit place to play ball in, is almost beyond hope. Flats will be fairly beyond reproach when the architect can equip every apartment with a vacant lot.

The Waste of Public Speaking

IT IS fit that monuments should be raised to commemorate the debates between Lincoln and Douglas. With the possible exception of Luther's defense before the Diet of Worms, those debates are almost the only speeches since printing was invented that require commemoration. In Luther's day, of course, printing was a rare art; yet he evidently made a tactical mistake in not availing himself of it. He delivered his speech, it will be remembered, in German; but as the Emperor understood that tongue very imperfectly, he repeated it in Latin, in which form the Emperor understood it still less.

Nearly all the political speeches of Cromwell and some of those of Disraeli do possess a certain enduring interest. To the end of time, presumably, critics will be trying to find out what, if anything, they meant. Neither they, however, nor the mere reading of a manuscript, as in Lincoln's Gettysburg address, constitute a true exception to the rule that ink is the medium for communicating thought. One of Jefferson's signal merits as a statesman is that he wrote what he had to say.

Now that the weather is getting cooler, the speech-making campaign to which the party managers have devoted Mr. Taft, is less shocking to humane minds; but we are really sorry to see that further tolerance of a vastly wasteful method. Generally speaking, whatever people get about the campaign they get in type anyway. The costly and burdensome expedient of first delivering it orally should be discountenanced.

As to Stolen Thunder

IN STEALING campaign thunder neither party has a monopoly. Mr. Bryan's proposal to insure bank deposits is of Republican origin. The bill introduced by the chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency in January last (reported by the committee February 29) provided that the banks should deposit with the Treasury five per cent. of their note issues and deposits, creating a fund "to guarantee the payment of all individual deposits, banknotes, bank deposits and Government deposits without discrimination or preference." The bill was recommended by such eminent financial authorities as Horace White and Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury under McKinley.

Defending the deposit-insurance feature, Chairman Fowler urged that the public character of banks was recognized by Government supervision of them, and many people ignorantly supposed a national bank must be safe because the Government stood behind it. "I assert," he wrote, "that Government supervision, State or national, should be withdrawn and the public be left to the terrific school of experience; or that the Government should completely perform its work and impose such obligations upon the banks as will truly justify the confidence the people have in these quasi-public institutions."

All this, of course, is recent history—to which we refer merely because a good many enthusiastic Republican organs are citing deposit insurance as an example of the Democratic mind's peculiar liability to insanity.

Manipulating the Market

IN JULY last sales on the Stock Exchange amounted to 13,857,563 shares, but two-thirds of the total transactions were in only eight stocks out of more than two hundred on the quoted list. In August sales amounted to 18,881,265 shares; but these same eight stocks accounted for two-thirds the total business. In the eight months ending with August, sales amounted to 117,388,266 shares of a par value exceeding ten billion dollars; but over seventy per cent. of the business was confined to the same eight stocks; over half the total business being in three stocks.

The figures illustrate the extent to which the market is commonly made and run by cliques and pools. The hazard of ordinary business is considerable. It taxes the ability of most men to judge whether the crops are going to be ample and money fairly easy; whether disturbance is likely to arise from foreign relations, politics, a strike, a change in railroad rates or in the conditions under which some staple supply is obtained.

In addition to this ordinary hazard, the adventurer in stocks assumes the immense liability of guessing what the pools are going to do. He cannot really know, because very often the pools themselves don't know—a vast and melancholy space dividing their intentions from their performances. It used to be said that the general manager or the superintendent was the first man to lose his money in a stock speculation. He knew the business situation and prospects of the company, but not the plans nor the ability of the clique that was manipulating its stock.

The Jingo Jap in Jeopardy

THE "inevitable struggle" for the mastery of the Pacific is not the simple affair that Mr. Hobson innocently imagines it to be. True, by building two battleships to our one and suddenly dispatching them, with a quarter of a million veteran troops, Japan could seize our entire Pacific Coast, operating at will more than two thousand bath-houses, shoot-the-chutes, delicatessen shops and instantaneous photograph galleries between the Cliff House at San Francisco and the natatorium at Coronado before we could strike a blow.

But Japan isn't thinking of doing it. The other day the cabinet unanimously decided to cut military and naval appropriations practically in two, extending over twelve years the plans which were to have been completed in six.

The retrenchment in army and navy expenses will amount to seventy-five million dollars a year, which will be applied to the reduction of the national debt.

In short, Japan will de-Hobsonize herself and avoid bankruptcy. The amazing figures of the Japanese budget indicate that it was high time. They show a total of Government expenditures last year of three hundred and eighteen million dollars, which is decidedly more than the stated total during the war with Russia.

Taxes are higher than during the war, and to carry out the cabinet's military and naval plans it was proposed to raise them still higher. Vigorous protests against this proposal probably had much to do with causing the Government to retrench. The internal debt has risen above a billion yen.

Japan might carry out the "six-year" plan, assembling in that time a truly magnificent fleet and army, and, in doing it, so cripple herself financially that she couldn't raise the money to maintain either.

Very likely the "mastery of the Pacific," if there really must be a mastery, will finally be worked out in terms of dollars and cents.

The Right Way of Watering Stocks

WHAT cheap water transportation may do is suggested by England's position in the cotton industry. Getting three-quarters of her raw material from the United States, she sold abroad in a year five hundred million dollars of cotton manufactures while we sold abroad thirty-two million dollars.

Reports in 1906 by correspondents of the Department of Agriculture in five hundred and fifty-five cotton-growing counties show that the average cost of hauling from the farm to the shipping point was sixteen cents a hundred pounds, and the average rail charge to tidewater was forty cents (but in Texas it was fifty-three cents; in Oklahoma seventy-two cents), while the average ocean rate to Liverpool was thirty-two cents. From Savannah to New York the ocean rate was only ten cents less than to Liverpool; the total carrying charge to the English port being only one-eighth more than to the American port. New England mills pretty well hold their own in competition with those close to the cotton fields, partly because cotton is carried from Savannah to New York at only a little more than the cost of carrying it from the farm to the railroad.

In sixteen years, to 1907, the cost of Government canals in the United States (including improvement of rivers by locks and dams) increased by fifty-two million dollars; that of States and corporation canals about as much more; but the total mileage of canals and canalized rivers abandoned was two-thirds as great as the mileage constructed. The net gain for the sixteen years was only four hundred and nine miles. Meanwhile, our St. Mary's Falls Canals, which cost thirteen million dollars, carried over three times the traffic of the Suez Canal, which cost a hundred millions.

There are other opportunities for profitable investment in this line.

Insuring the Gambling Stake

THE supreme self-confidence sometimes bred of much money-making is apt to be accompanied by contempt for those with less experience or success in the same field. The ultimate outcome of such cocksureness frequently furnishes its own commentary upon the frailty of human judgment. But there is another expression of this distrust of the financial sagacity of others which, again and again, has justified its implied assumption of prophetic powers, and that is the gift or bequest which takes the form of an annuity.

Here we have the investment idea carried to its ultimate and logical, if not always most convenient, end; and the beneficiary relieved of every responsibility and uncertainty so far as it is practicable to eliminate them. Considered solely as a measure of self-protection the plan approaches the ideal.

Remembering that, we must think that the New York plunger who is said to have made three million dollars in last year's campaign earned something more than a compliment upon his sense of caution by placing one million dollars of his winnings with a trust company, which thereby guaranteed him, and his estate after him, an annuity of some forty thousand dollars.

The man who knows himself with sufficient exactness to make sure against the hazards of his play in the stock market, whatever the issue of his speculations, is some degrees removed from the true gambler, and his example, admitting, as we must, that the disease is ineradicable, may be studied with profit by others inoculated with the germ.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Alexander the Great

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN YOAKUM is a large and imposing person, who began life selling peach trees and now spends his spare moments in the pleasant pastime of picking peaches.

Selling peach trees, or any other kind of fruit trees, for that matter, is not an occupation that hoists the seller with undue haste to a commanding position among the predatory plutocrats of the land, as many an ambitious young agent, lured by the nursery circulars, has found out. So far as its availability as a ladder to climb up among the criminal rich is concerned, selling fruit trees ranks about three points abaft the binnacle of installing lightning rods and peddling books. That is, while they are not so likely to set the dog on you if you have nursery stock in your pack as they are if you offer for the centre table a plush-covered volume of the latest popular subscription work, What Woman Can Do, combined with the only authentic life of William Howard Taft, a condensed version of the immortal works of William Jennings Bryan, and authoritative descriptions of the Mount Pelée disaster and the San Francisco earthquake, the odds are that you will be menaced with a pitchfork as you approach the front door. Still, many of our most famous self-made men have sold fruit trees in their younger days and many of our best citizens have bought them, which is an even break, all around, so far as results go.

Mr. Yoakum sold fruit trees in Texas. He didn't try to sell them. He sold them, which is an entirely different angle on the situation. Moreover, he sold books, and, graduating from that uplifting employment, he ran a dairy, all in Texas, where he was born about fifty years ago, he being a real Texan, and not a transplanted one, of whom there are so many in Texas' gigantic midst. These various activities were merely preliminary. The family ambition was that young Yoakum should become a minister. The boy compromised by becoming a railroad man. He got a job as rodman with a surveying party. Any young man who can sell fruit trees in Texas isn't going to remain long holding up a stick for a haughty surveyor to squint at, and Yoakum didn't. Pretty soon he was boss of the gang. That boss habit grew on him. He leaped lightly from bossery to bosshipimus, until now he bosses some seventeen thousand miles of railroads, is planning to build, and is building, a few thousand miles more to boss—leaped lightly from rodman on the International and Great Northern, touching a crag here and there along the way, until he is now head of the Rock Island and 'Frisco systems, with enough trackage under his control to give Mr. E. H. Harriman, one of our leading track accumulators, a stroke a hole and beat him out on the last green

There are several ends to the railroad business besides riding on the cars. It is quite essential, for example, after a road has been built, to operate it, and extremely desirable to find something with which to operate. The one-time plan of building a road by putting large advertisements in the papers, selling stock and using the proceeds to pay for the expenses of promotion and the printer who printed the stock is rapidly falling into disfavor. The very word railroad, separated into its component parts, signifies some rails and a road, and there is beginning to be a demand for a strict interpretation of the term. At that, not a few of our greatest railroad magnates experience much difficulty in distinguishing between a roundhouse and an interlocking switch, although being able to tell, with precision, where the various railroad posts are on the floor of the Stock Exchange; but there is a leaning, a trend, so to speak, toward railroads that really have rails

Looking back over those years when he sold fruit trees to the Texas farmers in the spring and books to them in the fall telling them how to make the trees grow, the friends of Mr. Yoakum assert that it was this experience that developed that side of his character that swings so strongly to actualities. Life is real and life is earnest to the fruit-tree and the book agent. Wherefore, when Yoakum passed all the preliminary gates in the railroad business he operated on the simple plan that the way to get a railroad system is to build a railroad system, acquire a right-of-way and lay tracks and run trains. A blueprint of a proposed system is a pretty thing and a stock certificate has its points of beauty, but for general utilitarian pulchritude a hundred miles of track extending into a new country has both beaten to a custard.

That, at least, has been the theory of Yoakum. After he had come to be the boss of the surveying gang on the International and Great Northern he rapidly went along through every phase of construction work, garnering bossships here and there, and learning that difficult trade with exactitude. Then he took another slant. He became land boomer for the Gould railroads. The Goulds had land and wanted people to buy it. Here is where the fruit-tree experience came into play. As has been remarked, any man who can sell fruit trees to farmers in Texas can sell anything to anybody, and Yoakum sold land: sold it by the township. Presently there came a scheme to build the San Antonio and Aransas Pass road, from Waco to the Gulf of Mexico. There wasn't much money available, but there was a fine opportunity for railroad building, and Yoakum built the road. The receivers arrived promptly on the first train, and the road was reorganized with B. D. Robinson as president. Yoakum was made assistant to the president.

His real railroad career began here. Yoakum tackled every end of the game. He learned the financial, the operating, the freight, passenger, auditing, buying—every angle of the business. Tall, broad-shouldered, a hearty, husky Texan, he dealt with Texans and all comers Texas-wise. There were several years of this until, in 1893, Robinson went to the Santa Fe. He took Yoakum with him and made the Texan general manager of the Texas division. Yoakum broadened his knowledge of the business on the Santa Fe. When Robinson went to the 'Frisco lines as president in 1897 Yoakum went along as vice-president, and two years later, when Robinson died, Yoakum became president. In 1905 the 'Frisco system allied itself with the Rock Island, and Yoakum became chairman of the board and executive head of both systems. The young Texan who used to sell fruit trees was chief of more than seventeen thousand miles of railroad, more miles of road than any man ever controlled before.

To-day he has an office in New York, where the financial and railroad people know him, but where the general public, familiar with the names of Morgan and Harriman and Gould, has little knowledge of this big, upstanding, red-blooded man who is such a power. Down in the Southwest everybody knows him. He has been a tremendous factor in the development of that country. When he took the 'Frisco it had but 1120 miles of track. When he allied it with the Rock Island it had 6016, all the additional road built by Yoakum. He did not wait for the development of a territory before building a road through it. He built the road and developed the territory himself. In addition to being a railroad man he is a pioneer. The farmers and ranchers of that wonderful country in the Southwest speak of him as an empire builder.

Yoakum has plans made for further development of the territory he has chosen as his own. During the next ten years he expects to build several thousand more miles of track, completing his dual system, rounding it out and tapping all that marvelously fertile agricultural and mineral country.

A Real Texan, and Not a Transplanted One

And, in addition to furnishing transportation for this country, Yoakum is also furnishing water for much of it, having an irrigation scheme, a ship canal scheme that will make Houston, Texas, a seaport, by digging a canal from Galveston, a plan to develop the great intercoastal plain of Texas, to bring immigrants in for all the Southwest, to irrigate the valley of the Rio Grande, to influence and control, in part at least, the commerce of the trans-Mississippi Valley. They call him Alexander the Great down there, and if they desire to be especially flossy they say his work is Promethean, which is going some, the idea being that Prometheus gave fire to man and Yoakum is giving water and transportation—fix up the connection to suit yourself. Those Southwesterners are so flowery.

Meantime, Yoakum has come to be a powerful figure in New York, where he directs his work. He marches elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder, as Robert W. Chambers would say, with the biggest financiers. There seems to be no disposition to call him a predatory plute. He has a sane view of the row between the Government and the railroads. And he lives on a farm out in Farmingdale, Long Island, which is where he picks those peaches, occasionally culling a choice one in the vicinity of Wall and Broad Streets, by way of variety.

The Rare Whiffletit

"FELLOW I knew," said Joe Ryan, the Chicago raconteur, "went into a restaurant one day and said: 'Waiter, what kind of fish have you?'

"'Oh,' said the waiter, 'all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, grayhngs, sea bass, weakfish, kingfish, perch ——'

"'Pshaw!' yawned the customer, 'cut that out. I'm tired of those common fishes. Ain't you got some new kind of fish, some kind I never ate before?'

"'Well,' said the waiter, 'the whiffletits is very fine this morning.'

"'What in thunder is a whiffletit?'

"'Why, don't a fish sharp like you know what a whiffletit is? Common enough here. You see, the whiffletit lives only in circular lakes. You go out and find a circular lake and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an auger and bore a hole in the water and bait it by putting a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whiffletit comes up to get the cheese, eats it, and it makes him swell up so he can't get back down the hole.'

"'Well,' said the customer, breathless, 'what then?'

"'Why,' replied the waiter, as he filled a glass with water, 'you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whiffletit to death. Want a few?'"

Taking a Chance on the Trunk

J. WILL DAVIS, the Chicago theatrical manager, used to live down South. On one of his visits to Texas he was talking with a native, discussing a man both knew.

"Oh," said the native, "he's one of them rough gamblers."

"'Rough gamblers'?" asked Davis. "What is a rough gambler?"

"Why," was the reply, "he is one of them fellers that cuts the straps on the boots of stage coaches and lets the trunks drop off into the road while the stage goes on, and takes a chance on what he finds in the trunk. Rough gambler, you know."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Professor Edward A. Ross, the Wisconsin University sociologist, roughs it in the roughest woods he can find every summer.

¶ Arthur Brisbane, the highest-salaried editor in captivity, always asks at least one question of everybody he meets, from waiter to President.

¶ Major John M. Carson, dean of the correspondents in Washington, is now chief of the Bureau of Manufactures, and editor of the consular reports.

¶ Charles Frohman, the theatrical magnate, will not have his picture taken. Mr. Frohman is short and fat, with a round and expansive face, if that helps any.

¶ J. Pierpont Morgan has his initials on the bands around his cigars, which are the long, black kind the captains of industry and finance always smoke. Price two dollars per copy.

¶ E. Berry Wall, who was New York's greatest dude twenty years ago, now confines his sartorial endeavors to waistcoats and spats. He got his clothes reputation when there was less competition than there is now.

STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Soft, yet firm, half yields to your body—yet supports it. Vermin-proof and needs no renovating except an occasional sunning.

Of Purest Springy Cotton

Squeeze a cotton boll tightly, then open your hand and notice with what elasticity the cotton springs back into shape.

What material could give more resiliency, more buoyancy to a mattress than pure, white springy cotton? And what material could be cleanlier, more hygienic, more certain to keep its freshness without "lumping" or "matting"?

The perfection of the Stearns & Foster Mattress is based not only on the most rigid inspection of the cotton used, but also on our specialized knowledge of the *right* way to make a mattress of real, lasting merit.

The Wonderful Web Process

employed by Stearns & Foster produces a mattress that hand labor could never make at any price. Long experience and special machinery make it possible for us to build a mattress as the architect builds a house, as the engineer builds a bridge—*to give service and to last.*

Our special machinery crosses and re-crosses the filmy cotton fibres into a continuous web. Forty of these buoyant webs, laid one upon another, make a layer and *nine* of these layers make a Stearns & Foster Mattress.

When the ticking has been put on and tufted, the mattress has been compressed to *one-sixth* of the original height of the fleecy layers. Is it any wonder that with such material, such a process and such compression, soft springiness and dependable durability are the result?

Four Grades of Superiority

Anchor Grade—Soft and springy, better than most $15 mattresses. Price . . . **$10.50**

Windsor Grade—A mattress that we guarantee is better than any other advertised make at any price. Full description below. Price . **$13.50**

Lenox Grade—A little better, a little more comfortable, a little more durable than either of the others, at **$16.00**

Style "A"—A mattress de luxe, in finest art tickings and most elaborate fancy finish. Superior to any mattress, of any material, at any price. Price . . . **$22.50**

Don't think for a minute that because Stearns & Foster Mattresses have four prices that there are any *poor* Stearns & Foster Mattresses.

Sixty (60) Nights' Free Trial

That is the Offer we make to YOU

Can you ask more? Sleep on a Stearns & Foster 60 nights, romp on it with the children, put it to any test you will. And at the end of 60 days, we will take it back again and *return your money* immediately if your satisfaction is not complete. Just notify your dealer or us that the mattress has been a disappointment and without question, quibble or argument, the mattress will be taken away and your money returned *at once.*

HAVE IT SENT C. O. D.

We'll make it more than easy for you to try a Windsor Grade, Stearns & Foster at **$13.50**

Send no money, just fill out the coupon and we will direct our dealer in your town to deliver C. O. D. and subject to 60 nights' trial the most popular mattress that we make. In every respect the superb quality of this mattress will be apparent to you. It is standard size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 6 ft. 4 in. long (*full 45 lbs.*). Its fine satin finish ticking is dust-proof and daintily beautiful in appearance. The tufting is of extra depth, giving exceptional springiness. Filled with pure *snow-white* cotton fibre, felted and laid by the "web-process." Dust and germ proof,—clean and fresh to-day and just as clean and fresh ten years from now. A mattress that will never need renovating except fresh air and sun, a mattress on which you can absolutely rely for nights of comfort for a lifetime.

Remember that you pay no money until you *see* the mattress, that you can look through the laced opening before the driver leaves the house and that the 60 nights' trial leaves no chance for an unsatisfactory bargain. There is no risk to you and little to us, for we are certain that you will never want to part with such a mattress.

Fill out the coupon to-day,—*now.* Paste it on a postal if you wish, and get it into the mail at once. We'll be just as prompt at our end and the mattress will be at your door before you know it.

S. E. P.

Stearns & Foster Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

COUPON

GENTLEMEN: Please direct your dealer in my town to deliver to me C. O. D. one Stearns & Foster (Windsor Grade) mattress. This order is given with the proviso that the mattress is returnable at any time within 60 days, and that in such case, the mattress will be removed without expense to me, and the purchase price will be refunded immediately without question or comment.

Name .....

Address .....

A Bed Room Book FREE

A book that, besides telling you all about Stearns & Foster Mattresses, describes and pictures the complete furnishings of the modern bedroom, as it should be. The noted authority, Isabel Gordon Curtis, writes fully in this book, of all that is best in hangings, wall coverings, furniture, linen, etc., that go to the making of a bedroom of refinement. Your name on a postal brings it with our compliments.

THE ST

Dept. P

FIV

& FOSTER RESS

Gives perfect *relaxation* and absolute *cleanliness.* Germ sun-bath. The same to-day, to-morrow and always.

See For Yourself what is in the very mattress that you buy. The laced opening in the end of every Stearns & Foster Mattress shows you of exactly what that particular mattress is filled. Isn't that better than buying from a *sample section* and *hoping* that your purchase is the same? And, moreover, with every Stearns & Foster there is a guarantee that, if at any time, you find the filling of your mattress *not* the same throughout as at the opening, your money will be refunded.

Can you buy by a safer method?

FURNITURE DEALERS READ THIS

The Stearns & Foster is the quickest, easiest seller of any mattress — it has the widest popularity. And this ever-increasing popularity isn't the result of our large advertising alone. The demand has been steadily growing because discriminating women are quick to recognize the superiority of Stearns & Foster Mattresses and to recommend them to their friends.

That is why it will pay *you* to carry them. That is why every sale you make is a creditable reflection on your whole store. There are still many towns left where we have no dealers

There are cities in which there is plenty of business for *more* dealers.

If *you* do not carry Stearns & Foster Mattresses, you are missing a good opportunity for getting a great deal of *new* business, created by the biggest and broadest campaign of mattress advertising ever planned and of which this two-page advertisement is an example. All our advertising works *through* the dealer—*for* the dealer. If you carry Stearns & Foster goods, you are absolutely sure to increase your sales in your mattress department.

We co-operate with you in every way we can. Our selling plan and advertising material will boom your whole line—not *indirectly*, but *directly*. If *you* are a Stearns & Foster dealer, don't *fail* to send for this plan. If you are *not*, fill in the coupon and mail to us at once. We will send you full particulars concerning our methods of dealer co-operation. It's surely worth a minute or two of your time and a postage stamp. Do it *now*.

TEARNS & FOSTER CO.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

E BRANCHES: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg

FOR DEALERS ONLY

S.E.P.

Stearns & Foster Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

GENTLEMEN: Kindly send me any matter of "dealer interest" that you may have concerning the Stearns & Foster Mattress and your methods of marketing same. Also full particulars concerning your retailer's selling plan, advertising material, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

Knapp-Felt

HATS for MEN

THE noticeable elegance of style which is a feature peculiar to Knapp-Felt cannot be successfully imitated in any other hat-fabric because it is produced by the trained hand of a skilled C & K workman. The foundation is a combination of the finest materials and fifty years of experience in making fine hats in the Crofut & Knapp shop.

A Knapp-Felt derby brings to its owner the satisfaction of wearing a hat which is the expression of an artistic ideal rather than a machine-made product.

The fall shapes which are now on sale throughout the United States are correct in style and of unquestionable taste, the colors are of the steadfast Cronap dye and the quality is the highest reached in hat-manufacture.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Knapp-Felt De Luxe Derbies or soft hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Seeing the Campaign

Everybody at His Post

THIS is the most numerously-committeed Presidential contest the world has ever known. Whenever Chairman Hitchcock has not been conferring he has been appointing committees, and every time Hitchcock sprung a new one, Chairman Mack, not to be outdone, produced two. The result is, that if all the Republicans who are on committees vote for Taft and all the Democrats who are on committees vote for Bryan, the Hearst party will hold the balance of power. Any person above the age of twenty-one, who is entitled to a vote and who has not been placed on a committee by Mack or Hitchcock, has a legitimate kick coming.

Mr. Hitchcock started things committee-wise when he appointed his executive committee of the national committee. That was the one he picked out himself, leaving off Harry New, of Indiana, and Signor Scotty, of West Virginia, which caused loud cries; and putting on Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and T. Coleman Du Pont, of Delaware, which elicited excited exclamations. Seeing this, and going it several better, Chairman Mack appointed his executive committee of the national committee, containing twice as many patriots as Mr. Hitchcock's and including Mr. Mack, himself, as chairman. Then Mr. Hitchcock had a few heart-to-heart talks with Candidate Taft and appointed an advisory committee, including thereon Mr. Arthur Vorys, of Ohio, and Mr. Charles P. Taft, of the same State, whom he had carelessly overlooked before that time in the distribution of important assignments; and setting thereon, also, John Hays Hammond, who ran for Vice-President on a box of forty-cent cigars and had strong assurances of support from various alternates to the convention, only they wouldn't let the alternates vote, and William Nelson Cromwell, who may be said to be able to find his way around Wall Street without a guide, and Judge Richard A. Ballinger, of Washington, who tried to reform the Land Office and experienced all the pleasant sensations of a man falling off the Singer Building without a parachute, and a few others.

Mr. Mack had a fine, housebroken general committee, including Judge Parker, to give it weight, and a choice selection of men who had voted for Bryan and men who hadn't. Accepting the defi, he produced an Eastern committee that ranged from Tom Johnson, of Ohio, to Herman Ridder, of New York, quite a range, by the way, with considerable fences up. After that it was a mad struggle.

Hitchcock appointed sub-advisory committees and Mack put out a few sub-sub of the same. Hitchcock threw in a handful of financial committees and Mack called him with an equal number. Hitchcock appointed committees on card-indexes, on conferences, on the best way to ride on a train all the time and appear to be doing something, on literature, art, music, the proper way to eat corn off the cob, how to be happy though conferring, the Barbison school of art as applied to campaign buttons, the ethics and theory of the clam, the exact line between corporations and corporators, fat men's clubs, money, money, money and money, and the advisability of putting Taft's picture on the postage stamps used by the publicity bureau—pardon—the literary bureau.

"Ha," said Chairman Mack, "a mere piker, this Hitchcock. I shall show him how to appoint committees," and he did. Mack put out select combinations on speakers, orators, spellbinders and the Honorable Bourke Cockran, money, how to keep Marse Henry Watterson employed, what to do with Judge Parker, money, organization of Bryan men, organization of anti-Bryan men, money, organization of all other kinds of Bryan men, money, the dark-colored vote, the light-colored vote, the vote of all other colors, money, should a national committeeman carry his toothbrush in his vest pocket? money, discover the best use for the bathrooms in the suite in the Hoffman House occupied by the committee, are the Irish for Taft? should John Kern shave his whiskers to get the barber vote? money and MONEY.

It will soon be time to purchase or exchange your present piano for a player-piano. When that time comes there are three things it will pay you to remember—

There is just as big a difference in player-pianos as there is in pianos.

The chief difference in player-pianos—the difference that really counts—is in the facilities with which the instrument provides you for rendering music properly.

There is only one instrument, *one player-piano only*, whose expression devices cover every requirement necessary to the correct production of every class of music, and whose equipment of expression devices enables you to produce music of the highest and most artistic kind.

That Instrument is the

ANGELUS PLAYER PIANO

THE MELODANT
the wonderful new device which brings out the complete melody clearly and correctly subordinating the accompaniment and emphasizing the melody notes.

THE PHRASING LEVER
enabling you to retard or accelerate at will—to pause on any particular phrase or rest on any note. By this means the most delightful tempo effects may be secured.

DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS
increase or decrease the blow of the fingers. This gradation of volume is accomplished either gradually or instantly, which gives the effect of the human touch to your playing.

THE MELODY BUTTONS
provide a means for accenting properly in either bass or treble.

The little ANGELUS, in the form of a small portable cabinet, plays any make or style of piano. The ANGELUS is also incorporated in the world-famous Knabe Piano and in the Emerson Piano, making the KNABE-ANGELUS and the EMERSON-ANGELUS.

It is an obvious and indisputable fact that the expression devices of the ANGELUS player-piano are more complete and more practical than those of any other instrument. If you make your purchase before satisfying yourself of the truth of this, you'll be making a very serious mistake.

Unless you are provided with expression devices which allow for the proper degree of musical expression, you will not be satisfied for any length of time with either your instrument or the music it enables you to produce.

When you are ready to purchase, remember that it is simply a case of satisfaction or the disappointing reverse. It will pay you, therefore, to make a thorough investigation of the ANGELUS player-piano before deciding finally on any other.

Write for name of convenient representative

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

MERIDEN, Conn. Regent House, Regent St., LONDON

Every-thing in its Place

—

And a Place for Every-thing

Double Your Closet Room

—

Double the Life of Your Clothes

A quarter of a million in daily use—in spite of our "Money Back" Guarantee—surely demonstrates the practical need of Goodform Closet Sets. No house is complete without them. **Clothes-Preservers, Space-Economizers, Time-Savers.** Not ordinary "Clothes Hangers," which destroy shape, but Goodform Hangers which are right. Cost a little more because they are right. The Shelf Bar and Door Loop use up your waste closet space. With these a small closet is big enough, and you have—great convenience, no confusion, no hunting—you find what you want in a moment. Your clothing deserves good care—dress in Goodform. Keep the garments right—save the cost and damage of the pressing iron.

Goodform DeLuxe Set for Men $4.50 Delivered. Each Set in Separate Box.	Goodform DeLuxe Set for Women $4.50 Delivered. Each Set in Separate Box.
6 Coat Hangers No. 21 Adjustable	6 Coat Hangers No. 21 Adjustable
6 Trousers Hangers No. 41 or No. 51, Cloth Lined	6 Skirt Hangers No. 47
1 Each Shelf Bar and Door Loop	1 Each Shelf Bar and Door Loop
1 Shoe Rail No. 27	1 Shoe Rail No. 27

Each article handsomely nickel plated. Trousers Hanger No. 51 is same as No. 41 except that it folds into smaller space for traveling.

Six Months' Test Use the Goodform set six months and return it if you please and your money will be cheerfully refunded. No one wants his money back, but we are ready if you do. If you buy from dealers this guarantee is good. If you don't find Goodform readily, order direct; the goods will reach you through a dealer or by paid express. See cost of separate items in the engraving below. Everything delivered for the price. Booklet for the asking.

CHICAGO FORM COMPANY, 113 Franklin St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Real Pearl or Imitation?

THERE can be no two ways about it. With your business paper it is simply a question of which is best qualified to represent your house, your goods, and yourself—Bond or near-bond.

COUPON BOND

THE DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER

is *real bond*, made of real rag, new rag, without an atom of wood pulp in it. It is as superior to ordinary bond papers as real pearl is to imitation.

JUDGE IT YOURSELF

Write us on your business letterhead for samples of this splendid paper in all colors, and compare it, side by side, with the paper you are using. If you are looking for a paper whose wearing-power, working-power and impressing-power stands out head and shoulders above any other bond, this test will show you exactly how to get it.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.

Largest Manufacturers of Writing, Book and Cover, and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickeled Box—Hinged Top

The use of Williams' Shaving Stick is not an automatic habit. Its users choose it deliberately each time because there's no other like it.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON

TUCSON, ARIZONA

The [illegible] business and mining center of the Southwest. [illegible] Jan. 1, 1909 [illegible] 650. Merging in and [illegible] mountains and Arizona Canyons [illegible] opportunities. Intensive farming [illegible] the dairy business [illegible] special rate water in Tucson. A warm winter climate and ideal tourist resort.

Write Chamber of Commerce for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

15 CENTS [illegible] weeks. [illegible] weekly [illegible] fairly and briefly for busy readers. Many special features of great interest. It is sincere, reliable, entertaining. This paper for the home. $1 year, takes place of $3 to $5 papers. Try it. 13 weeks for 15c. The Pathfinder, Washington, D. C.

The Pathfinder $1 A Year Every Week THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW

Reaching out of the window in the tower across Madison Square, Chairman Hitchcock flung a fresh committee every hour at Chairman Mack. Promptly, on the half-hour, Chairman Mack leaned out of the Hoffman House and threw a new committee back. It was great. There were so many committees appointed on both sides that it was deemed advisable to hire Madison Square Garden for them to meet in. And this was in New York merely. Out in Chicago they had committees until the Lake Front was all cluttered up and Montgomery Ward issued a proclamation demanding that they get off the grass or he would shoo them across the Illinois Central tracks into the water.

Meantime, however, the Republican Advisory Committee was perfectly calm. Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, Mr. W. Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, retained their unruffled composure, were non-emotional to a degree. Instead of mixing with the crush of committees they sedately hired a large section of the Waldorf-Astoria, put Elmer Dover on guard, and conducted their advisory affairs in a dignified and gentlemanly manner. Far be it from them to advise among the hurly-burly, out in the vulgar open.

The Republican Advisory Committee considers itself a sort of a preceptor for young Mr. Hitchcock. If he doesn't come around and be precepted, he will be led in by the ear and precepted, kindly but firmly. He will take his advice at the Waldorf, not at the Metropolitan Life Building. Still, that is neither here nor there—barring the fact that it will be there; but a calm survey of the field leads to the conclusion that Mr. Mack put it all over Mr. Hitchcock in one way. Mack appointed himself chairman of all his own committees. Mr. Hitchcock let that be assumed. Some of his committeemen, in a manner of speaking, are not good assumers.

Some fiend in human form, writing for the ribald press, put out the story, with great circumstance and detail, that the Republicans had decided not to pay their patriotic orators this year: that all the silver-tongued would be obliged to get out on the stump and exalt the glory of Mr. Taft for nothing, save a beggarly allowance for expenses. The patriots rose up at this and emitted the loud honk-honk. Calling to mind the revered Hanna, who paid them all, they asked what sort of degenerate days they had fallen on. It is hard enough for a man to get enough once in four years to tide him over a winter, but when that beggarly pittance is cut off, what is there to all this talk of loyalty to party, anyhow, and what are the rates for good, two-hour boys of the political ballyhoo offered by the Democrats? It seemed for a time that the country was to be overrun with "distinguished orators and statesmen, formerly acting with the Republican party, but now converted to the policies of Mr. Bryan and taking the stump for him," as the Democratic publicity artists would have put it; but Chairman Hitchcock saw the difficulty and came marching to the front.

"'Tis not so!" he intimated. "The Republican party, knowing the loyalty and unselfishness of this noble band of men who for many campaigns have toured the country and proclaimed the immortal principles of the G. O. P., without thought of ulterior reward, except a hundred a night and expenses, with nothing but the success of our standard-bearers at heart, will do no such ungenerous thing as to refuse them their perquisites. The laborers are worthy of their hire—no, I do not mean hire—honorarium. Let it not be said that any orator refrained from urging on the people that their salvation lay in voting for that noble countenance, William H. Taft, merely because he didn't get his wages. Knowing, as we do, that these sturdy Republicans and patriots place fealty to party far above mere money, and that they are wedded to the principles of the present Administration, we shall pay them their prices and thus secure their unselfish services."

That announcement came in the nick of time. The crowds around Chairman Du Pont's door in New York and Chairman Borah's door in Chicago had become clamorous. All the gentlemen who had proffered their services to help along the cause, merely accepting a tithe of what they were worth in the way of influencing votes, saw dreary winters ahead of them. They demanded their rights. All patriots, of

Stein-Bloch Styles *for* Fall & Winter

THEY are now ready for you at the best clothing store in your town.

This means more than the mere fact that designers and cutters have completed their work of offering something new.

It means that fashions and weaves being made up at *this moment* by the foremost tailors abroad and at home, for their most particular customers, are placed *now, at the same time*, within reach of you and your pocket book.

We have made the round for you, as your commissioners, to the world's fashion centers here and abroad. For months the pick weaves of the best looms have been submitted to us.

We have worked the styles and woolens into shape, have given them form in suits and overcoats that will appeal to the good taste of the modern American—and fit him better than most high-priced made-to-order clothes.

We have put into them the qualities that make for fit and for style; and offer our results at a price whose fairness is made possible only by wise management and long experience.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

This Label stands for 54 Years of Knowing How. Found in every coat.

In "Smartness," which will be mailed free on application, are correctly presented the most favored men's styles for Fall and Winter.

The Stein-Bloch Co.

Tailors for Men

Offices & Shops Rochester, N.Y.

New York 130-132 Fifth Avenue

Mallory

CRAVENETTE HATS

have style. They are in demand by men who pride themselves on being correct in every detail of their apparel.

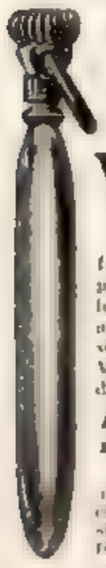
They have quality—since 1823 Mallory Hats have held the highest reputation in the hat trade of the country.

Besides—Mallory Cravenette Hats have *what no other hat can have*—the *weather-proof quality* gained by the famous cravenetting process controlled absolutely by E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc., for hats. This process does not change the texture of the material—but simply renders all Mallory Hats proof against rain and sun. They will not fade nor spot. They outlast all other hats.

For sale by dealers everywhere
Derbies and Soft, $3, $3.50, $4.

Write for free illustrated booklet on hat styles.

E. A. Mallory & Sons, Inc., 13 Astor Place,
Cor. Broadway, New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.



Kept in order FREE for five years.

Thin Model Watch—$7.85

Men's model, seven-jewel movement, open face, gold-filled case guaranteed 20 years, plain polished or engine turned, stem wind and set, lever escapement, improved train, finely balanced, breguet hairspring, white enamel dial with Arabic figures. Retail jewelers ask $12. We are manufacturers' brokers and fill orders direct from makers—at great saving to you.

Any dissatisfaction on receipt of watch means your money back without question

Hundreds order direct from this advertisement. If you want more information before ordering write for illustrated booklet "B," showing our complete line. Write us for prices on anything you need in jewelry.

Hunt & McCree, Manufacturers' Brokers, 150 Nassau Street, New York

6% This bank issues Certificates of Deposit yielding 6%, which afford the most convenient method of banking. Please write for Booklet "S."

FIRST TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONT

course, they wanted the price. And they are going to get it. Wherefore, the month of October will witness the progress back and forth of all the old boys we know so well, whooping it up for Taft at a set figure for each whoop, and here and there a Representative in Congress or a Senator whooping it up, too, and getting more per whoop than the old boys, which is proper, for they are the headliners of the show, but very keen about their honorariums. The Honorable Bourke Cockran, it is proper to remark just here, will appear exclusively this fall in support of Mr. Bryan. Having spoken for all parties in the past, Mr. Cockran is well and favorably known, and his advocacy of Mr. Bryan will be warmly received, despite peevish editors of hidebound partisan papers who may go back to the files and cut out the speeches he made against Mr. Bryan in 1896, for comparison in the deadly parallel.

This magnanimity on the part of Mr. Hitchcock caused almost as much joy as did that remark of Chairman Mack's that he had plenty of money, which was seized upon by the opposition press and played up with enormous headlines. What Mr. Mack meant, as he has explained many times since, was that he had plenty of money for the time being, that he had enough to rent offices and get letterheads printed for his committees. The impression gained ground, however, that Mr. Mack had tons of it, that he was giving it out with both hands, and there was a rush for his room in the Hoffman House that made the hallway look like the Brooklyn Bridge entrance on a busy night.

In vain Mack explained. No explanations went. What the patriots wanted was some of the money. They had seen it in the papers and it must be true. Mack insisted it was all a joke. The patriots told him he was a poor humorist, the worst they ever saw. Mack said he meant he hadn't been hampered for office rent as yet, but, so far as having large gobs of money to spend, he really had nothing. The patriots shouted a derisive "Yah-h-h!" and held out eager hands. They are yet demanding some of it, and Mack is gloomily wondering if, all things considered, he wouldn't have been happier if he had been born dumb.

Gradually, the two candidates are now getting into the swing. By the time this is printed they will be out full cry, making speeches from every promontory, projection and hillside in the country. Bryan had a plan to speak only in the large cities, but all that has been changed, and he will once again make the experiment of trying to solidify noise into votes. Taft has been bitten by the bug. He will be sky-hooting around very soon, if the stories of his intentions are true.

It has been so in every campaign. Candidates start out with muzzles on. Pretty soon they have discarded the muzzles and have secured megaphones. Every campaign manager gets a series of convulsive scares during a campaign. They come regularly about ten days apart. Then he rushes to his candidate and tells him he must get out and stir up the voters, that all will be lost unless the great masses of the people are brought to a realizing sense of their responsibilities, and away the candidates go. If it were not for the chills the campaign managers get there would be no fun in a campaign at all

Vermont and Maine having spoken, in no uncertain tones, as has been pointed out by both managers and all the press agents, the campaign is now on its last lap. Carefully analyzing the results in both States, putting the explanations of the campaign managers side by side, realizing that the fight in Vermont was a local railroad one and the fight in Maine a local liquor one, it can be said, without fear of successful contradiction, that as went Vermont and Maine so went the Green Mountain and the Pine Tree States, which is as explanatory and convincing as anything that has hitherto been put out on the subject.

And while Mr. Bryan was adding constantly to his itineraries, Mr. Taft was fishing for bass. Strangely enough, Mr. Taft caught the most fish, the largest fish and about all the fish. Strangely enough also, he was not seasick when everybody else was. Marvelous man, Taft! Great golfer! Great fisherman! Fine sailor! Hot horseback rider. Always has everybody else faded to a pin-point whenever he tackles anything. Nice, friendly lot of boys who are writing the stuff about him, too.

Pilling & Madeley

the name behind the sock for service.

Sock-service means not only long wear, but good fit, solid comfort, fast colors, and lasting beauty.

While Pilling & Madeley Socks are assured long wear by our careful selection of the finest long-staple combed yarns, they are also knit on machines that automatically shape the sock to conform to the foot. They are knit without hard seams. The colors are made from permanent stainless dyes, and give a brilliancy that will not wash-out nor fade.

"Pilling & Madeley" stands for over forty years of good sock-making; for square dealing; for absolute satisfaction or your money back. It guarantees *real* service. And you get this real service every time you get a pair of socks with "Pilling & Madeley" stamped on them.

Ask your dealer for Pilling & Madeley Socks. If he hasn't them write us his name, and we'll see that you get them. Write for book "The Sock for Service."

PILLING & MADELEY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA
Established 1865

RICE & HUTCHINS
WORLD SHOEMAKERS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

All America Shoes are Sold Everywhere!

We have seven large factories supplying shoes for "the whole family" which are sold the world over. Our various brands stand for the best, and are retailed at prices consistent with honest material and workmanship. Like all our shoes they fit right, look right and wear right.

Among the numerous brands, we make the following: "All America," Educator, Signet, R. & H. Special, Mayfair, Hard Knocks, Old Homestead, Water King, etc.

Ask your dealer for our line.

"Wearers of Rice & Hutchins Shoes are comfortably, tastefully and economically shod."

Write to-day for Our Family Footwear Catalogue.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., Dept. A, 10 and 12 High St.
BOSTON, MASS.

Men's All America $4.00

Digs a Hole in 3 Minutes

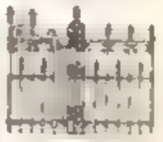
—in any kind of soil—three feet deep. Fine for wells. Handiest tool you ever saw. The **Iwan Post Hole Auger** is a wonder-worker on new principle. Ask your dealer to see it. You'll want it SURE.

IWAN BROS Dept 105 STREATOR ILL.

Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence

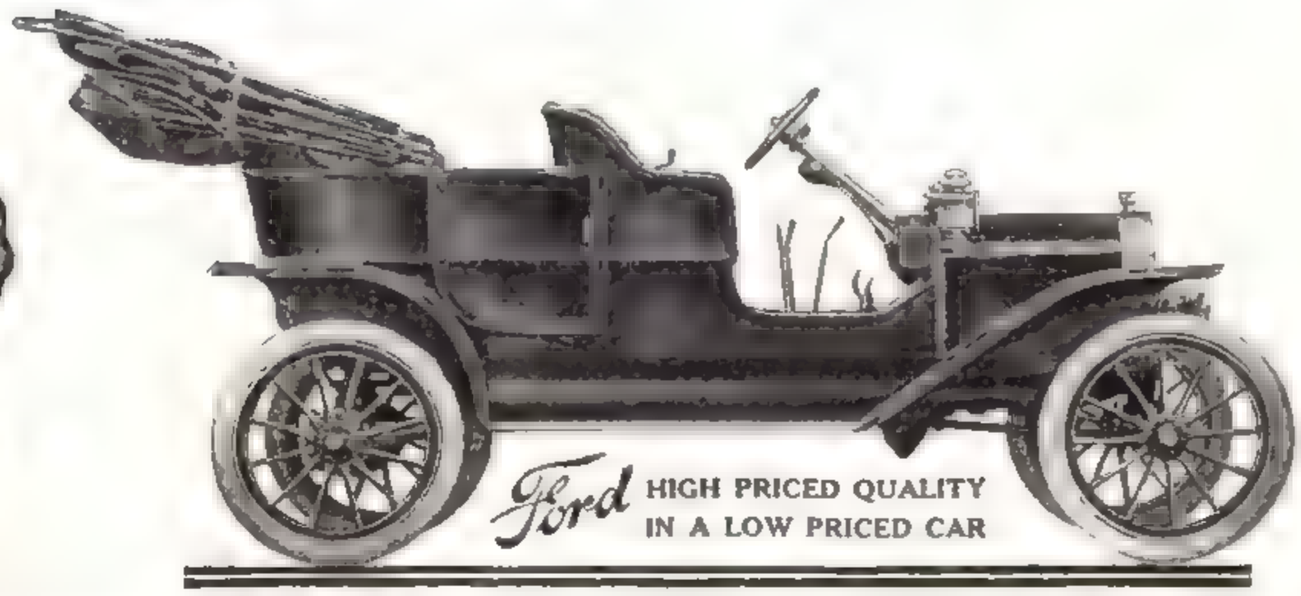
Cheaper than wood, combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries. Send for Free Catalog. Address

The Ward Fence Co.
Box 735 Decatur Ind



Use Any Pen Point with Sanford's Fountain Penholder

The Sanford Pen Co.
157 E. 103th St
Cleveland, O



Ford HIGH PRICED QUALITY IN A LOW PRICED CAR

The Ford Four Cylinder, Twenty Horse Power, Five Passenger Touring Car $850.00 Fob. Detroit

THE one real automobile value among all the "season sensation" announcements is this big, roomy, powerful five-passenger touring car at the hitherto unheard of price of $850.00. A car that possesses at least equal value with any "1909" car announced, and at the same time sells for several hundred dollars less than the lowest of the rest.

Compare the following features of the new Ford car with those of any higher priced car offered and see if you can justify in your own mind the additional expenditure that buying any other car involves.

The Model T is a 4-cylinder, 20 h. p., five-passenger family car—powerful, speedy and enduring,—a car that looks good and is as good as it looks. Built in our own shops, it is not an "assembled" car.

It is supplied with a unit power plant—and the magneto is an integral part of same, a guaranteed trouble-less magneto,—cylinders are cast in one block with detachable head, rendering all parts easily accessible.

A 3-bearing crank shaft insures perfect alignment. A cam shaft with 8 cams integral, guarantees proper valve operation. Crank and cam shafts drop-forged, each from a single non-welded Vanadium steel ingot.

Steering gear on left-hand side,—the logical side for American roads.

Car is shaft driven through one universal joint to Ford system of final drive. Patented in all countries. The system acknowledged to be the only adequate solution of the problem of delivering power to the wheels.

Vanadium steel is used throughout the entire car wherever strength is necessary. The axles, shafts, connecting rods, springs, gears, brackets, etc., are all of Vanadium steel,—each from a separate formula and all especially heat-treated in our own plant and from our own analyses. We defy anyone to break a Ford Vanadium steel part with any test or strain less than 50% greater than is required to put any other special automobile steel entirely out of business.

The weight of the car is only 1,200 lbs.—brought about by scientific construction and the use of Vanadium steel. Not an ounce of necessary weight sacrificed, not an ounce of dead weight in the car.

The importance of this light weight is vast. M. Michelin, noted tire expert, in a paper recently read before the French Society of Civil Engineers, said: "The total travel of which a tire is capable is inversely proportional to the cube of the weight which it carries." If the load is doubled the average wear and tear is multiplied by eight, if the weight of the car is increased 33⅓% the life of the tire is decreased one-half. The effect on gasoline and oil consumption and the need for repairs is similar.

That is one of the reasons the Ford car will run more miles for less money than any other touring car manufactured.

One-hundred-inch wheel base, 56-inch tread, 30-inch wheels, 3½-inch tire rear, 3-inch front; gasoline capacity, 10 gallons—225 to 250 miles; long, clean-cut lines throughout, handsomely finished, and you have the specifications on the real automobile value of this year and next and a couple more thereafter.

We make no apologies for the price,—any car now selling up to several hundred dollars more could, if built from Ford design, in the Ford factory, by Ford methods, and in Ford quantities, be sold for the Ford price if the makers were satisfied with the Ford profit per car.

Your guarantee that this car is all we claim—and our claims are broad—is in the reputation of Henry Ford, who never designed or built a failure, and in the reputation of the Ford Motor Company, who have built $20,000,000.00 worth of successful cars of Ford design in the same factory, with the same organization and system, and bearing the same imprint that the Model T is manufactured under. It's the guarantee of works as well as words

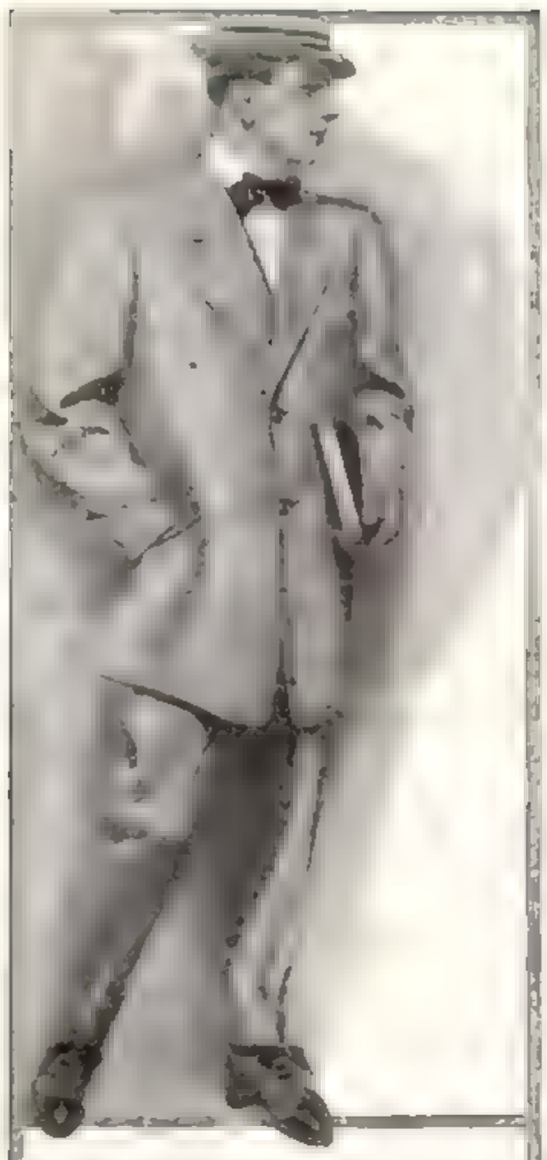
Delivery began October 1st, orders filled in rotation. Cars can be seen at all branch stores; get a demonstration if you are near by, if not, write your order either for immediate shipment or definite future delivery

FURTHER details in catalog, which is yours for the asking.

Ford Motor Company
266 Piquette Ave.
Detroit

BRANCHES:—
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle.
Paris, France. London, England. Canadian Trade:—Ford Motor Company, of Canada, Ltd. Walkerville Ont. Branch, Toronto.

Ford



SOCIETY BRAND Clothes are different yet dignified. They embody the three essentials of good clothes, Quality, Workmanship and Good Form. Add just a touch of youthful and the result is Society Brand.

Made in Chicago by
Alfred Decker & Cohn
Sold through the better clothiers

Society Brand

BRAVING A PANIC

The Value of an Open Throttle on an Up-Grade

By George F. Stratton

WHILE the diversity of opinion as to who or what caused the recent panic is very great, the methods of meeting that panic—by the manufacturing, distributing and transportation managers—have placed such men in two distinct classes: one great, the other small. Those of the larger class sought shelter in retrenchment and economy, but the others, more courageous and refusing to side-step, hit the bugaboo "one for itself," and wherever the blow was whole-souled and whole-muscled the result was gratifying and remunerative.

At the commencement of the trouble the sales-manager of a certain great cereal-food manufacturing company received notice that, in accordance with a policy of general retrenchment, the appropriation for advertising would be cut one-half. Whereupon he rushed to the manager's office and put in such a vigorous kick, accompanied by howls, as to cause that gentleman to declare that he was pained.

"You must realize," he said, "that, in view of the undoubted curtailment of business, a corresponding curtailment of expense is absolutely necessary."

"I realize the probable curtailment of business, all right," exploded the sales-manager; "it'll be dead sure to be a great deal worse than we expect if you cut us down! You're shutting off the steam on an up-grade, and the instant my force sees that they'll go all to pieces. We shall lose ground that it will take us years to recover."

"You are pessimistic," reproved the manager. "We have not yet suggested laying off any of the traveling men."

"I know that, sir; but you might as well! If we cut the advertising we show a want of confidence that'll throw all my men off their feet."

"It is but temporary, Leadenthall," still insisted the manager. "The general outlook for the country is so excellent that within a year the sun will shine as brightly as ever. Then we'll pursue our usual aggressive campaign. Every conservative business is being adjusted to meet the conditions. An optimistic view, coupled with strict economy, will carry every one through safely."

"If every one else is lying down," urged Leadenthall, "it's just our chance to jump in and take advantage of them. What do we care about the expenses other men are saving if we land the orders?"

This was a new view to the manager, and it was urged so persistently and so forcibly that the appropriation was actually increased, instead of cut. The effect on the sales force was electrical, and the annual report of that company, recently filed, shows an output fully as large as that of the preceding banner year.

In a manufacturing town in New England the weekly pay-rolls of the various industries dropped from $350,000—which was distributed in September, 1907—to $212,000 in February, 1908. Not only were employees working on short time, but numbers were laid off—over four thousand hands at one mill alone being dropped from the pay-roll. Retailers and landlords felt the restricted expenditure severely, and the city fathers, virtuously and sagely wrinkling their brows into lines which read "Economy!" added to the general demoralization by stridently whining "Retrenchment!" in the ears of every department chief and stopping all betterment operations. Almost every business man in that town was more feverishly engaged in cutting down expenses than in upholding his output.

There was one bright exception. A real-estate owner and practical builder at the onset of the "panic" had plans ready for the erecting of ten three-tenement blocks on land in the vicinity of the largest mills. These were to be of the usual type in that town: six rooms, with bath and pantry, open plumbing and furnace, renting for $5.50 and $6.50 weekly. In February, disregarding the pessimistic attitude of

WHY wear suspenders with buckles moved high or on your shoulders when you can get suspenders to fit? Gordons are made in sizes to fit short and medium and tall men. Ask a man who wears non-elastic suspenders if he likes them better than elastic suspenders and he'll say "Yes, so much better." There's a feeling of certainty with non-elastic suspenders—a snug, completely dressed feeling—your trousers always stay well up without need of raising the suspender buckles every now and then. Wear Gordons and the bottoms of your trousers won't trail in the dust or flap in the wet. Non-elastic Gordons never grow longer—they stay fit, and your trousers hang properly

GORDON SUSPENDERS

THEY NEVER GROW LONGER

1—Buttonholes in the back ends are not cut in—they are woven in the weaving, which makes but one layer of material.
2—Patented stretch-proof ends.
3—Lapped, double stitched and clasped cannot separate.
4—The sliding back takes the place of rubber in the shoulder parts.
5—Substantial but light in weight, elastic suspender webbing.
6—Once fitted the buckles need never be raised. On elastic suspenders buckles need frequent raising.
7—Ends unhitch and connect quickly—unnecessary to unbutton the—grip is convenient, simple, strong.
8—Tube through which the cable yarn ends run without hitch. Keeps all clean and allows free action.
9—White cable yarn ends are the strongest of all suspender ends. Proof—our one year guarantee.
10—Double cable yarn buttonholes which cannot tear. Buttonholes in leather do widen and tear.

Gordons have enough of the best rubber in the back ends to relieve the strain on the back buttons when you bend, but have no rubber in the shoulder parts, no rubber is needed—the sliding back takes the place of rubber and leaves your shoulders free and easy.

OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE—If ends break within one year we give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we give a new pair of Gordon Suspenders FREE.

Gordons are made in sizes 33, 35, 37 and 40 inches. Size is on every pair. When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button.

Gordons are now sold in a large number of cities. Being NEW they are not yet on sale everywhere. Any painstaking retailer should gladly get Gordons for you. If he will not, buy of us by mail. 50 CENTS A PAIR, POSTPAID. After one week's wear if you don't like Gordons send them back, and we will return your money. Please try your home stores first.

Black, White and Plain Colors, also stripes.

GORDON MFG. CO., 281 Main Street, New Rochelle, N.Y.

I Can't Fill It

IF a good position were offered you today, would you have to "turn it down" because you lack the necessary training? Even if you accepted the position, could you hold it, or would your lack of training compel you to step out in favor of a *better* trained man?

How can you expect a successful career unless you build it on a good foundation? *Utilize your spare moments—study at home*—fit yourself properly to meet opportunity—then you will succeed. The American School of Correspondence will tell you how if you'll clip the coupon and mail it *today*.

The American School has helped 80,000 people to better positions. It is the only correspondence school in the country which makes a *specialty* of engineering instruction. Its staff is composed of men who have had years of actual experience in their special fields.

Consult these experienced men—get their advice—profit by their years of hard experience. Let them help you plan a *paying* career. Remember, *sending the coupon places you under no obligation.*

We employ no agents. We talk to you by mail only

American School of Correspondence
CHICAGO.

COUPON—Clip and Mail To-day

SAT. EVE. POST, 10-3-08

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE,

Please send me FREE Illustrated 200-page [illegible] engineering information. I am interested in the [illegible] marked "X"

Mechanical Drawing	Telephone Practice
Electrical Engineering	Telegraphy
Mechanical Engineering	Shop Practice
Stationary Engineering	Heating Ventilating and Plumbing
Structural Engineering	College Prep Course
Civil Engineering	

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

By This Label I Know

"Porosknit"
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Coolest Underwear Ever Made for Summer Wear

Elastic, perfect-fitting, durable—and feels so comfortable. You can get genuine "Porosknit" *only* with *this label* in it

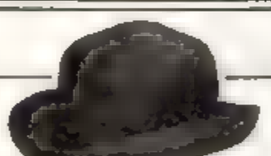
For Sale Everywhere

For Men	50c ea. $1.00	Shirts and Drawers Union Suits	25c ea. 50c
			For Boys

Chalmers Knitting Co., 1 Washington St. Amsterdam, N.Y.

Class and Fraternity Pin Jeweler

Loving Cups, Badges, Medals, and Phi Beta Kappa Keys
Send for my free illustrated 1908 catalog.
FREDERICK T. WIDMER, 39 West Street, Boston



English Knockabout Hat $1.00

Not a fad, but a stylish, serviceable Hat that would sell for $2.00 in almost any Hat store. It is made of genuine English Felt, with flexible sweat band and trimmed with neat, narrow outside band suitable for dress and business. It can be folded in a coat and carried without damaging. Just the thing for any and all purposes—traveling, motoring, golfing, fishing, hunting, yachting, etc. Every man and boy should have one of these hats. All sizes. Four colors:—Black, Brown, Gray and Gray Mixture. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid, securely packed, on receipt of $1.00.

Order today, stating size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Panama Hat Co., 181 William St., New York City

Everybody Wants
The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe
Moisture Proof Sole. A postal [illegible]
THE CUMMINGS CO. Dept. "V"
405 Washington Street, Boston

Weis Four Drawer, Vertical Letter File $12
(F. O. B. Monroe)

5,000 Letters in this drawer, filed any way your business finds best.

5,000 Letters in this drawer, and any one of them easily and quickly found.

5,000 Letters in this drawer, or equal bulk of catalogs, papers or documents.

5,000 Letters in this drawer, kept in compact, convenient shape by our patent follower.

20,000 Letters in all, equal in capacity to any file made at any price.

Solid Oak. Our thoroughly seasoned, [illegible] No pasteboard fibre or other substitutes.

Dust Proof. Drawers have solid, high sides, making them perfectly dust proof.

Roller Bearings. No matter what you pay for a file you cannot get a better smoother running device than this.

Finish. All outside surfaces of our files are [illegible] in Weathered or Golden Oak, oxidized metal fittings.

Other Sizes.—3 drawers, - - $9.75
2 drawers, - - 6.75
All f. o. b. Monroe

Bill and Legal sizes at proportionately low prices.

On Approval [illegible]

Weis Mfg. Co., 84 Union St., Monroe, Mich.

WATER

For Your Country or Suburban Home

An Abundant Supply Delivered Under Strong Pressure to All Fixtures

YOUR country or suburban home can be provided with all the sanitary conveniences and comforts which are possible with the best city water works system. You can have an abundant supply of water, delivered under strong pressure to all fixtures and hydrants to the bathroom, kitchen, laundry, lawn, garden, barn—anywhere.

This service will be yours, day after day for a lifetime, if you install the

Kewanee System of Water Supply

With the Kewanee System, there is no elevated or other tank to freeze, overflow, leak or collapse. Instead, a Kewanee Pressure Tank is located in the cellar or buried in the ground, and the water is delivered by air pressure.

Over eight thousand Kewanee Systems in successful operation, supplying water for country and suburban residences, clubs, farms, schools, public and private institutions, etc.

The Kewanee System is not an imitation—it is not a substitute. It is the original water supply system involving the use of air pressure instead of gravity pressure. We shall be pleased to send you catalog and complete information about the Kewanee System. Look for our trade mark on tanks, pipes, fittings and pumping machinery. Get the genuine and you will take no chances—we guarantee that.

Expert engineering service is free. Every Kewanee System is individually designed for the particular place where it is to operate. Write for our complete illustrated catalog No. 38

Kewanee Water Supply Company
Kewanee, Ill.

820 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
1566 Hudson-Terminal Fulton Bldg., 50 Church Street, New York City
710 Diamond Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

FISH

more than any other dish needs careful seasoning. It is rendered more appetizing by the use of

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

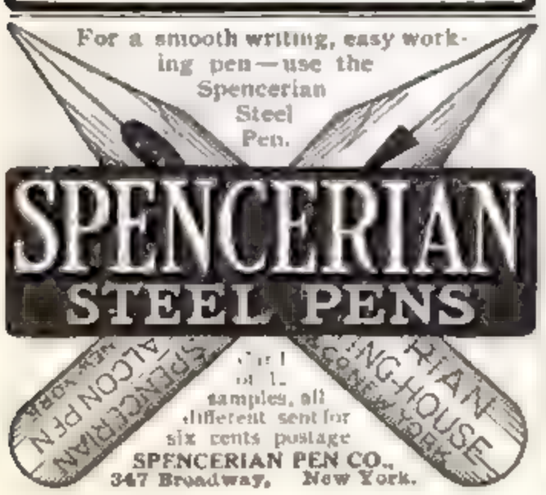
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a delightful seasoning for Scalloped Oysters, Broiled Lobster, Cod Fish Balls and Steaks, Deviled Clams, Fish, Salads, etc.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

For a smooth writing, easy working pen—use the Spencerian Steel Pen.



Trial box of 12 samples, all different sent for six cents postage

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
347 Broadway, New York.

others, and the "To Let" signs which appeared in many windows, he went to his architect and said: "Draw me new plans for those blocks. Extend them fifteen feet in the rear and make six tenements in each block, instead of three. Give each tenement three rooms with bath, kitchenette and separate furnace."

On the first of March he started the first block, and as soon as the partitions were set, so that the size and arrangement of the rooms could be seen, every flat was engaged. It was the same with every succeeding block as soon as it was framed up; and while the seventh was being raised the builder said to an applicant:

"There are three more blocks to go up, and every flat in them is now engaged, although we have not yet thrown out the first shovelful of earth for the foundations!"

While other landlords were receiving the keys from departing tenants and dismally refusing any repairs for those who stayed, this man was meeting the new conditions sensibly and with cheery optimism. He met reduced incomes by giving excellent accommodations—reduced in size, but not in quality—for $4 weekly, to tenants who had previously paid $6. He kept a big gang of mechanics at work for months, and he states, positively, that his investment is netting him fully as good returns as if business had continued to be prosperous and he had carried out his original plans.

There are probably very few wage-earners to-day who understand just how much of the harmfulness of the panic was warded off by those "captains" who trimmed their sails when the squall struck, continuing sturdily on the voyage, instead of scudding into harbor and dropping anchor.

Of one thousand dollars distributed in wages in any one week a large percentage—if not the whole amount—is expended during the following week, and serves to pay another set of men who, in like manner, again circulate it the third week, and so on indefinitely. But the recurring use of this one thousand dollars is by no means all that is involved. The last report of the United States Census shows that for every dollar paid out in manufacturing wages six dollars' worth of product results. Of this nearly four dollars is the value of supplies for every-day life—such as food preparations and clothing, beverages and luxuries—while over two dollars is represented by what may be termed permanent additions to wealth—buildings, machinery, ships and household goods.

These statistics are of manufacture only, agriculture and transportation not being included

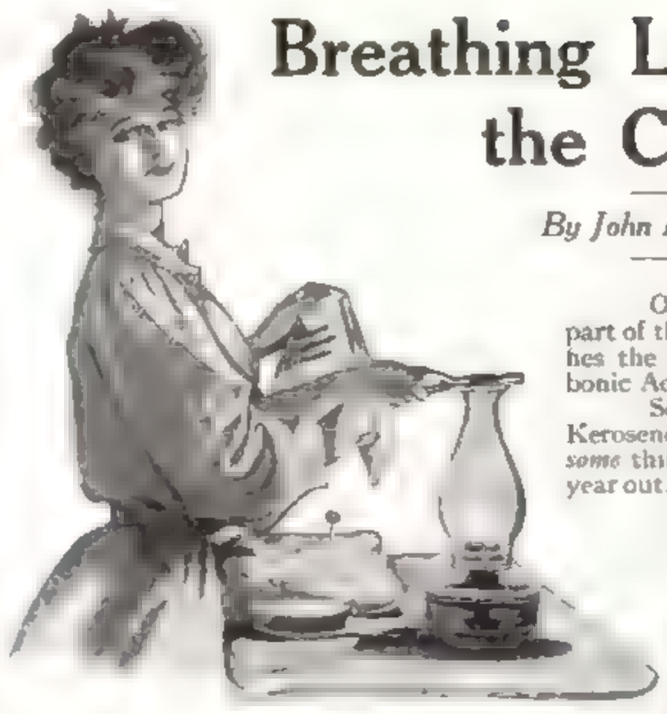
The result, therefore, of a three-dollar mechanic's losing a day's work is not only his individual loss of the day's pay, but a loss to the country at large of eighteen dollars' worth of manufactured product, one-third of which would be a permanent, or semi-permanent, addition to national wealth.

In August of last year the general manager of one of the great companies engaged in manufacturing electrical machinery and supplies, giving employment in its several plants to thirty-five thousand hands, saw the impending trouble. Contracts and orders from the railroads, which constituted a very large percentage of the business, were dropping off alarmingly, and in some cases were being canceled. He called his district sales-managers to a meeting in New York, and they came from all points—from Seattle to New Orleans—and the manager opened the matter with the following remarks:

"Gentlemen, I trust you will not think that I have been so foolish as to call you—some from clear across the continent—simply to tell you that we must reduce expenses!"

Then he outlined the situation, and told them of the apparent certainty of the railroads stopping all construction and additions to equipment; but he insisted that while their competitors, under these conditions, would grapple fiercely for such large contracts as might be secured, the smaller trade in supplies—lamps and little apparatus—would receive no extra attention; in fact, might rather be neglected in the struggle for the greater plums.

"That," he exclaimed, "is where our chance lies and where I want you to jump in! You mustn't let any big contract get away from you, but you must double your efforts to get the small orders. You must cover more territory, and you'll need more



Breathing Lampblack in the Country

By John E. Kennedy

WHEN Madam heats her curling tongs she lays them across the chimney-top of a lighted Kerosene Lamp.

After they have heated enough she is very careful to *wipe* the tongs on a piece of paper, or cloth, before using them

Why does she so wipe them?

A glance at the paper or cloth afterward will *show* promptly enough

She wipes them because, in the brief period the tongs lie over the lamp, they become coated with soot,—Lampblack

* * *

Now this Lampblack is good enough to make paint out of, but it is clearly *bad* stuff to breathe for hours at a time every night in the year

And, don't imagine that the Lamp *quits* making Soot when she lifts the tongs off the chimney

A careful glance at white lace curtains that have been hanging for some time in a room where Kerosene or Gasolene Light has been used will tell its own story.

Another look at the wall-paper on ceiling and walls will also tell the tale, if that paper be light colored and in use for a year or so.

The Lampblack will be found deposited in very fine, closely-packed, layers upon *everything* in the rooms where Kerosene Lamp Light is constantly used.

Draughts carry away much of it of course, *down the throats of people inhabiting the rooms* where such Lamps are used

Because, the strongest draught likely to be found in any room is the *inhalation* of Air by people in breathing.

* * *

So, the habit of breathing Lampblack at night is common enough in country homes and few will deny that it is injurious Moreover, the Lampblack is only one *visible* product of many other invisible, and more serious ones, given off by Kerosene Lamps when lighted.

Among these injurious products is Carbonic Acid Gas which, if breathed pure, would kill in five minutes

Many people are not aware that an ordinary Kerosene Lamp gives off 28 cubic feet of Carbonic Acid Gas *every hour* it is lighted, in bedrooms or living room.

It also burns up, and robs the Air in the room of, 30 cubic feet of Oxygen per hour

Oxygen you know constitutes a fifth part of the Air we breathe and is what purifies the blood of waste products and Carbonic Acid as it passes through our lungs.

So you see that the innocent looking Kerosene Lamps *can* be mighty *unwholesome* things to have in a home year in and year out. Gasolene is equally bad, much hotter and more dangerous, than Kerosene or City Gas.

Incandescent Electric Light is free from Air-poisoning, since that light burns in vacuum within the glass bulb

But, Electric Light costs about *twice* as much as Kerosene or Acetylene and can't well be had in the average country home at that

Besides, it is such a *fluctuating* Light, as used in the Country, that it is very hard on the eyes.

* * *

Acetylene Gaslight is the nearest to *ideal* of all home illuminants.

Because, Acetylene Light is practically Sunlight, being a pure *white* light without color-fog, soot, smell or heat.

Being *all* Light, instead of merely *one-tenth* Light like the flame of Kerosene or Gasolene, only *one*-tenth as much flame is needed from Acetylene, to produce as much reading Light, as *ten-tenths* from Kerosene, Gasolene or City Gas.

This means, with Acetylene, only a small fraction of the heat, soot, Oxygen-consumption, and Carbonic Acid Gas production of Kerosene, Gasolene or City Gaslight.

Acetylene Light is so pure and wholesome, so identical in its chemical action and *color-balance* with *Sunlight* that plants grow as freely and *naturally* under it *at night* as they do in the open day by Sunlight itself. (See Cornell University tests)

* * *

A 24 candle-power Kerosene Light used 10 hours will cost about 6 cents for Kerosene, Wicks and Chimneys, on yearly average.

A 24 candle-power Acetylene Gas Light used 10 hours will consume only one pound of Carbide costing about 3½ cents, and a little plain water

Thus regular Kerosene Light costs about 6 cents against 3½ cents for the *same* Candle-power, or volume, of Acetylene Light. Because, with Kerosene or Gasoline Light you pay for *one*-tenth Light and *nine*-tenths soot, heat, color-fog, and other useless or injurious things besides.

Whereas Acetylene is practically *all* Light unadulterated, uncolored, undiluted, the most brilliant, beautiful and *convenient* ever yet made by man, as well as the *safest*.

Drop us a line to-day for further particulars, as to cost and method of installation.

State how many rooms you have to light, how large your store, hotel or church, so we can answer intelligently.

Address Union Carbide Co., Dept. M, 155 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

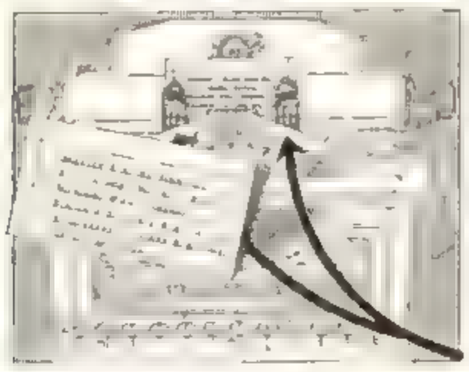
Used by discriminating buyers for FOUR generations

Dr. Sheffield's Crême Dentifrice Est. 1659

—THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE. None but the purest and best ingredients used. Retains uniform consistency—is never too hard, nor too soft. Possesses a delicious lasting flavor.

The cost of producing this high meritorious dentifrice is greater than that of any other brand—although the retail price is the same. Therefore do not accept an inferior substitute on which the retailer's profits might be greater. Send 3 one-cent stamps for sample tube

SHEFFIELD DENTIFRICE CO., 103 Broad St., New London, Conn.

Keep Out of the Way!

If you forget to replace the Automatic Paper Fingers after writing an envelope address—or a filing card on the

NEW MODEL

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

it won't interfere with your work.

The paper fingers will not let the type strike them but go quickly to their own place by the motion of the carriage.

They'll hold anything—postage stamp, filing card or big envelope.

And you can write at any edge of anything the capacious paper feed will grasp.

See the Auxiliary Rolls.

Illustrated Free Book

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Head Office for Europe Asia and Africa 9 Queen Victoria Street, London E. C.

ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight

Examine FREE the

Indispensable New PARSONS

The foremost of money-savers in telling one what not to do.

The Famous Legal Standard PARSONS'

Laws of Business

The invaluable companion of every one in business, every one who *does* business, every one learning knowledge *about* business, every one who has property or wishes to hold it; that is, all the world.

Over 220,000 Sold of former editions. *Whether or not you have one,* **You cannot afford not to own The New Greatly Enriched 1908 Edition.**

With up-to-date chapters on Employers' Liability; Powers and Liabilities of Stockholders, Officers and Directors of Corporations; Food and Drug Law; New Trade-Mark Law, Bailment, etc. Also a Full Glossary of Law Terms.

It treats also of rights and duties under Contracts, Sales, Notes, Agency, Agreements, Leases, Corporations, Partnerships, Insurance, Real Estate, Business Methods, Collections, Banking, Business Management, Assignments, Wills and many other subjects.

Up-to-Date 1908— All State Laws Included— 3 to 10 Approved Forms— $3.50

The S. S. Scranton Co., Hartford, Conn.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
SOLD OR RENTED
ANYWHERE
Typewriter Emporium, 93-96 Lake St., Chicago

men. Get them! Wherever there's a chance to sell a hundred lamps or a dozen fan motors send a man after that chance and impress upon him that we want that order—and must have it!"

The result of that fuel-burning policy is shown by the remarkable figures in the two last annual reports of that company. Their sales for the fiscal year ending February 1, 1907, were $60,071,883—for the succeeding year the total was $70,977,168.

A shoe manufacturer whose annual output reached at least a half-million dollars previous to the fall of 1907 got his traveling men together at that time and took them out for a supper and smoke-talk. When the cigars came on he said:

"Boys, I've been through a panic before, and I know what happens. When the boss looks blue and talks blue it goes through the entire organization, down to the sweeper. Now, there ain't going to be any blue times with us! I do not propose to cut down the advertising, or take men off the road, or lay off any hands. I know that orders on our regular lines are going to run light, but I'm going to make a new line—slippers! If we drop off twenty-five per cent. on our shoes we'll make it up on slippers. They'll give you a good talking point. You'll find that the regular slipper manufacturers won't put out new styles—and that's our chance!"

With the exception of an interval of two weeks, when new machinery was being installed on one floor of his factory, that manufacturer's entire force has been on full time, and his sales the past spring and summer have been very close to the figures of last year.

While the above-cited cases show the effect upon the welfare of thousands of men, an instance may be quoted which affected one man only, but which, in a homely way, illustrates the principle of opening up the throttle on an up-grade.

An old cobbler has a shop on a side street in a factory neighborhood. When Wall Street posed aghast, with thumb and finger extending each limp pocket, those factory hands were put on short time—many were dropped. There was consternation and alarm among the small retailers, and the cobbler, plodding and philosophical, smoked his pipe and thought. One day his neighbors were astonished to see a cloth sign covering the upper half of his store window, lettered as follows:

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NONE!

If You Can't Buy New Shoes
You Can Get the Old Ones Fixed

MY WORK IS GOOD AND HONEST!

When I Say I'll Have a Job Done
I Have it Done!

BRING 'EM ALONG!

"It's an awful expense, in hard times," he said doubtfully to a neighbor; "four dollars!—but I guess I'll get it back."

For three years that old man had worked alone. Within ten days after putting out that sign he had a man working with him, and he so continues.

It would be extremely interesting to hear the arguments with which many men convince themselves and advise others that economy and retrenchment are excellent remedies for every unaccountable depression in business. Extravagant living has frequently been denounced as the cause of the present enforced economy, but it takes something more than the empty denunciation to show that the liberal consumption of both necessities and luxuries, during the past few years, is not the natural and happy outcome of a generous distribution of the production of "full time" and bountiful harvests—the natural use and enjoyment of the eighteen dollars' worth of goods which the three-dollar worker daily produces when he works.

An aged mechanic—a carpenter—who was "laid off" recently, attended a regular weekly meeting of the city council, at which a member, a clothing dealer, opposing some urgently-advocated city building, said:

"The strictest economy should be observed in every department, and no new matters undertaken excepting those of absolute necessity."

"The little chump!" exploded the carpenter, as he told the story. "Here am I, an' scores of other men, out of work an' some of us wantin' new clothes, an' he stands up there on his hindlegs an' heads us off from a chance to earn wages and spend some in his store!"

Who's Your Tailor?

Trade Mark Reg. 1906

Week Work Means Quality,

Piece Work Means Quantity—
and for that reason we pay weekly wages in all our workshops.

The system insures thoroughness, painstaking attention to every detail of artistic workmanship, the production of the best tailored-to-order clothes that can possibly be made.

Our No. 519
Four-Button Novelty Sack

By concentrating over a thousand tailor shops into one perfectly equipped plant, and buying all material from first hands, we are able to sell you these clothes for $25 to $40, suit or overcoat.

110,000 square feet devoted entirely to our business

150,000 of America's most particular dressers are glad they know us.

J. W. Price & Co.

Merchant Tailors

Price Building Chicago

Largest makers in the world of GOOD tailored-to-order clothes.

Our local representative will show you our 500 handsome fabrics and take your measure. If you don't know who he is, ask us.

This trade mark on every garment.

Better Than an Overcoat

Wright's Health Underwear is so constructed that it retains the natural heat of the body while it maintains a constant ventilation of the skin without admitting cold. The man or woman that wears

Wright's Health Underwear

the Fleece of Comfort, won't need wraps except in extremest weather—if then. Wright's cost no more than any other good underwear—some at $1 a garment.

Send for free Booklet—
"Dressing For Health"

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
32 Franklin Street, New York

Comfort for Men

is assured by using
Washburne
Patent Improved
Fasteners
with the
Bull-Dog Grip
Beware of Imitations

American Ring Co.
Dept. 74.
Waterbury, Conn.

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$1 With 12 Blades

We guarantee that the Ever Ready is the **best shaving** safety razor money can buy. $5.00 razors specifically compared. Millions of men—daily users—prove our claim—we take their word—convincing you. Buy one today. There's many a dollar and many an hour the **Ever-Ready** saves you.

Each of the **twelve blades** included in each **Ever-Ready outfit complete at $1.00** is the finest specimen of blade making known to the razor art—separately tested and protected.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c.

They fit Yankee—Star and Gem frames, too. Keep an extra Ever-Ready in your satchel. Ask for new improved Ever-Ready.

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Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
320 Broadway, New York.
International Distributing Co., Montreal, Canada

O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber Give Energy and Elasticity to Your Walk

In the economy of walking, heels of live new rubber are an essential factor

Nothing explains the value of Heels of new live rubber in walking better than Mr. Carnegie's version of elasticity as the element necessary for the United States currency.

The energy, yes, the energy, of new *LIVE* Rubber UNDER YOUR HEEL AT EVERY STEP, whether you stand or walk is what you want.

Energy to walk, energy to work, to act, to think, the more energy the more life the more success the more achievement, the more happiness. Energy, energy means power.

Apply it to yourself, the young people need it, the conservative, behind-the-times people need it, and what is there to mark a well spent life so well as energy in the centenarian?

Last Fall, when the O'Sullivan Rubber Company had an opportunity to save 10 per cent in the cost of their heels, owing to the low cost of crude rubber, THEY PUT IT IN THE GOODS.

They wisely applied the 10 per cent to secure added *ENERGY*, elasticity and durability to their heels, soles and other specialties in the form of a higher grade of Para Rubber, without any additional cost to the public.

They want no thanks for doing so; the fact is cited to show the business policy of the O'Sullivan Company.

The purpose of this communication to the public is to call attention to the energy, life and snap in the O'Sullivan Heel of New Rubber AND THE NECESSITY for this quality in the heels TO FILL THEIR MISSION FOR THE PEOPLE.

HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN
Founder of the Rubber Heel Industry

Carnegie says: "Elasticity is what the currency needs." O'Sullivan says: "Elasticity is what your walk needs to make it natural, graceful and easy."

It won't do to have heels made of dead, musty ground-up old door mats and the like.

When you decide to wear rubber heels demand O'Sullivan's, that have energy, life, durability; and after telling you why you should demand them, if you don't get them, it's your fault.

We have in mind many people for whom rubber heels are an absolute necessity, but none more so than the Housekeepers.

Juliets and Oxfords for their wear and the wear of Nurses are generally made with Rubber heels on.

The merits of the O'Sullivan heels led the manufacturers to do so; but the shame of it is that some makers, just to save a few cents, put on any old kind that looks like rubber, and it is passed out as "just as good" to the Housekeeper or whoever it may be—and there are thousands who use them.

NOW THIS IS TO TELL THE PUBLIC IMITATIONS ARE "NOT AS GOOD." They are used because they cost less than O'Sullivan's, and the few cents saved by the manufacturers is taken out of the vital point—the comfort to the wearer. If those using house shoes with Rubber Heels on will refuse to accept imitations they'll show the dealers that they know. There's only one kind of heels made of New Live Rubber, that have energy, life and durability—O'Sullivan's. The same difference exists between O'Sullivan's Heels and the imitations that there is between the live wire and the dead one.

O'Sullivan's New Live Rubber Heels
Encourage Walking

Have a pair fitted to your street shoes and you'll want to walk. ALL SENSIBLE people WEAR THEM. Whether you work with your hands or brain, or both, whether you stand or walk, heels of NEW LIVE rubber will aid you. They act as a buffer against the daily grind.

For Men and Women who are doing things, who are making the city's wheels move, they are ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Only cost 50 cents and they wear TWICE AS LONG AS LEATHER, so that they are CHEAPER TO WEAR. When you decide to get rubber heels demand O'SULLIVAN'S, they are the PIONEERS and the only kind made of LIVE RUBBER. The name O'SULLIVAN on RUBBER is like "STERLING" on silver. All shoe dealers will supply you.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Regular $3.75 Price

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"RECREATION"

Special $2.00 Price

Lovers of outdoor life, of the clean, wholesome recreation kind which adds to the vigor of brain and brawn and enables men to DO THINGS will find in "RECREATION" just the interesting and authoritative text and the unusual pictures which will help and delight them. "RECREATION" is the biggest, brightest and most perfectly illustrated of any outdoor publication and the *only one* dealing with *all* recreation.

But "RECREATION" is not only a magazine, but an institution. It will give you helpful, practical details about your trip this fall or next spring, it will tell you how much it would cost, where to go, what to take, all this without any charge if you are a member of the RECREATION family. You had better look into this.

Beginning in December it will be 25 cents a copy and $3.00 a year, *instead of $2.00 a year as now*, and it will be bigger, better and brighter than ever.

SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU

The best of the recreation season is now on, the cool, bracing days of the fall. Just the time to get acquainted with RECREATION. Send us $2.00 NOW and we will send you RECREATION from October, 1908, to December, 1909, *inclusive* (regular price $3.65) and we will also send you our delightful booklet "A PACK OF FUN" (10 cents), a *total value of $3.75 for only $2.00*. If you do not *know* RECREATION you will find the September number on the news stands or we will mail you a copy for 15 cents. Remember this offer will not remain open long. A *free* sample copy (back number) will be sent on request.

Address RECREATION, A-24-W. 39th St., NEW YORK CITY

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KING QUALITY SHOES

¶ If you [illegible] at retail [illegible] it is here that you [illegible]. Select a **King Quality Shoe** [illegible]. Don't [illegible] are out of [illegible] [illegible] Heel, [illegible] every point. Material, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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STANDARD Floor Dressing

This preparation holds all dust and germs to the floor and prevents them from contaminating the atmosphere. It also preserves the floor, and keeps the wood from splintering and cracking. By saving labor alone, Standard Floor Dressing pays for itself many times over.

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Sold in barrels and cans of varying capacities by dealers generally.

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Handsome in appearance, the counterpart of the finest cut wood shingles at about one-half the cost. EDWARDS Galvanized Shingles require no paint for years. In certain sections they are never painted. Send us the size of your roof and we will give you exact cost of material delivered [illegible] your nearest railroad station. We are the largest manufacturers of Iron and Steel Roofing. We make all styles—Corrugated, V Crimp, Roll Roofing, Imitation Stone and Brick, etc. Painted or Galvanized.

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Good Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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FOX MOTORS
HIGH SPEED-HEAVY DUTY
2 TO 6 CYL. COMPLETE

We are [illegible]

THE FOX [illegible] GASOLINE ENGINE CO
203 Front Street, South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky

THE BUTLER'S STORY

Continued from Page 17

saw that too Then Eliza looked down at the floor and says,

"Mr Thomas Carter"

"Wot!" shouted Mr. Carter. "Don't lie, woman, or we'll have you in jail too!"

"It's an infernal falsehood!" yelled Mr. Tom springing to his feet. "I have hardly spoken to the girl in my life!"

"Gently! Gently!" says Ketchem. "Everything in its place and one thing at a time. Now, my girl, don't be afraid. Tell us how you came to confide this to Mr. Thomas, as you say."

"It was at the theatre," says Eliza, sort of choaking. "He said he loved me and was going to marry me and he had given me a beautiful necklace and a bokay, and we were sitting in a box and watching the play. There was a safe on the stage and a fat little man, who was pretending to be a burglar, made a great fuss about opening it and when at last he got it open there was only a coal hod with some coal in it. Everybody laughed and Mr. Tom said he never met anybody yet who could remember a safe combination without writing it down, and I said I could and he bet me a dozen pair of new long gloves that I couldn't. So I told him."

"Hm!" says Ketchem. "You say this is all a lie, Mr. Carter?"

"Absolutely," gasps Tom. "She is making every word of it up."

"Let us see" says Mr. Ketchem. "Did you ever give this young woman a necklace?"

"I did not!" says Tom.

"Or take her to the theatre?"

"Never!" says Tom.

"Wot play do you claim he took you to?" asks Ketchem.

"To the Herald Square," says Eliza. "And he did, too! I'm astonished he won't say so"

"When do you say it was?"

"November 27th,—of a Thursday," says Eliza

"Hm! Have you still got the necklace?"

"Indeed I *have!*" says Eliza.

"Fetch it here," says Ketchem.

All this time Mr. Tom had been getting more and more uneasy but he kep sitting down in the same position and never moving.

"Do you mind turning orf that light?" asks Miss Patricia of him pointing to one across the room.

"O, leave it alone, can't you!" he growls, then turning to Mr. Ketchem he says, "How much longer are you going to let this woman slander me? Is the production of a bit of jewelry going to prove that I gave it to her or that I am a liar or a safe-cracker?"

"We must give everybody a chance," says Mr. Ketchem. "That is only fair," says he.

Pretty soon Eliza come back with the necklace and gave it to Mr. Ketchem, who took it and held it up.

"Hm!" he says, "A pretty good imitation! Now you say Mr. Carter gave you this?"

"I do indeed," says Eliza.

"And you say this is all a lie?" asks Ketchem of Tom.

"I most certainly do," says Tom, quite red.

"Very awkward!" says Ketchem, "Very awkward indeed! Wot do you make of it, Carter?"

"It looks like a conspiracy to rob the house and put it on my son," says Mr. Carter, but he didn't say it very confident like, and he looked all broke up.

"Tom," says Miss Patricia, "Will you swear to me on your honor as a gentleman and by God's holy word that wot Eliza says is false?"

"I will," says he bold as brass, "Every word of it. I'll swear by anything you like."

"Then," says Miss Patricia, "You are not telling the truth, for you were at the theatre with Eliza just as she says."

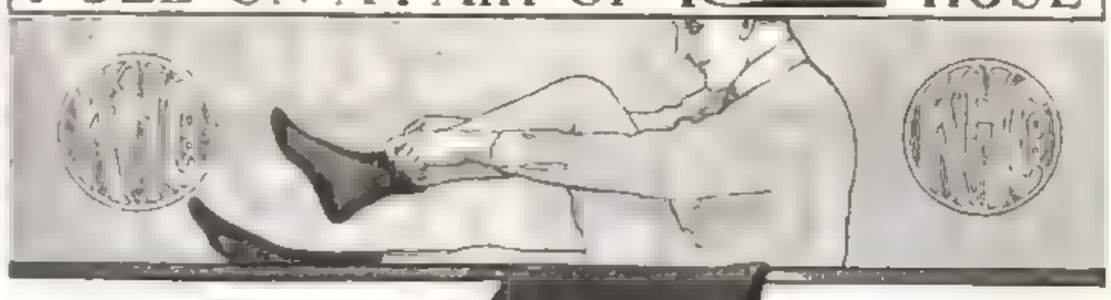
"Wot!" stammered Tom, turning white.

"For I saw you," continues Miss Patricia, "in the back of the lower right-hand box"

"You're—you're mistaken!" stammered Tom.

"No, I am not!" she replied "I dare you to get up and face Eliza and deny wot she says."

PULL ON A PAIR OF Knotair HOSE



Six Pairs in a Box
Every Pair Guaranteed

If you can Shove your foot through these **hose** Inside of Six Months, We will give you new ones—FREE. That's the kind of Hosiery Insurance that insures you against Holes and Darns. Read the guarantee that comes with every box of America's lightest-weight hose—The Lisle-like kind, that won't punch through—sheer, strong, finely knit of the best American long staple yarn

No other hose in America like it—No other in the world to equal it—the kind that you have been looking for, a great long while. Well, here it is, light, lisle-like, full and shapely—the stylish kind, just what you want with the GUARANTEE—too

A comfort to the most tender feet. No other yarn before [illegible] spun for the hose after it is woven is treated to any chemical process or [illegible] septic bath to [illegible] the [illegible] and burn the feet, [illegible] on the [illegible] of [illegible] yarn

The way we spin it and the proper way to knit the hose

Made in Three Colors Black, Tan and Slate

Guaranteed not to shrink or stretch and the dye whether black tan or slate is of a quality that improves the yarn and will not fade or crock

Men's hose in Black Tan and Slate sizes 9 to 12 fine lisle-like quality packed one size six pairs in a box assorted colors if desired, price $2.00 Guaranteed to wear six months or more

Men's cashmere hose fine combed Australian wool in Black Natural and Oxford Gray sizes 9½ to 12 packed one size six pairs in a box assorted colors if desired price $2.00 Guaranteed to wear six months or more.

Women's hosiery in Black and Tan sizes 8 to 10 fine lisle like quality, interlaced garter splicing, packed one size, six pairs in a box, assorted colors if desired price $2.00. Guaranteed to wear six months or more.

Our guarantee, which comes with every box of KNOTAIR goods Buy six pairs [illegible] pairs are [illegible] starting to [illegible] whether Men's or Women's stocking [illegible] most convenient way [illegible] be easy [illegible] and if any [illegible] wear out [illegible] promptly and [illegible] express prepaid.

"If you wear Knotair Hose you'll be in it—Heels and Toes"

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Do you want comfort in your new home? Do you want it free from drafts? Do you want it warm in winter, cool in summer? Do you want to save coal? If you do, let us tell you how and why

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Whether you are building a dwelling, a stable, a barn, or an outbuilding, you ought to know about Neponset Sheathing Paper, Florian Sound-Deadening Felt, or Paroid Roofing

Tell us what you are going to build and let us send you information that applies. Years of experience has given us a fund of information of great value to the man about to build

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Deposit your savings here, pending permanent investment.

The advantages offered are—

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This book will save you from $12 to $30 when you purchase a stove or range. It explains how the best and finest stoves and ranges in the world are made, and tells you how to "know the best."

HOOSIER STOVES and RANGES from FACTORY to USER

Are heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with all new improvements and features. "Guaranteed for Years," backed by a million dollars. "Hoosiers" are FUEL SAVERS AND EASY BAKERS. A child can operate them. Sold on 30 days free trial. No freight to pay.

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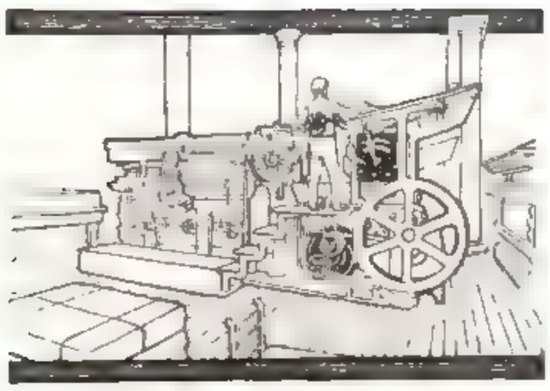

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Direct Current
MOTORS

are recognized as the very finest on the market to-day.

Careful attention to every detail of manufacture has enabled us to bring our motors to the highest possible degree of efficiency. Their balance is perfect—their construction, mechanically and scientifically, absolutely correct.

"The Standard" Motors are of extreme durability and will keep in excellent condition through years of hard continuous service

We make a specialty of small direct-current motors from 1/30 to 15 H P adapted to all [illegible]. We have [illegible] facility for designing [illegible] machines requiring [illegible]. If you are a user of Power [illegible] H P we refer to day for our new book No. 61 about "The Standard Motor."

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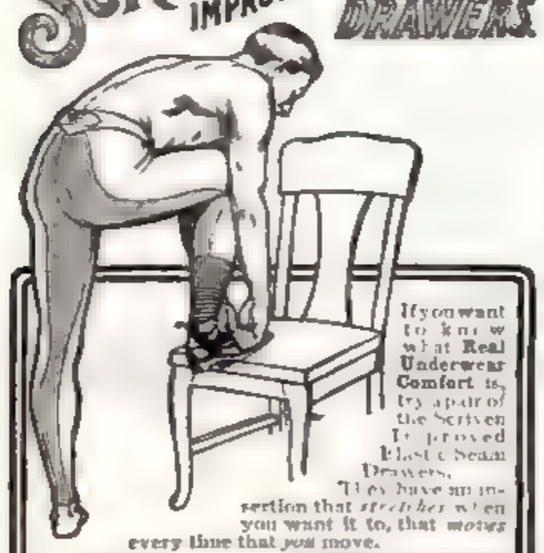
New York, 145 Chambers St., Philadelphia, 1109 Arch St., Chicago, 48 W Jackson Boul., Dallas 264 Live Oak St. Cleveland, The W. E. Horning Co. 357 Frankfort Ave. N W., New Orleans, E J Stewart, 216 Bourbon St., St. Louis E. C Van Nort Electric Co., Locust and 11th Sts., Kansas City, Heath Electric Co.

The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS



If you want to know what Real Underwear Comfort is, try a pair of the Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers.

They have an insertion that *stretches* when you want it to, that *moves* every time that *you* move.

They are the ideal garments for athletes and business men alike. They come in [illegible] or heavy weight winter fabrics with *Shirts to match*.

If your Haberdasher cannot supply you in your favorite fabric and exact size, write us

Physical Culture Book Free

On request we will send you a valuable treatise on "Physical Culture for the Busy Business Man," which is well illustrated, the text matter very good, and gives you the principles of our movements

J. A. SCRIVEN COMPANY
16-18 E. 15th St. New York

"THE WATERLESS SHAMPOO"
POWDO
For the Hair

A [illegible] cleanses [illegible] without the [illegible] and leaves the [illegible] and [illegible] like nothing else [illegible]
25c [illegible] Sample Box and [illegible]
THE PURITAN CO., Dept 22 34 W 31st St., New York

"Wot's that!" sneered Tom. "Some stage trick! Why should I get up? Wot do you mean? I tell you she lies."

"Hm!" says Ketchem. "You decline to do as your sister asks?"

Tom turned very red and then white.

"I do - decline!" he says. "It's unnecessary!"

I saw Miss Patricia whisper to Master Willie and Mr. Ketchem look very hard at Mr. Tom.

Old Mr. Carter simply bit his lips.

Then all of a sudden Mr. Tom moved his leg and bent over very sudden.

"Look there!" says Master Willie and before you could say Jack Robinson he had grabbed up a little piece of paper that had been under Mr. Tom's foot all the time

"Wot are you doing?" yelled Tom. "I don't know wot that paper is. I never saw it before!" But his voice sort of petered out at the end. Master Willie handed it to Mr. Ketchem who read it aloud:

"Safe
"31—3—13"

"That is the combination of the safe," says Eliza.

"And that is the same paper he had in his hand when I came in," I says.

Miss Patricia looked very tired and sad.

"It's all right, Ridges," she says, "I knew you were telling the truth."

"Do you recognize the writing on this paper?" says Ketchem handing it to Mr. Carter.

Mr. Carter took it and bent his head

"It's Tom's," he says. "O, my God!"

"Yes," says Master Willie, "And I saw Tom go into the room about five minutes before Ridges came up and shut the door arfter him, and then I saw Ridges come up!"

"Hey!" says Ketchem. "Wot's that? Where were you?"

"I was up on the landing all alone," says Willie. "I got out of bed to listen to the music."

"Well, I'm ——!" says Mr. Ketchem. "Wot have you got to say to that?" looking at Mr. Tom.

Then Mr. Tom got up all of a sudden all shaking and very pale

"Wot's the use!" he hissed out. "Yes, I was arfter the jewels. I admit it. And I took Eliza to the theatre, but I never did her and I never meant her any harm. As for the jewels I had a right to take 'em."

"O, Tom!" said his father.

"I'll never speak to you again!" cried Harriet. "Wot a beast! You might have taken my dog-collar!"

Mr. Tom he was standing in the middle of the floor, with his hair rumpled and his eyes red and glassy.

"Yes," he says, "They're my jewels bought with my money," says he. "I've found out about this dirty 'T. T.' business and how you and O'Connor boosted the market to get in the suckers. And you got $35,000.00 belonging to me! You cheated your own son along with the rest. Who's the crook, I'd like to know? I leave it to you, Ketchem. Who's the biggest thief, my father or me? And you even used your servant to deceive a lot of helpless boys around in a broker's office. Honesty! Honesty! I'm through with the whole rotten business. I'm sick of seeing the money spent in this house. I'm sick of my own silly existence!" He put his hands over his face and sobbed.

Mr. Carter had sunk down into his chair so he looked like a poor old man, and everything looked sort of blurred to me, and I heard Miss Patricia say:

"Eliza, will you look arfter Ridges, please? And see that he gets safely to his room?"

"Yes, Miss!" says Eliza, and with Mr. Ketchem's assistance I got to my feet, and she put her arm around me and helped me through the door, but my head was that whirly I didn't notice much just then and I don't know how I got upstairs.

And that was the last I ever saw of Mr. Tom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of six chapters selected by Mr. Train from the diary of a butler in the employ of a wealthy family.

Will You Try Fifty at My Risk?

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela is 4⅞ in. Long

My Guarantee: I guarantee these cigars to be handmade, of clear, clean, straight, long Havana filler, with genuine Sumatra wrapper. No shorts or cuttings are used—no doctoring. Cut one open and prove this.

How I Do It: *Repeat orders*, which practically eliminate selling expense, as well as wholesalers' and retailers' profits. Over ninety per cent. of my cigars go to men who have previously purchased from me.

Almost every smoker who tries my cigars becomes a regular customer.

I want to get more men to only make the trial. It costs you nothing and I am willing to abide by your judgment entirely.

Every day I ship thousands of cigars to all parts of the United States, risking one tenth of my cigars and express charges both ways on my customers' decision as to the cigar's merit.

This is the most severe test—and the fairest test—for cigars existing anywhere that I know of.

My cigars must sell themselves.

This advertisement is simply a plea for a fair trial which costs the smoker absolutely nothing.

If Shivers' Cigars were not as represented I could never hold my business on the above offer.

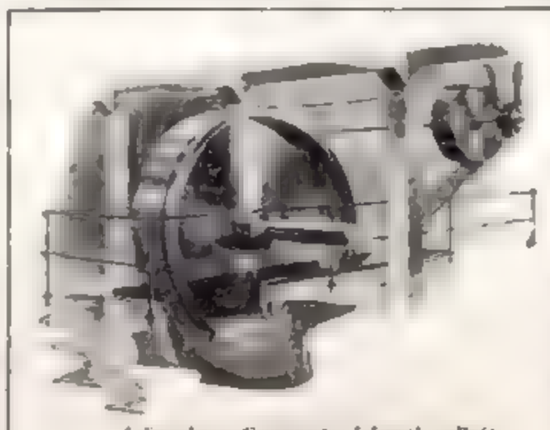
I make other cigars in all sizes and shapes ranging in price from $4.00 per hundred up to the clear Havana Invincibles at $15.00 per hundred. My offer applies to every cigar I manufacture.

Upon request, I will gladly send illustrated booklets showing my complete lines.

As it costs absolutely nothing to accept my offer and try my cigars, why not send for 50 on trial to-day?

Enclose your business card and state whether you prefer light, medium or dark color.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
913 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.



A Sea Lion Guaranteed Leather Belt running through a flooded wheel pit.

When Other LEATHER BELTS Fail

If you have had trouble getting a leather belt "to stand," you will find it worth your while to look into the merits of

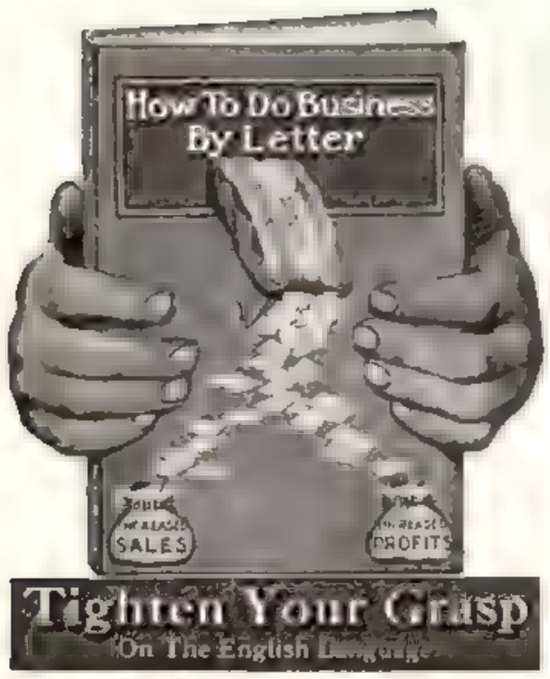
Sea Lion Guaranteed Waterproof Leather Belting

It is not affected by live steam, water, the hottest or dampest climate or anything that ordinarily knocks out a belt in short order. [illegible] because an absolutely waterproof compound is used in the tanning and the leather treated to a waterproof dressing.

We also make **Reliance** belting and several other brands equally as good for specific purposes.

Write us your needs and the conditions under which belt is to run. We will tell you what is best to buy and send a book on leather belting

CHICAGO BELTING CO., 14 S Green St., Chicago
Boston New Orleans Philadelphia Portland, Oregon



Learn to write convincing red-blooded business letters that laugh at the waste-basket

Learn how to express your own every-day ideas—whether in writing or speech—in that crisp, clear-cut, magnetic English that commands attention, and inspires respect. For the language you use in correspondence—or even in speech—must help you sell goods, win customers, collect debts, even secure the positions you hold, but it cannot do these things if weak, clumsy and half-intelligible.

An Hour at last, in the book that tells how. When big concerns like [illegible] & Henry Sherwin Williams Company, Swift & Company, and the presidents of great railroads like [illegible] want their correspondence to represent their best efforts, they turn to Mr. Cody the writer of the book pictured here. And within a hundred pages of clear, concise, human English he has given the secrets of what some of the best letter writers in the country are doing. In a series of [illegible] lessons, each one full of interesting examples, he shows you how to write strong, forceful letters that get quick, satisfactory answers. Instead of speaking effectively by letter only once or twice a week, you can master an expert's method in a few weeks.

Condensed Synopsis of Contents

Using Words So as to Make You Understood—How to Be Clear—How to Be Concise—How to Be Correct—How to Be Forceful—How to Be Courteous—How to Be Human—How to Avoid Mistakes—How to Write a Sales Letter—How to Write a Collection Letter—How to Write an Application Letter—How to Write an Advertising Letter—How to Write Letters that Get Orders—How to Write Letters that Collect Money—How to Write Letters that Settle Complaints—How to Write Letters that Increase Business—How to Write Letters that Sell Goods—How to Write Letters that Sell Securities—How to Write Letters that Sell Real Estate—How to Write Letters that Sell Insurance—How to Write Letters that Sell Specialties—How to Write Letters that Sell Men—How to Write Letters that Sell Yourself—How to Begin a Business Letter—How to End a Business Letter—How to Write a Letter of Application—How to Write a Letter of Recommendation—How to Write a Letter of Introduction—How to Write a Letter of Inquiry—How to Write a Letter of Remittance—How to Write a Letter of Acknowledgment—How to Write a Letter of Adjustment—How to Write a Letter of Condolence—How to Write a Letter of Congratulation—How to Write a Letter of Invitation—How to Write a Letter of Resignation—How to Write a Letter of Dismissal—How to Write a Letter of Recommendation—How to Write a Letter of Introduction—How to Write a Letter of Inquiry—How to Write a Letter of Remittance—How to Write a Letter of Acknowledgment—How to Write a Letter of Adjustment—How to Write a Letter of Condolence—How to Write a Letter of Congratulation—How to Write a Letter of Invitation—How to Write a Letter of Resignation—How to Write a Letter of Dismissal—A complete classified list of Words to Use and Words to Avoid—Abbreviations and Contractions—Punctuation—Capitalization—Forms of Address—Forms of Salutation—Forms of Complimentary Close—Forms of Correct Business Letters—Forms of Correct Personal Letters—Forms of Correct Social Notes—Forms of Correct Invitations—Forms of Correct Replies—Forms of Correct Announcements—Forms of Correct Visiting Cards—Forms of Correct Business Cards—Forms of Correct Trade Acceptances—Forms of Correct Drafts—Forms of Correct Notes—Forms of Correct Receipts—Forms of Correct Orders—Forms of Correct Contracts—Forms of Correct Leases—Forms of Correct Deeds—Forms of Correct Mortgages—Forms of Correct Wills—Forms of Correct Powers of Attorney—Forms of Correct Bills of Sale—Forms of Correct Bills of Lading—Forms of Correct Bills of Exchange—Forms of Correct Bills of Credit—Forms of Correct Bills of Sight—Forms of Correct Bills of Entry

"SINCERITY TALKS"
by
Nathan Fischer

BETTER BE SURE THAN SORE.

HAVE you ever worn a suit the coat of which puckered up like a frosted persimmon within a short time?

It wasn't a Sincerity suit.

Have you ever worn a suit the trousers of which wanted to climb up your legs in high-water style, while the coat collar grew weary and wanted to yawn down to your shoulder-blades, the pockets ripped out and the seams parted and the buttons skipped blithely away?

It *wasn't* a Sincerity suit.

Have you ever worn a suit that gave you the appearance of having been sent for a year ago and having been delayed?

It wasn't a *Sincerity suit.*

Better be *sure* than *sore.*

There is sureness, safeness and security in Sincerity Clothes

They are made by patient people, but not by plodders. The folk who inspect and cut and sew and sell Sincerity clothing are full of the enthusiasm of *knowing* when they have a good thing.

Before the cloth is cut it is examined inch by inch by men who know thread and dyes, who can see an imperfection of weave and coloring in an instant. The government inspectors who watch your food supplies are not more careful than the Sincerity inspectors who watch your clothing. The cloth is shrunk by our process of sending it through hot and cold baths that take away every *bit* of future-shrinking out of it. The canvas lining, the hair cloth—even the tape that binds the edges inside and supports the pockets are shrunk till there is no more take-up in it. The seams are sewn with silk thread, the buttonholes are worked to stay worked, the buttons are put on to stay on. We are constantly aiming at the general effect of perfection, but we know this is only obtained by constant care with the trifles.

As to style The high priced merchant tailors are making *expensive* clothing on our lines. With our [illegible]-country-covering organization we catch the drift of styles as quickly as any one. We keep our ears to the ground. If it is a Sincerity suit or overcoat, depend upon its being correct. There's reputation behind it, before it, and *in it.*

Better be *sure* than *sore.*

You know when you want it that any garment bearing [illegible] is good as the best of [illegible] Sincerity Clothes [illegible] and done right at every point, but are willing that you [illegible] of our effort.

We insist [illegible] that Sincerity clothes are cut and sewed so that the [illegible] stay in them. Old Dr. Goose [illegible] twist and tease and ruin the [illegible] them into a *seeming* excellence. The style and [illegible] *made* there, not *put* there *after* you [illegible] Remember that.

Better be *sure* than *sore.*

By all means get our fall style book and then make up your mind. Drop us a postal saying you want it and it will hurry back.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.

Our label in every garment is your guaranty

RAIN COATS—Sincerity Styles.

Sense and Nonsense

The Philosophies of Karl

Being the Middle-Aged Reflections of a German of Sentiment

VOT is luff?

Luff is a foolishness dot is better dan visdom.

It is a vonder dot a man doesn't get luffing sooner dan middle age.

Ven I vas yung I t'ought vimmens vas unnecessary to a man und I vas beshful ven dey come aroundt. I didn't know der right words to use mit dem und I felt uneasy till dey vent avay.

Of course a mutter is different. She is a voman but she don' *seem* like von. A feller vas used to her und, anyvay, she is more sensible dan udder vimmens.

If a feller don' have a sister he is a stranger mit any vimmens, und he t'inks it is better to ockerpy der time talkin' to men und getting sensible talk.

But, all der time, any man is makin' der mistake of his life ven he don' get in luff mit some voman

Dot luff is a funny t'ing. On'y I meet Mina I vouldn' belief it vos in der vorld—on'y in books. I read me poems about luff und I t'ink dey are fairy stories, dey seem so unlikely. Dot is before I meet Mina. But ——!

Ven Mina comes along und I look at her out of my two eyes, somet'ing behint my ribs goes funnyways und I t'ink I am different.

Before I meet Mina I go to der office und I make der figgers down, und add dem togedder, mit my brain vorkin' like a vatch.

After I meet Mina I t'ink vot is dis nuisance of der figgers? It is foolishness, und on'y I vas paid to do it, I kvit. Between me und der page comes der face of Mina yust like a movin' picture und de' eyes look out of der ledcher und giff me der wrong answer.

I go mit der boys to der restaurant und dey tell me funny stories, dot von time I always laugh like der teufel at dem, no matter how often I hear dem

But ven I see Mina a few times dere is not in der stories anyt'ing I care for. Und der noodle soup has a kveer taste, und der May wine is too sour, und I forget to pay my scheck—und der boys laugh mit me.

Aber I don' care because it is Mina I t'ink of.

In der evening I put on der clothes of Sunday.

Before I meet Mina I meet some of her relations und dey make me tired, dey seem so empty und dismal. If I see dem comin' I valk fast to get out of der vay.

But Mina makes magics in der old uncle und der old aunt und der fool bruder she haff. Ven I learn dot I luff Mina den I take der bruder der theatre to und ve talk of Mina ven der curtain is up und I t'ink him a fine feller. Mebbe he radder talk of baseball und feetball und udder sportings, but I bring him back to der subject of Mina, und like to look at his face, because, aldo he is uckly, his eyes make me t'ink of Mina.

Und ven I see der old uncle I hurry after him und get him to tell me de vay Mina did ven she vas a little girl.

It's funny about dot. He tell me long stories about Mina, und I vonder vy I ever t'ink him empty und dismal. He tell me dot his vife know a lot more stories about Mina und von't I have der pleasure to dining mit him, und I go dere, you bet, und hear some more stories dot make me luff Mina more as ever. Vy vot you t'ink? Ven she vas a little girl she come in der house mit boot blackin' on her face und say she is a nigger. Ain' dot funny? I laugh und I laugh at dot, it is so funny. It shows dot Mina have imaginations. Der old aunt has much stories like dot about Mina.

Ven I leave der old people's house I go by der home of Mina. She has vent away to der country a few days, but der house dot holts her so often is dere und—a funny t'ing—I find dot I luff dot house. It looks good to me. I look at der vinder vere she open der blinds many times, und I see dot her beautiful head comes out und looks at der crimson ramplers on der vall—she lives in der suburbs vich I used to hate—und I valk back und fort' until a silly old policeman tells me mebbe it is better I go avay. I ask him if he knows Mina, und vot you t'ink? He does! He vos a long time beatin' it und Mina is born in dot house mit der crimson ramplers. Dot policeman can tell me stories of der times he chase Mina for bein' a Tomgirl und climbin' on houses dot vas bein' builded. He says she is a pretty girl all der time, und I like dot policeman after all.

If ve know peoples better dey ain' so foolish as dey are.

Dot policeman is a good feller, und I go avay glad dot Mina haff such a nice one to beat it.

Staya Mina avay I write me letters to her every day. More magics. Before I meet Mina I hate to write letters. I tell Mina dot she has clambered all over my heart like forty t'ousand crimson ramplers, und I kvote po'try to her dot didn't come in my head since I to school go.

Say, vos you in luff? Ain' it funny der vay der feelin's is after der bell is rung und you know Mina is on der stairs, comin' down? Varm all over und like little veins hurryin' up to get ahead of each udder all over der body.

Den der door opens und dere is Mina. Ven she shakes der hand it is more veins und such a happiness. Den you vish you vouldn't vaited so long to be in luff.

Now it is dot you tell Mina dot der is no use talkin'. It is time to get der vord from her dot make you bot' happy for life. . . . She gives you dot vord.

It's funny about dot vord. It ain' a new vord. Ven your boss say it, it ain' nuttin' to t'ink about; but ven Mina say it, it is po'try, mit breezes blowin' un' trees vavin' gentle, und little vater runnin' over stones in der walleys, und clouds sailin' like fedders in skies of blueness, und stars shinin' kindly und der moon makin' silverness in der vater—all in dot von foolish vord dot Mina say.

. . . Und dot night you don' sleep. You t'ink of a little cottage in der reel country, mit crimson ramplers, und you t'ink you become a farmer und giff up dot tiresome business in der city, und mebbe you t'ink of der afterwards years ven dere is little fellers rompin' und playin' und lookin' a good deal like you but more like Mina because dey is pretty—und, by chumminy, it is near breakfast time und de alarm is goin' off.

Dot is luff. —*Charles Battell Loomis.*

Ballade of the Argufier

I'll argue that; I'll argue this—
Debating is my chief delight—
Or pro or con: or hit or miss.
It matters not can I but fight
With words and phrases pat bedight,
With gestures and forensic tricks.
But though I talk with main and might,
I never argue politics.

The Nebular Hypothesis
And How It Flies a Paper Kite;
The Logic of the Human Kiss
The Drama: Its Commercial Plight—
These are the themes that I invite—
In tilts like these I love to mix.
But though I'll argue Black is White,
I never argue politics.

The headlines, "Bryan Gains in Wis.";
Or "Taft's Plurality is Slight";
Or "G. O. P. on the Abyss,"
My talking blood do not excite.
When others speak I take my flight;
When they begin: "In ninety-six
Bill Bryan carried ——" Oh, how trite!
I never argue politics.

L'Envoi

Friend, you may talk for half the night,
But you're attempting strawless bricks.
I tell you that I know I'm right—
I never argue politics.

—*Franklin P. Adams.*

What She Wanted

A FEW days ago a large negress sauntered majestically into a public library. Approaching one of the assistants at the desk she inquired earnestly: "Hab you got Ellah Wheeleh Wilcox's Pomes of Passion?"

"No," said the assistant.

"Hab you Ellah Wheeleh Wilcox's Pomes of Pleasuh?"

The assistant shook her head.

"Den," said the negress impressively, "gib me Gibbon's Rome."

BREAK the SEAL!

Break the seal that keeps your piano closed and mute,—the seal of inability to play, that makes you dependent upon someone who can perform.

If you are a lover of music, how often is it that you really suffer during some bungling, inaccurate performance by a friend or member of your family? If you are a performer yourself, how often do you wish that you might play better, and play better music, with the assurance and control of some great pianist like Paderewski or Carreno?

With the

PIANOLA

and its marvelous Metrostyle attachment, you are

Absolute Master of the Piano

as soon as you sit down before it. On the Metrostyled music rolls are recorded, as a guide to you, the interpretation, *the very soul of the composition,* as understood by the great music masters of the world.

Every shade of expression, every nuance of tone, every touch of artistic feeling is absolutely and immediately at your command. You can render a great musical work just as though Paderewski himself were looking over your shoulder and directing you. At your discretion, you can give the composition your own personal interpretation.

If you love music, hear a Pianola, the only piano-player with the Metrostyle attachment (the brains of the Piano-player). It is the Pianola alone that has received universal endorsement by the greatest music masters of the world. There are 15,000 selections in the library of Pianola music.

Send us a postal and you will receive, free, our illustrated booklet, "The Fascination of Personally Producing Music." We will also send you the address of our nearest agent. Remember that only one dealer in a city sells the genuine Pianola and it is important that you realize the many advantages which have given the Pianola its position as "The Standard Piano-player of the World." Model K, $215. If preferred, sold on moderate monthly payments. Ask for Booklet A.

THE AEOLIAN CO.
362 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City

A FREE CIGAR TRIAL

"BABY GRAND" 4½ in. (Clear Havana)

We are the largest manufacturing mail-order cigar dealers in the world and sell our entire product directly from factory to individual smokers at strictly wholesale prices. Through bringing the manufacturer and smoker into personal contact we have saved for many thousands of particular men the piled up profits and accumulated selling expenses of jobbers, salesmen and retail dealers.

Exact Size

BABY GRAND (Clear Havana)—Experienced smokers crave for the rich, nutty flavor of pure, clear Havana, but nowhere else can they obtain such a cigar at the price of our **BABY GRAND**, which is but $3.75 per 100. This splendid cigar is perfectly made, carefully packed, and is filled with the smaller leaves, **LONG CUT**, of the high grade tobacco used in our most expensive clear Havanas.

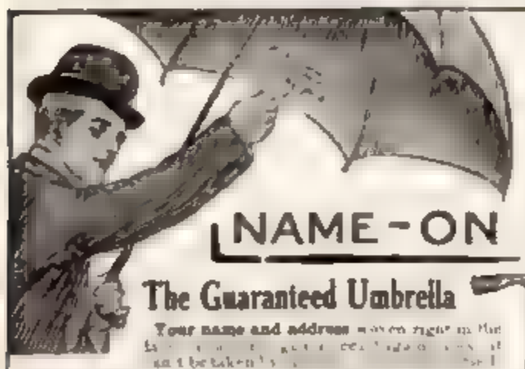
FREE OFFER

If you will order on your business letter head, or enclose your business card, we will deliver to you **100 BABY GRAND** cigars. You agree to remit **$3.75** in full payment, within 10 days, or to return the remainder after having smoked a few samples for which no charge will be made. We pay expressage both ways. **You take no risk.**

Our illustrated chart shows cigars in 35 styles of various shapes and prices.

If you enjoy a cigar made of clean stock, by clean workmen in a clean factory, if you appreciate a free-smoking, pleasure-producing Havana that tastes good all the way, send to-day for 100 BABY GRAND Cigars on trial.

LA RECLAMA CUBAN FACTORY Established 1875
E. H. Ridgeway, President
100 LENOX AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
REFERENCE—State Bank, New York



The Guaranteed Umbrella

Your name and address woven right in the fabric of the cover, where it can't be taken off. You may lend it or forget it, but it is bound to come back.

Beehler's name stamped in the frame guarantees the durability of your umbrella. For [illegible] years we have been making high grade umbrellas, and all that we can guarantee in a way that means something to you.

This is the Guarantee:

[illegible]

This fabric is a high luster, waterproof gloria silk, guaranteed not to fade, crock, spot or [illegible] Every part is strong and durable. It is made for use and service in all kinds of weather. For [illegible] and anything more to be desired.

For **$2** we will send you this [illegible] prepaid—[illegible] any style or [illegible] you wish. Send [illegible] you wish your name woven in. If you are not more than pleased, return it to us and get your money back if you return it [illegible]

Write for booklet describing sticks and handles.

The oldest umbrella house in America

William H. Beehler, 304 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

Patents Pending

Low-Cost Suburban Homes—25c

Book of 50 Plans and Photos of Finished Houses costing [illegible]

HOUSE & GARDEN MAGAZINE, 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia

The Autobiography of an Obscure Author

(Continued from Page 14)

We had, at first, seventy-five dollars a month, which was a fairly liberal income for Catlin; and we started many expense accounts as an aid to economy. But there was always my overdraft at the bank, on account of the money I had borrowed. So, if we did manage to save a little some months, we were not a bit ahead, but only so much less behind. This discouraged economy

I resolved, therefore, to send no more stories except to editors who would pay for them, if, by any chance, they accepted them. This was sordid, no doubt, and I ought to be ashamed of it. But I stuck to it firmly, and deliberately commercialized myself. That is, I sent my stories to a syndicate, which paid me all the way from a dollar to two dollars and a half for every one it accepted

Perhaps, the syndicate is to blame. Had it not been available as a convenient instrument for my sordid motive, I might have returned to the unalloyed ideal and achieved a permanent place in the higher fields of pure literature. Be that as it may, I was now committed to the principle of writing for money. I am glad to say for the syndicate that it did not pay according to length, as so many of the flourishing publications which make high literary pretensions now do. The syndicate kept the better rule of paying strictly according to merit. For a story that just squeezed through it would pay a dollar; for a middling good story a dollar and a half. Unfortunately, I cannot remember a thing, except the price, about the only story of mine that reached the two-dollar-and-a half level; but I am satisfied it must have been a corker.

In the course of a year I received nearly twenty dollars from the syndicate, with a gross output, accepted and unaccepted, which would make about two volumes of my collected works, if I had the manuscript or any collected works to put them in.

Meanwhile we had our social life. I joined both the lodges. Each lodge gave an annual banquet, to which nearly everybody in town turned out. We were quite particular always to take the name with the highest sound. The lodge affairs were always "banqueta." When Joe Strawn and Lee Penny jointly built a town hall over their adjoining stores it was named the "Opera House."

Also, we went to the dances—until the second winter. We could not go then. The reason why we could not go was a pretty constant subject of discussion between us. We discussed it gravely, with a good many heart-quailings and misgivings. A sort of misfortune had befallen us—and yet, sometimes, even when we were blue about it and wished it otherwise, odd little trickles of indescribable joy ran out to our misfortune. As a matter of course, both of us had wished and expected children—but not just then; not for a few years, until we were out of debt and better prepared all around. The boy was born in January. And, of course, the moment he was born we were both perfectly single-minded about it. Within a month we could scarcely imagine what had possessed us that we had looked forward to his coming as to a sort of calamity. We agreed, at least once a day, that we had never known what life was before. We pitied childless couples.

It gave me a sharper sense of responsibility than I had known before. I at once insured my life. Also, it sharpened my ambition to get away from Catlin, where the outlook seemed circumscribed and many things displeased me. In the years I had been there the town's population had increased, probably twenty per cent.; or, say, by one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants. But I was impatient to be in a place where things happened faster.

For example, our way of knowing all about one another's affairs and discussing them frankly seemed an affliction. The local press—there was the Herald now, as well as the Courier—was a model of circumspection as regards injurious personal gossip. It had to be. When Joe Strawn got tight and threw his gold watch through Lee Penny's plate-glass window there was not a word about it in the newspapers. If there had been Joe would have withdrawn his advertisement and also, perhaps, have

Crawford Shoes

for Men

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

CRAWFORD Assurance is Shoe Insurance. Crawford Shoes are as good inside as out. It is my aim to give Crawford wearers not only leather and styles such as are used in shoes costing twice as much, but the benefit of every desirable improvement for the making of a more satisfactory shoe. That's why I say—Crawford Assurance is Shoe Insurance.

If you are skeptical, ask one of my many Crawford agents to tell you why Crawford "stay-up" box toes never break, why Crawford patented "Tredstrate" lasts are best. Ask him about the Crawford reinforced shanks, and our "bend" sole leather. Crawford features are numerous. That is what makes Crawford Shoes popular and Crawford wearers allegiant. Buy Crawfords!

Crawford Shoes Are Union Made

Charles A. Eaton

CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY, *Makers*
BROCKTON, MASS., U. S. A.

"SHIBBOLETH"

Fancy Silk Neckwear

[illegible] have added a line of

[illegible] designs are bold stripe and figured effects, in harmonious color combinations. Fashioned into [illegible]

[illegible] "Fancy" [illegible] stripe or figure in desired colors preferred, also checks or [illegible]

$2.00 the half dozen, postage paid.

[illegible] Our Solid Color Silk Barathea [illegible] in Black, White, [illegible] at $2.00 the half dozen, postage paid.

SHIBBOLETH SILK CO., 463 Broadway, New York

Send money-order, check or two-cent stamps. Write for Catalogue G.

Latest and Most Popular Music 18c per Copy

Here's an opportunity to get the latest and most popular [illegible] Music at 18c per copy. We are the largest [illegible] in the South. We carry everything in the line of [illegible] and are [illegible] We are a [illegible] and [illegible] as well as all the [illegible] All orders [illegible] Write for [illegible]

Ludden & Bates, Southern Music House
Dept. B R, Savannah, Ga.

School and College Flags

Specially designed and made to order in quantities of one dozen or more at wholesale prices.

Students' Committees and Classes will do well to get our designs, prices and discounts, when considering the [illegible] Artistic first class work only at makers' low prices.

We make Flags, Arm Bands, Pillow Covers, Mortar Board Caps, Class Caps, etc., etc.

W. H. SMITH & SONS, Manufacturers
35 N. Fourth Street Philadelphia, Pa.

"DAEMO" Sock-Supporters

Nickel plated 10c; Gold plated 20c per pair.

"DAEMO" Drawer-Supporters

Nickel plated 20c; Gold plated 30c per pair

Both snap on or off instantly, can't unfasten, can't rust. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded at end of 30 days' trial. At haberdashers, or prepaid. Agents wanted.

D. S. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York

New York Sets the Style

and everyone hastens to copy. If you are a man who cares for his personal appearance, who desires to look distinctive and dressy, you should have your clothing made in New York

No matter whether you live in San Francisco or Boston our system of home measurement and selected collection of samples of domestic and imported textiles, many of which we control exclusively, enable you to have your tailoring done in New York by expert tailors in less time, for less money and from better material than by your local tailor.

The New York Tailors

will send you, free, upon request, their new Fall Style Book showing the latest styles in men's clothes and containing samples of actual goods in choice designs and weaves—of [illegible] quality, from $12.50 to $35.00. With the outfit, also directions, for measuring yourself at home.

[illegible] you order will be cut and made from your own [illegible] made, with the additional advantage of correct New York style and superb workmanship.

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licked the editor. Yet every soul in town at once knew all about it and went around to look at the shattered glass. There was a voluntary association of ladies, with headquarters in Mrs. Timmons' millinery store which let nothing pass—especially nothing of the feminine gender—without the amplest comment and the darkest deductions.

The minute perfection of this parole news service was marvelous. A capitalist from Trenton, New Jersey, with whom the bank had been doing some business in the farm-mortgage line, came to Catlin and was Mr. Renfrew's guest for several weeks. Naturally he was an object of interest. At a social gathering I heard it remarked, as a matter of general concern, that he wore silk underclothes and pajamas and changed his socks every day. Renfrew's hired girl had hastened to Mrs. Timmons with these items of information. To be able to impart them gave her a certain social value.

Of course, we were steadily growing away from the frontier. The year our boy was born Mr. Renfrew built his new house, from plans made by an architect in Lincoln, and put a bathroom in it. The important fact was not the bathroom itself, but that it caused scarcely a ripple of excitement. We were quite sophisticated. Already the frontier was a tradition and a fake. When our cowboy came to town we laughed at him.

He came from Cheyenne, and his name was Charley Delavan. His reason for coming was that his sister, Hank Barlow's wife, lived in Catlin. He appeared in the costume which Wild West shows have made familiar to inhabitants of Eastern cities, but which, I believe, is practically unknown in any other locality. He was a very handsome youngster, with dark, curly hair and large, brown eyes. At first he was never without such theatrical properties as a cartridge belt, heavy revolver and spurs; and he ran his pony idiotically up and down Main Street when, obviously, there was no occasion for haste. He amused us. Old Lem Wooster would sit on a cracker-barrel, his big, bony shoulders humped forward, his huge hands lopped down in his lap, and listen to the young man's loud talk of the frontier with an expression of awed interest which we thought convulsing.

Then, presently, we discovered that Delavan was not such a bad sort, after all—only young and something of a fool. As a matter of fact, he had been West about four months. He was twenty-two or twenty-three, but still very boyish. When he had had his little splurge he developed a sort of warm, indiscriminate friendliness, like that of an overgrown pup. We forgave him a good deal on account of his beauty. There was something oddly appealing in his big, soft, brown eyes that reminded you of an urchin that hopes to be given a cooky

Presently, the Timmons crowd was talking about Delavan and Mrs. Archibold Harney. After ten years of widowerhood, Captain Harney had married—at nearly the same time I did. His wife came from his old town in Ohio. She looked scarcely twenty when he brought her there—one of those plump, blue-eyed, blond women who seem all made of soft curves, and created to be petted. She was not popular in Catlin—being too frank and continuous in expressing her disapproval of it. Their girl was the same age as our boy. There was a sort of understanding that Captain Harney was not happy.

He must have been fifty then. His hair and long, drooping mustache were iron-gray. He had grown corpulent. Still there was command in his presence; plenty of vitality in the blue eyes under his broad brow. His habits had never been exemplary and he was notoriously careless about paying debts. His caustic and too-ready wit had offended many. For all that, the general feeling about him was that he was a man. He cracked jokes about our Shakespeare Club and often he went without a collar; yet, for all that, he read a good deal

Captain Harney seemed to me a man misplaced. The notion that he was not exactly happy was inferred from grosser facts. It was noticed that he sometimes drank more than was good for him—and the quantity which might have been good for him, since no ill effects could be traced to it, was not small. Also, now and again, he appeared in the loft over Demlow Brothers' store, where a poker game could usually be found, and played all night—with pretty uniformly bad luck.

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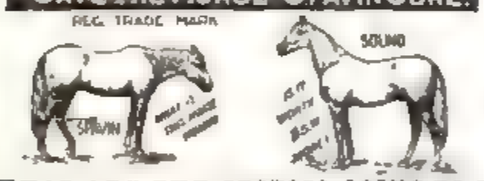

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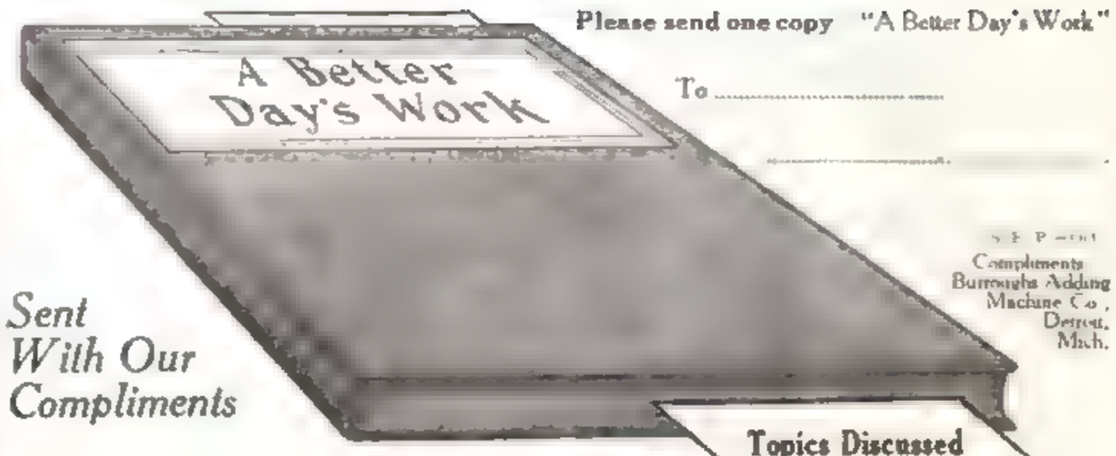

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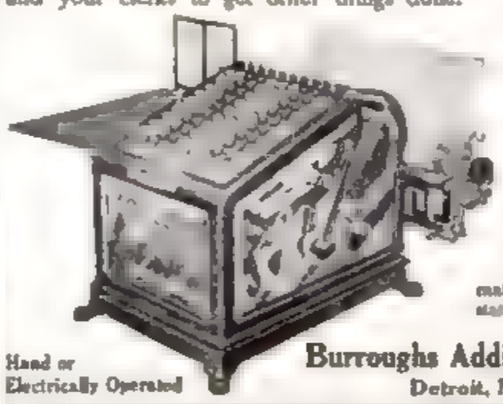

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A great part of Mrs. Timmons' gossip was mere spiteful invention, and most people knew it. But this particular gossip was soon sadly justified. For Mrs. Harney and Delavan ran away together. Of course, in such a community, everybody knew it at once.

Dele Morris happened to go to Cheyenne with some cattlemen. He wired to Mr Renfrew that the runaway couple were there, staying at a cheap hotel. Mr. Renfrew called a little conference, in the back room of the bank, of some friends of the captain—Lem Wooster, Joe Strawn and Charley Gray, who had recently gone in partnership with Harney. It was the sense of the meeting that the husband should be told.

Captain Harney took the westbound train that afternoon. What he would do was regarded as a matter of course. No one in Catlin, not contemplating financial suicide, would have written a policy on Delavan's life for a less premium than 101 per cent. Dele Morris and the captain were brother Masons, as well as neighbors, so Dele kept watch for him in Cheyenne—as for a brother; with a borrowed gun in his coat-pocket When the captain arrived that evening Dele accompanied him to the cheap hotel, and stood in the hall with his back to the wall, while Harney went upstairs.

An hour later, Captain Harney, very grave, came downstairs with Delavan, who was carrying a bag. The young man was ashy white and visibly shaking. His beautiful brown eyes showed that he had been crying. Captain Harney opened the hall door for him, let him pass out into the dark, closed the door, and went upstairs without a word to his astonished guard. Another hour passed. Again the captain came downstairs. This time his wife was with him. She was veiled, but white and shaking.

"I'm going to take my wife back to Catlin on the one-o'clock train, Dele," said the captain, very gravely; and they went out, he carrying her bag

There was no shooting. He simply brought her back to Catlin; installed her in their home. Then he went to three or four old friends, Lem Wooster being one of them. His wife was very young, he said, and he had married her more or less under false pretenses as to what Catlin was like and what his position there was. Her disappointment and insistence that he move to a larger place had not contributed to peace at home. He had stayed away a good deal. He felt that he hadn't done as well as he might by her and that what she had done was mostly his fault. She was sorry now. He wished her to have another chance. He hoped, he said to them, that his old friends would stand by him and by her.

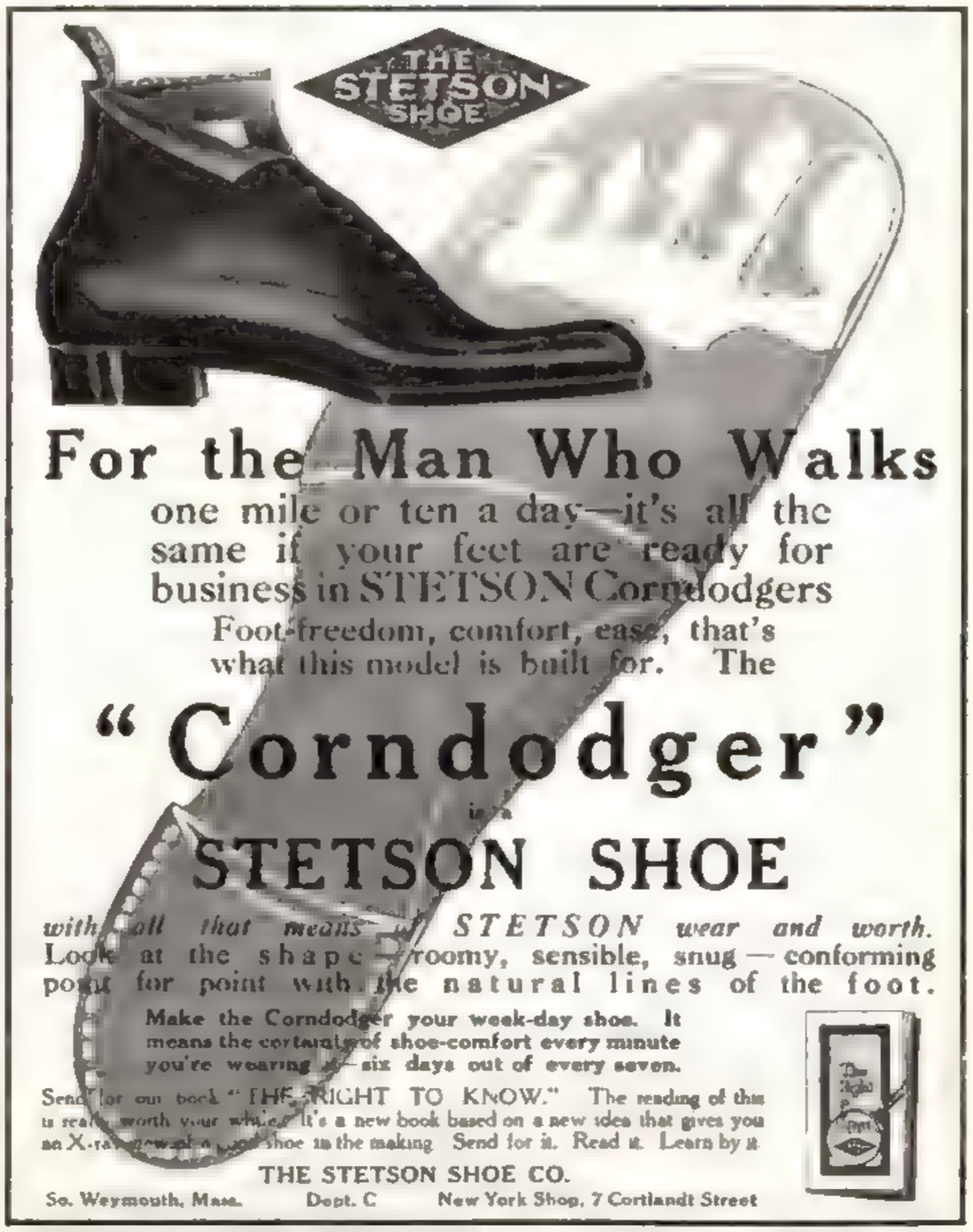
On his own ground, there was no stauncher champion than Lem Wooster. If the body of Captain Archibold Harney had been threatened by desperate men, or ravenous beasts, or fire, or flood, and he had called "Help, Lem!" the old man would have gone to his side as a spark leaps upward, and stayed there, if need were, till he died in his tracks. But this need of Captain Archibold Harney's soul to forgive he could not understand.

Neither, generally speaking, could Catlin. Almost nobody understood that what Captain Harney had done required more courage than the conventional homicide that any Western jury would have acquitted him of. The weight of the town was dead against them. And it was the husband, even more than the wife, who had offended against the current concept of honor.

Him even Dele Morris shunned. His popularity declined; his practice fell away. Finally, he was not of that very rare stuff which can long support the burden of a community's contempt.

There was no hope socially for the young wife. In about six months she went back to Ohio—ostensibly on a visit; but we never saw her again. Then Captain Harney went to Colorado, and tried to establish himself in several towns. But he could not get on his feet; could never again take a position of command; was always an under dog. He died in poverty, a little more than a year after he went West. Perhaps the truth is that his will was divided; and it seemed to him debatable whether it had not been his duty to kill Delavan.

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in six parts, of which this is the second part.



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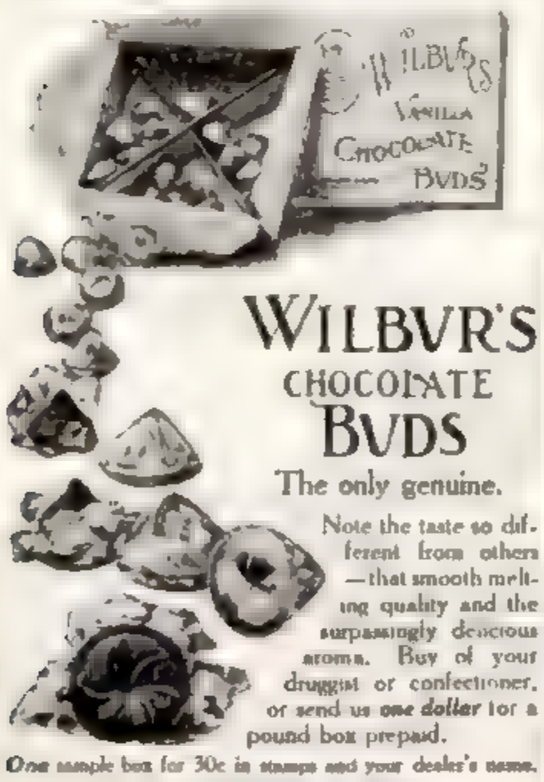

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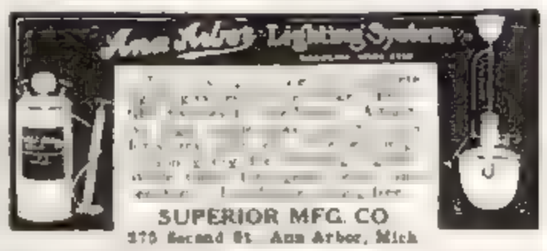

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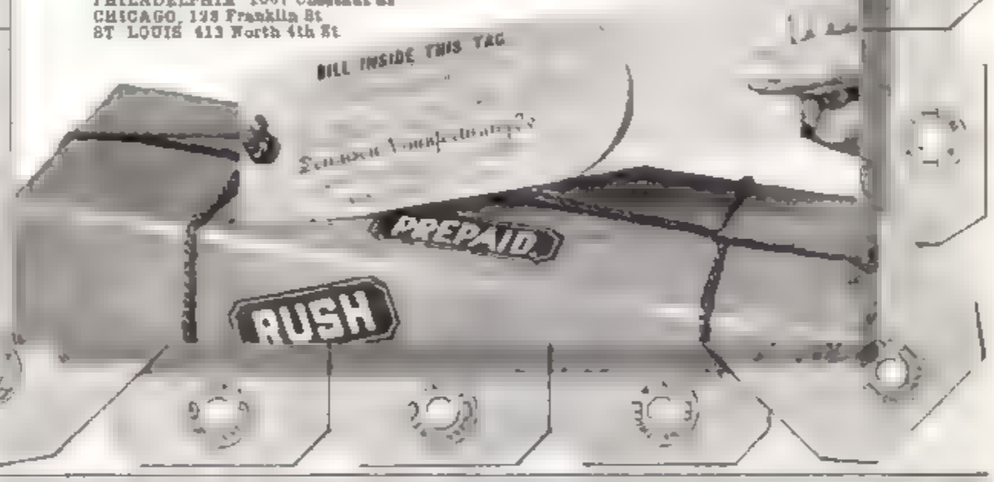

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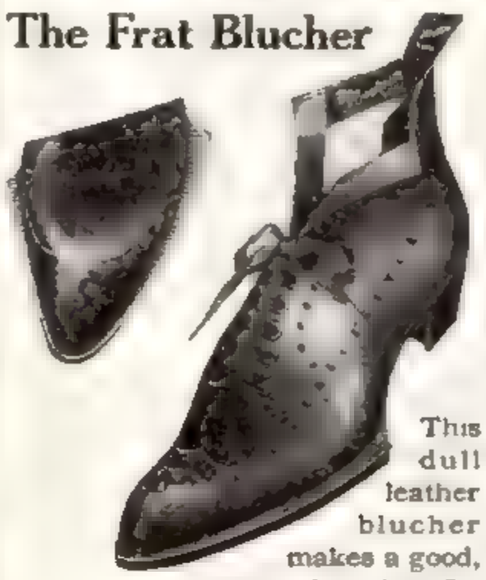

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CHECK!

(Continued from Page 9

"Shall we go see McCaslin now?"

The shock was too much. The spy's knees literally gave way he would have fallen, but Bud caught him and held him up. Chattering, sobbing, catching his breath, he begged for mercy

"Oh, if you'd rather go, all right," said Bud; "just suit yourself." He led the trembling wreck to the gate, bade him farewell with a parting kick, and resumed his hiding-place. "Resolved, that the pen is mightier than the sword," he sneered

He had not long to wait. The Colonel came forth, smiling fatuously. He made his way to the hay-baler with furtive glance and tread. Putting in a letter, he went back with the complacency of a virtuous but feeble-minded hypocrite.

Bud took the letter out. "Faugh!" he said—the clean and wholesome villain! "The black treachery of it! The dirty swine! The traitor! P—t—th! And Mac never sure of living the day out! Now, let's see? To rub it in, to make it smart, this thing mustn't be done in a corner. In the morning, before McCaslin leaves—that's the time," he planned. "That's what'll hurt—to crawl, before the crowd and before me! 'Fifth and las' card—what you got?'" He snapped his fingers. "Hunt *me*, will you, Colonel? Well, I'll just give you a little touch of high life, your black self, so you'll know how it feels. I'll call for yes or no, straight. The Colonel will look at Mac and then at me, and he'll say yes! He can't stand the gaff. Go 'long, Jug—turn you out tomorrow," said Bud, slapping the arching neck with his hat. "You had a purty tough lay—just me for company, and me cross. Better luck coming, old boy!" Jug strutted and pranced. "This is sure one real nice, little old world!" said Bud Fanning, smiling at the stars.

Cipriano, horse-wrangler, was first to see Fanning, riding merrily down the Big Road, and ran stumbling into the breakfast-room with the news. Women hustled the playing children indoors. McCaslin and Chatfield boiled out through the gate to meet him

As they rode closer, Bud waved a cordial hand. "Mawnin', Mac! You-all got breakfas' ready?"

"Just settin' up," said McCaslin. "Come in and have a bite?" They reined in beside him, mystified, but not to be outdone. Not for worlds would they have laid finger to their guns. They must play up to his lead.

"Don't care if I do," said Bud carelessly. "I was just coming down to see to the Old Man. He to home? Want to shoe old Jug, too. Got any smokin'?"

"*Al*-ways," said Chatfield, producing the materials. "How're you fixed for cartridges?" he added, with a touch of malice

Bud rolled his cigarette. "Oh, plenty—thanks, just the same," he said, ignoring the sarcasm. He puffed out a lungful of smoke contentedly and picked up the reins. "Well, le's go see the Colonel," he said.

They met him at the gate. Bud swept off his hat to those of the ladies in the background whose curiosity had outweighed their prudence—(all of them). He leaned over, both hands on his saddle-horn, and looked at the Colonel quizzically:

"Howdy, Colonel! Somebody was sayin' you was wantin' to see me?" he suggested.

The Colonel swelled with triumph.

"I'll put you where I can see you when I want to, sir! Where you should have been years ago, you—you—you *infamous scoundrel!*" The Colonel was near bursting

"There, there; I wouldn't take on so if I was you. You can't be too careful, you know, at your age," said Bud soothingly. Then, in a confidential but perfectly audible aside to McCaslin: "The old gentleman is beginnin' to show his years, ain't he?"

"Disarm him! What do you mean?" bawled the Colonel.

Bud's drawl was patronizing. "Now, now; I wouldn't order people around like that—not white people," he protested. "And you mustn't take my gun, or bother me any more—about *anything*. If I take a fool notion to do *anything*—say, to start a post-office in the old hay-baler—don't you say mary word. I can read—if it's coarse enough—and see that the

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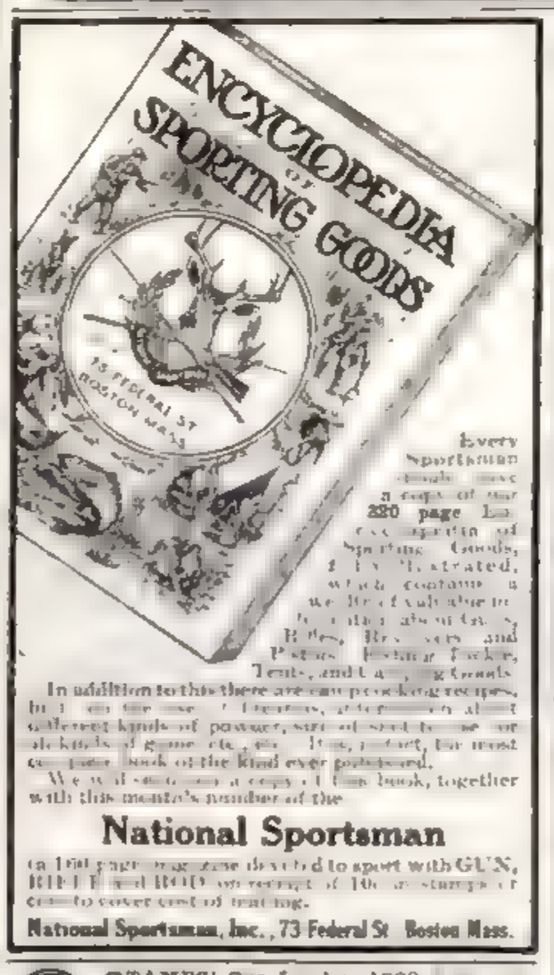

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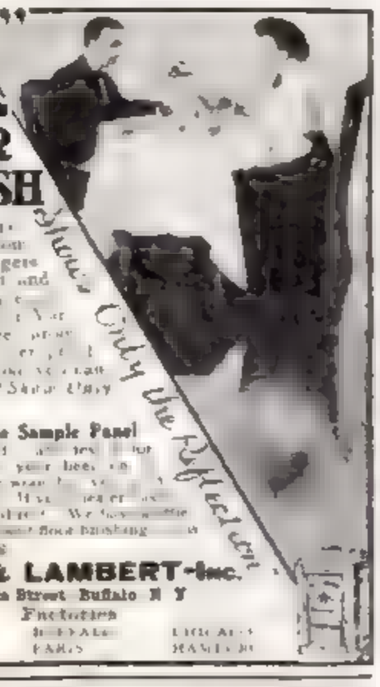

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letters gets to the proper parties. Don't you put in a word, you giddy old pup! Hear me?" He tapped himself on the breast, incidentally touching a letter in his shirt pocket, which protruded just far enough for the Colonel to see a portion of the address in his own hand: "Gov. G. A."

"What kind of guff's this he's givin' up?" whispered a bystander. "Of all the unmerciful gall——"

The Colonel moistened his lips, but found nothing to say. He looked this way and that, helpless, suddenly shabby, pinched and old. The sky was breaking down, the firm, every-day earth heaving up, he was being hideously crushed between. The only thing he saw distinctly was McCaslin's face, dark with suspicion. In mere fact McCaslin's face wore no expression at all but dim amazement and desire to wake up. Thus conscience kept the Colonel what he was.

"Got that?" resumed Bud. "Now, I'll tell you what to do: You buy the Dollar-sign cattle at a fair price, or I'll ship 'em out of the country, if you'd rather, and start me a new bunch. Let you pick out a brand, so you won't have no kick coming. Then, you give me a job; I'm a good hand. . . . Besides, there's gossip rumorin' 'round concerning me—so I hear. Something about a yearlin'. . . . 'Course, if Colonel Lyman stays by me and puts me to work that puts a qui-e-tus on talkin'. Everybody sees there's been a misunderstandin' and I'm squared. I like this country and I'm goin' to stay."

Bud's hands were in Jug's mane. "You'll do that, won't you, Colonel, to oblige me?" he said, smiling at his unhappy foe. The mockery of his look enlarged him. This quiet, subtle finish was worth lingering over.

"Why," said the Colonel, choking—and stopped. So the sky was not to fall on him, after all. "Why," he said again, "if you want to work——"

But Bud interrupted him in contemptuous pity for such abject surrender. Further humiliation would be debasing to the victor.

"*That's* all right, Colonel. We understand each other. I knowed you'd do the right thing, oncet I showed you. *I'm* going to Dundee. Who'll loan me a horse?—want to turn Jug loose. Shoe him tomorrow. Come up with Mac, somebody, and introduce me, so there won't be no mistakes. Want to draw a little on my first month's wages—clothes and tobacker and such. Naw, don't want no breakfast. Come up after while, Colonel, and I'll sign up with you. Want to think it out first? Feller can't be too careful what he puts on paper."

The Colonel, like the celebrated baby of fiction, said absolutely nothing.

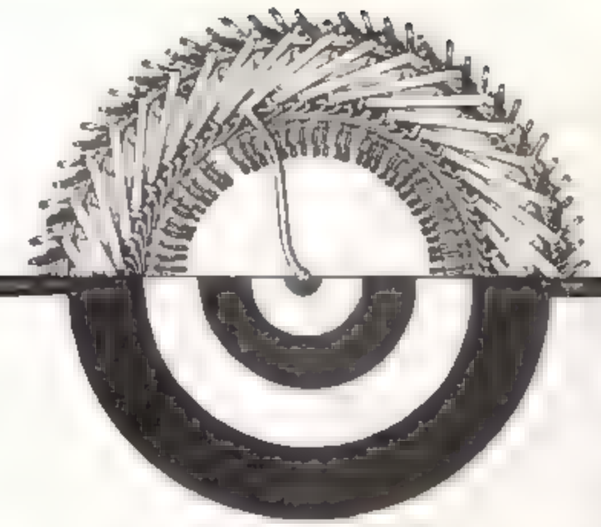
THE MOTHER-TONGUE

(Continued from Page 15)

only because they have mastered the art of writing and because they accept the traditions handed down from generation to generation. To these traditions the Americans are as loyal as the British, even if there are occasional exceptions to be noted on one shore of the Atlantic or on the other—Carlyle in Great Britain, for example, and Walt Whitman in the United States.

But while the comparison of the best authors of the two countries is not difficult, a comparison of the less gifted is not at all easy. In fact it is almost impossible. Where are we to strike the average? Who are the inferior writers? They are the men and the women who are coming before the public without having really mastered the art; and their writings, whether British or American, are certain to be open to criticism. And who is self-sacrificing enough to devote himself to a comparative study of the inferior authors of Great Britain and the United States merely to decide the idle question as to which is the more inferior? Here, indeed, is the impossibility of declaring whether or not Professor Brandl was justified in his assertion. No living man has a wide-enough acquaintance with the use of English in the two countries to be fully equipped for the expression of an opinion. And any one of us who ventures to decide for himself is likely to render a verdict warped by his national prejudices.

The discussion is further complicated by a confusion as to just what it is about.



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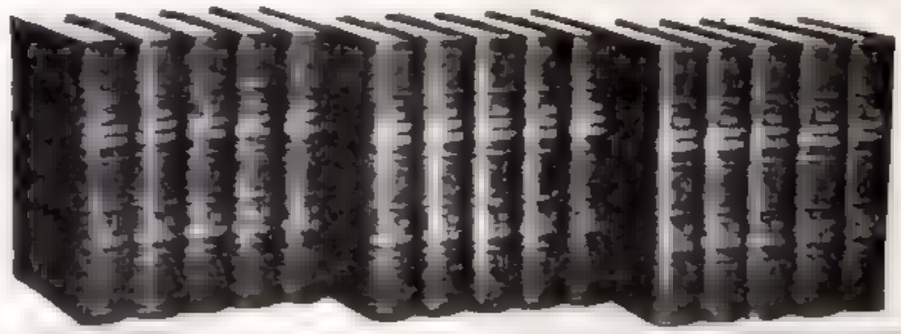

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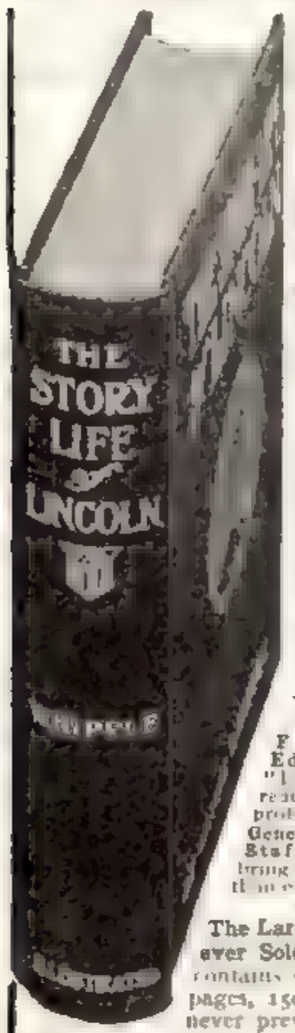

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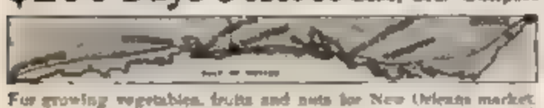

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When Professor Brandl asserted that the Americans spoke English as well as the British, did he mean to say that their utterance was as good? or their pronunciation? or their grammar? or their vocabulary? Here are four distinct things; and a superiority in any one of them would not necessarily imply a superiority in the three others.

Probably most Americans who have traveled would be inclined to say that the spoken word of the British falls more agreeably on the ear than that of the Americans. As they recall the soft, gentle, even voices of the friends they met in London, and as they reawaken in their ears the echo of the shrilliness and the nasality only too frequent in New York and in Chicago, they may be ready to admit the British superiority on this point. But here, again, the terms of the comparison are not really fair, since, unconsciously, it has been made between the drawing-room voice in Great Britain and the street voice in the United States. A contrast of the street voice of London with that of New York would leave the investigator puzzled to say which was the more offensive to a delicate ear. A comparison of the drawing-room voice of men and women of culture in New England and in old England would leave the unprejudiced inquirer almost equally undecided, although the scales would probably incline a little in favor of the dwellers in old England. Perfect utterance is rare enough on both sides of the ocean, but, perhaps, it is a little less rare on the other side. Perhaps, a well-bred woman in London is a little more likely to possess a voice that is low and soft—"an excellent thing in woman"—than is a well-bred woman in New York or Chicago.

Any discussion of utterance, of voice-delivery, is necessarily close to a discussion of pronunciation; and here, again, a weighing of the speech-habits of the British and the Americans in opposite scales is a task of surpassing delicacy. Perhaps, the utmost that it is safe to say on the subject is that the educated American seems to be a little more precise than the British, a little more careful. The cultivated British seem to be a little more free and easy in their speaking, a little more prone to clip words. At least it has been the experience of one observer that the final *g* in the present participle was more likely to be dropped in London than in New York. More than one distinguished Englishman, lecturing in America, has been heard to say "*comin' and goin'*," a lapse which an American of corresponding position would be likely to avoid successfully.

Probably there is more uniformity in the United States than in the United Kingdom, less dialective variation. We cling closer to a single standard, whereas they are tolerant toward diversities as dissimilar as the brogue of the Irishman, the burr of the Scotchman, and the several peculiarities of the Yorkshireman and of the natives of other counties. These local methods of pronunciation persist in Great Britain, partly, because men of position dwell in the country, going up to the capital only on occasion. In America we make our homes in the cities, going away only for our summer vacations, and constantly subjecting ourselves to the unifying influences of urban life. And, as all our large towns are noisy, our voices tend to be higher, not to say shriller, than would be the case if we had rural homes beyond the clang of the trolley-bell and the reverberating din of the streets.

Not to be overlooked is the question of the aspirate. Nothing could be more absurd than the frequent American caricature of the Englishman's speech, which represents him as omitting all his initial *h*'s and as compensating for this by prefixing an *h* to every initial vowel. The prefixed *h* is not common even among uneducated cockneys, or at least it is not habitual. What is habitual is the dropping of the initial aspirate, as in the familiar saying that "it isn't work as 'urts the 'osses' 'oofs, it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway." This elision of the aspirate is characteristic of the lower-class Londoner, and it is widespread throughout England. It is as unknown in Scotland and in Ireland as it is in America. It seems to be comparatively recent in its origin, if we can infer anything from the fact that it is not satirized in any of the realistic passages of the Elizabethan drama. It is apparently a defect which those who have inherited find it almost impossible to overcome.

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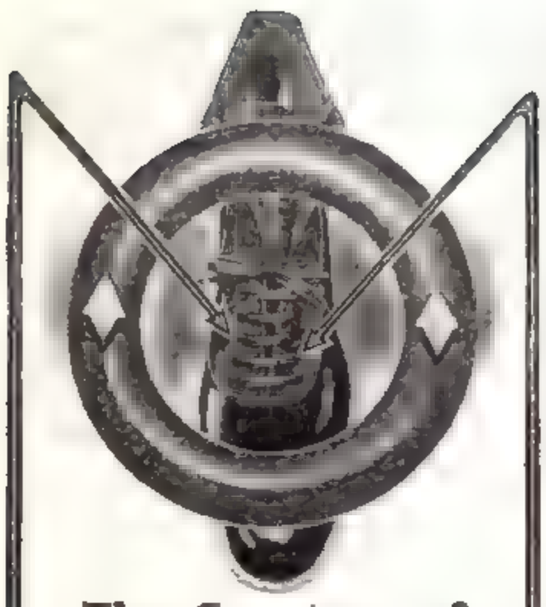

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In their efforts to overcome it they can hardly help exaggerating the aspirate and giving to the initial *h* an emphasis which is more than its due. And this has produced a curious effect upon the speech of the educated classes. As an emphasized *h* is proof that the speaker has to make an effort to get rid of a native defect, it is held to be a mark of illiteracy. Therefore there is a tendency on the part of the literate merely to suggest the *h*, to sound it but not to give it the full weight it would have in the mouth of an American who has no self-consciousness about the letter. So delicate are the upper classes in their dealing with the aspirate, so gently do they suggest it, in comparison with the unconscious fullness it has in the utterance of an American or a Scotchman, that a careless observer is tempted to believe that even the educated Englishman often drops his *h's*. He does not drop them, but he does slur them over for fear of being considered illiterate. And it is this habit which is, perhaps, responsible for a difference of pronunciation in such words as *hotel*, *hospital* and *historical*. The American custom is to sound the *h* unhesitatingly and to indicate this by writing "a hotel" and "a hospital," whereas the British are careful to write "an hotel" and "an hospital." Mr. Kipling went so far as to entitle one of his tales An Habitation Enforced, which might seem to imply that his pronunciation is *'abitation*.

When we leave the field of the spoken word for that of the written, and turn from utterance and pronunciation to vocabulary and grammar, we are on safer ground, for we have here the printed page to deal with. The British often taunt us with our Americanisms, ignorant of the fact that many of the words and phrases they denounce are as old as Shakespeare and even older. They seem to be unaware also that they themselves indulge in Britticisms quite as freely as we permit ourselves Americanisms. Strictly defined, an Americanism is a word of American origin not yet taken up by the whole body of users of the English language; and correspondingly a Britticism is a word of British origin not yet taken up by the same whole body.

Every American traveling in the British Isles is struck by novel locutions with which he is quite unfamiliar, but which a Briton does not notice because he is accustomed to them. What we call a *brakeman* or a *trainman* they call a *guard*. What we call a *freight-car* they call a *goods-van*. Obviously *guard* and *goods-van* are Britticisms, just as *brakeman* and *freight-car* are Americanisms.

There is this to be said also, that these Americanisms and these Britticisms are not symptoms of the corruption of the English language. On the contrary, they are signs of its healthy vitality. Every language tends to exhaust its vocabulary, and every language is constantly seeking to refresh its stock of words. Now, all these localisms, whether born in the British Isles or in the far West, are candidates for admission to universal English; they are ready for service whenever they are likely to be useful. It is from these Americanisms and these Britticisms that the language is at liberty slowly to replenish its vocabulary. The trivial slang-phrases current for a brief season in Great Britain or in the United States soon drop out of fashion and are heard no more. But, now and again, one or another of these local locutions proves itself to be worthy of survival, and, in time, it may win its way into the upper circles; and the enriched language asks no questions as to the geographical origin of the new addition to its linguistic treasury.

This leaves the general question whether spoken and written English is better in the United Kingdom or in the United States very much where it was at the beginning. Probably there is no one now living whose experience is wide enough and deep enough to decide it; and there is a good deal to be said on either side. But there is one thing which may be said, and which Professor Brandl has said, and that is this: The study of English is pursued far more thoroughly at our American universities than it is at the British universities. The history of the English language and the history of English literature are subjects which American educators consider of prime importance, and which British "educationists" seem to neglect. Neither at Oxford or Cambridge can a graduate student of English find any of the courses which are proffered to him abundantly at Harvard and Columbia.

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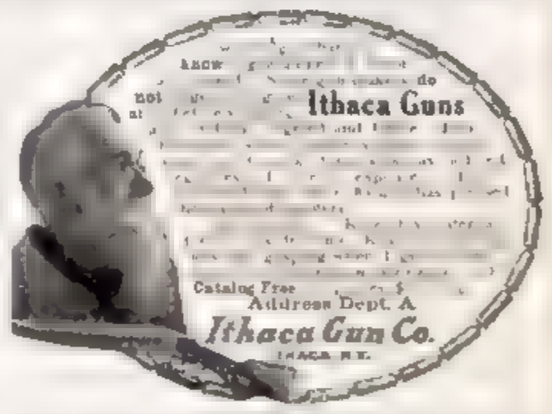
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and extraordinary growth of our great cities as contrasted with our rural districts, never has there been a greater concentration of population in restricted areas than during the past thirty-five years. And yet, the prevalence of tuberculosis in that time, in all civilized countries of the earth, has shown not only no increase, *but a decrease of from thirty-five per cent. to fifty per cent.* To-day the world-power which has the largest percentage of its inhabitants gathered within the limits of its great cities, England, has the lowest death rate in the civilized world from tuberculosis, although closely pressed within the last few years by the United States, whose percentage of urban population is almost equally large, while England's sister kingdom, Ireland, with one of the highest percentages of rural and the lowest of urban population, has one of the highest death rates from tuberculosis, and one which is, unfortunately, increasing.

The real cure for the evils of civilization would appear to be *more civilization*, or, better, perhaps, *higher* civilization. Nor are these exceptional instances. Take practically any city, state or province in the civilized world which has had an adequate system of recording all births and deaths for more than thirty years, and you will find a decrease in the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis in that time of from twenty to forty per cent. The city of New York's death roll, for instance, from tuberculosis, per one thousand living, is some thirty-five per cent. less than it was thirty years ago. So that our fight against the disease is beginning to bear fruit already. As Osler puts it, we run barely half the risk of dying of tuberculosis that our parents did and barely one-fourth of that of our grandparents.

But this gratifying improvement goes deeper, and is even more significant than this. It is, of course, only natural to expect that our vigorous fight against the spread of the infection of the disease would give us definite results. But the interesting feature of the situation is that this diminution in England and in Germany, for instance, began not merely twenty, but thirty, forty, even fifty years ago—two decades before we even knew that tuberculosis was an infectious disease with a contagion that could be fought.

In the case of England, for instance, we have the, at first sight, anomalous and even improbable fact that the rate of decline in the death rate from tuberculosis for the twenty years preceding the discovery of Koch's bacillus was almost as great as it has been in the twenty years since. In other words, the general tendency, born of civilization, toward sanitary reform, better housing, better drainage, higher wages and consequently more abundant food, rigid inspection of food materials, factory laws, etc., is of itself fighting against and diminishing the prevalence of the "great white plague" by improving the resisting power and building up the health of the individual. Civilization is curing its own ills.

It must be remembered that vital statistics, showing the decrease of a given disease within the past forty or fifty years, probably represent not merely a real decrease of the amount indicated by the figures but an even greater one in fact; because each succeeding decade, as our knowledge of disease and the perfection of our statistical machinery improves and increases, is sure to show a prompter recognition and a more thorough and complete reporting of all cases of the disease occurring. Statistics, for instance, showing a moderate apparent rate of *increase* of a disease within the last thirty years are looked upon by statisticians as really indicating that it is at a standstill. It is almost certain that at least from ten to twenty per cent. more of the cases actually occurring will be recognized during life and reported after death than was possible with our more limited knowledge and less effective methods of registration thirty years ago. So we need not hesitate to encourage ourselves to renewed effort by the reflection that we are enlisted in a winning campaign, one in which the battle line is already making steady and even rapid progress, and which can only have one termination so long as we retain our courage and our commonsense.

This decline of the tuberculosis death rate is, of course, only a part of the general improvement of physique which is taking place under civilization. If we could only get out from under the influence of the "good old times" obsession and open our

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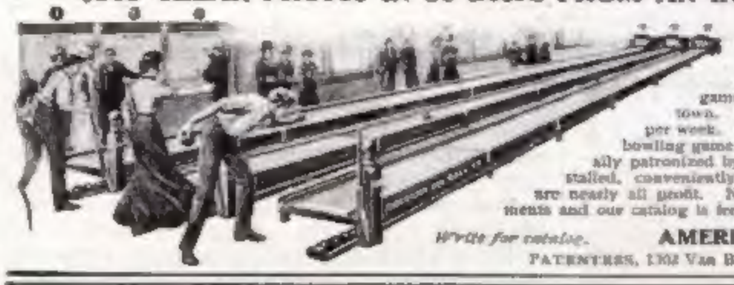

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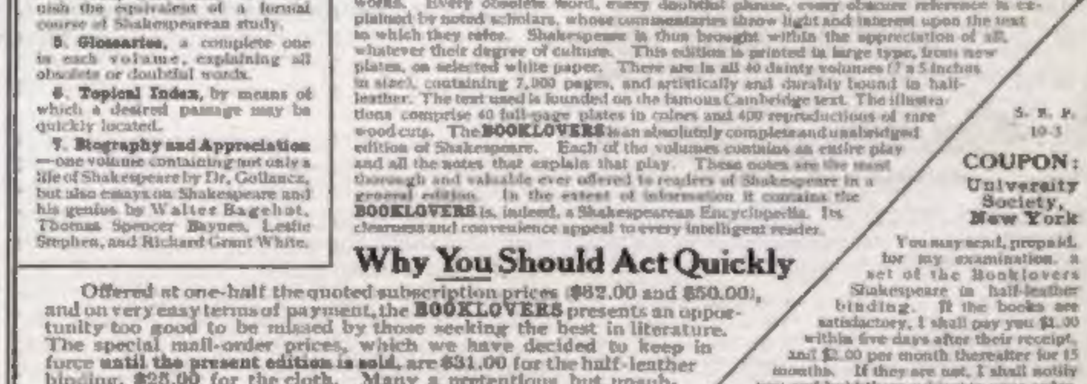

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eyes to see what is going on about us! There is nothing mysterious about it. The soundest of physical grounds for improving health can be seen on every hand. We point with horror, and rightly, to the slum tenement house, but forget that it is a far more sanitary human habitation than even the houses of the nobility in the Elizabethan age. We become almost hysterical over the prospect that the very fibre of the race is to be rotted by the adulteration of our food supply, by oleomargarine in the butter, by boric acid in our canned meats, by glucose in our sugar, and aniline dyes in our candies, but forget that every one of these things represent extravagant and unheard-of luxuries upon the tables of any but the nobility until the past two hundred, and some of them one hundred, years.

We are at last coming to acknowledge with our lips, although we scarcely dare to believe it in our heart of hearts yet, that not merely the death rate from tuberculosis, but the general death rate from all causes in civilized communities is steadily and constantly declining; that the average longevity has increased nearly ten years within the memory of most of us, chiefly by the enormous reduction in the mortality from infant diseases; and that, though the number of individuals in the community who attain a great or notable age is possibly not increasing, the percentage of those who live out their full, active life, play their man's or woman's part in the world, and leave a group of properly-fed, vigorous, well-trained and educated children behind them to carry on the work of the race, is far greater than ever before. Even in our much-denounced industrial conditions, made possible by the discovery of steam with its machinery and transportation, the gain has far exceeded the loss. While machinery has made the laborer's task more monotonous and more confining, the net result has been that it has shortened his hours and increased his efficiency.

Even more important, it has increased his intelligence by demanding and furnishing a premium for higher degrees of it. Naturally, one of the first uses which he has made of his increased intelligence has been to demand better wages and to combine for the enforcement of his demands. The premium placed upon intelligence has led both the broader-minded, more progressive and more humane among employers, and the more intelligent among employees, to recognize the commercial value of health, and of sanitary surroundings, comfort and healthy recreations as a means of promoting this. The combined results of these forces is seen in the incontestable, living fact that the death rate from tuberculosis among intelligent artisans and in well-regulated factory suburbs is already below that of many classes of outdoor and even farm laborers, whose day is from twelve to fourteen hours, and whose children are worked, and often overworked, from the time that they can fairly walk alone, with as disastrous and stunting results as can be found in any mine or factory. Child labor is one of the oldest of our racial evils, instead of, as we often imagine, the newest.

All over the civilized world to-day the average general death rate of each city, slums included, is now below that of many rural districts in the same country. If I were to be asked to name the one factor which had done more than any other to check the spread and diminish the death rate from tuberculosis I should unhesitatingly say, the *marked increase of wages among the great producing masses of the country*, with the consequent increased abundance of food, better houses, better sanitary surroundings, and last, but not least, shorter hours of labor.

Underfeeding and overwork are responsible for more deaths from tuberculosis than any other ten factors. Rest and abundant feeding are the only known means for its cure.

This is one of the reasons why the medical profession has abandoned all thought of endeavoring to fight the disease single-handed, and is striving and straining every nerve to enlist the whole community in the fight. Its burden rests not upon the unfortunate individual who has become tuberculous, but *upon the community* which, by its ignorance, its selfishness and its greed, has done much to make him so. What civilization has *caused* it is under the most solemn obligation to *cure*.

Editor's Note—This is the first part of the second of two papers on Tuberculosis by Doctor Hutchinson. It will be concluded in an early number.

$200.00 in Six Months from 20 Hens

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $500.00 Poultry business with 20 hens on a corner in the city garden 30 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. **It would not be possible to get such returns** by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new **PHILO SYSTEM** is adopted.

The Philo System Is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects is just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard of results that are hard to believe without seeing; however, the facts remain the same and we can prove to you every word of the above statement.

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success,

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner. There is nothing complicated about the work, and any man or woman that can handle a saw and hammer can do the work.

Two Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

Our Six Months Old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of 24 Eggs Each Per Month

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, the **Philo System of Progressive Poultry Keeping**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries with simple, easy to understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

One of our secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the Ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

Chicken Feed at 15 Cents a Bushel

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, overheating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can be easily made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 30 cents.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Your system of poultry keeping should appeal to all poultrymen. The advantages of your system are many, and the quality of the large flock of poultry you have raised on your city lot is the best evidence of its success.

GEO. L. HARDING, Binghamton, N. Y.,
Valley Falls, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1907.

It was my privilege to spend a week in Elmira during August, during which time I saw the practical working of the Philo System of Poultry Keeping, and was surprised at the results accomplished in a small corner of a city yard. "Seeing is believing" they say, and if I had not seen, it would have been hard to believe that such results could have followed so small an outlay of space, time and money.

(Rev.) W. W. COX.
Windsor, Vt., March 8, 1908.

I consider the one dollar I invested in the Philo System, Poultry Review and American Poultry Advocate the best investment for the money I ever made. ROBERT L. PATRICK.
Jacobs Creek, Pa.

I received the Philo System Book mailed to my home address, Beeclitree, Pa. I am highly pleased with it, and am anxious to spread the good news as far as I can. I am a preacher of the gospel engaged by the Baptist Association to do Evangelistic work. I am on the road all the time, have about 14 days in each town. I am very much interested in the hen and will do all I can to help the other fellow to know how, and to spread the good tidings received in the Philo System. (Rev.) F. B. WILLIAMS.

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Copy of the Philo System book and a year's subscription to Poultry Review and the American Poultry Advocate, all for $1.

American Poultry Advocate, 318 Hogan Block, Syracuse, N.Y.

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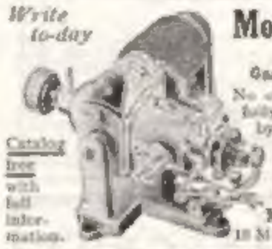

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This is a message of equal importance to every parent who wants his boy to grow up to energetic, capable manhood, and to every boy who wants the pastime that will make his out-of-door hours happy and healthful.

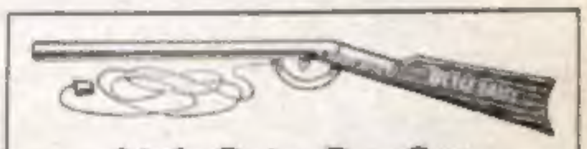
To the Parent: Do you remember when you were a boy? Had a gun, didn't you? Perhaps it was a rifle; perhaps it was an old musket that you shouldered and marched off down to the back woods lot to shoot squirrel. This much is certain; you will never again feel that thrill of pride and joy that came as you felt the pressure of your first gun on your shoulder. But you can pass on that day of happiness to your boy. He wants a gun. He ought to have one. Nothing else you could give will do so much to make him manly, robust, self-reliant, quick to think and quick to act.

But you are thinking of his safety. Well, that's the reason you should give him a Daisy. It is absolutely harmless, because it shoots with compressed air instead of powder. It is a real gun, modeled on the lines of the latest hammerless rifle. It is accurate to a hair, and is entirely free from danger.

Get your boy a Daisy **now**. It will make a finished marksman of him, so that when he is older he can be **safely** trusted with a hunting gun. Regard it as a part of his education. Books won't teach him everything. The men who built up our country and made it great among nations spent their boyhood in the open, with gun in hand, preparing themselves for their future deeds, by developing strong, steady nerves, keen eyes, and quick decision by the practice of marksmanship.

To the Boy: Of course you want a gun. Think of the fun of shooting at a mark. Think of the fun drilling with your boy friends with a real gun, with shining steel barrel and handsome walnut stock—But when you ask your parents for a gun, be sure and say **"Daisy."** It shoots with compressed air, instead of powder, and is entirely harmless. It shoots as accurately as the finest gun made.

A Rattling Good Boys' Story Free: We have published one of the funniest, breeziest stories ever written for boys, called "The Diary of a Daisy Boy." It was written for us by a man who knows boy nature thoroughly. **It is absolutely free.** Send for a copy today. Besides the story, we will send full particulars of how you can join the Daisy Cadets, the new National boys' drill corps, free of charge. We also send complete rules of drill, and hints on marksmanship.



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